UNIV.OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/mcmasteruniversi03mcmauoft

R A Fyfe

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JUNE, 1893.

---

*ROBERT ALEXANDER FYFE.

God created man, indeed he created everything; but after all else He paused before He made the being upon whom He conferred His own image and for whose sake He made the worlds. When he made the flowers of the field, some of them He made very simple in construction and very plain in coloring, while upon others He seems to have lavished all beauty in coloring, all grace in form and all skill in construction. So in His endowments of men. Some are robust but rude; some graceful but fragile; others are beautiful but weak; while upon a few—alas! how few they seem—He would appear to have emptied heaven's treasury of gifts and graces of mind, and heart and body. Some men stand out upon the platform of their age as kings among men, as gods among mortals.

It is for one of these that to-night we open and enter the sacred shrine of holy and blessed memories, and with muffled footsteps and bated breath draw aside the veil which hides from the too curious eyes of the world without, the face and form, the life and deeds of him whom we call the father of our denomination in Canada, the late Rev. Robert Alexander Fyfe, D.D. This

*A memorial address delivered before the Baptist Convention at Woodstock, October 17, 1890, on the occasion of the unveiling of a portrait of Dr. Fyfe, painted by Mr. Charles Hatch and presented by the Alumni to Woodstock College. It was printed in the *Woodstock College Monthly* for November, 1890.

man whom we all esteemed so highly or loved so tenderly was raised up from among ourselves—a Canadian born—and though the Canadian may not have upon his face the ruddy glow of the dying past, yet around his brow gathers the golden halo of hope for a brighter, mightier future. Robert Fyfe played in our beautiful sunshine till his eyes caught the hue of the beautiful sky whence it came, and his boyish cheek was painted the color of its autumn leaves.

It was no detriment to his future career that Scottish blood ran through his veins; neither that his lot was cast where poverty laid her moulding hand upon a nature calculated to respond to and be profited by its healthiest lessons. A boyhood spent on a Quebec farm of half a century ago, turning up the rugged soil, breathing the clear, cold, crisp air of the St. Lawrence valley, reared in a Christian home where love and discipline in due proportion reigned—a few years in a country school, a few more clerking in a village store, were all fitting this well-knit frame of faultless build, this well-poised massive head, and this heart of warm and generous impulses for the great mission of life. After the grace of God had found him and thoroughly renewed him, and after his personal consecration to the service of his Master, it was part of the divine plan that he should turn his eyes to one of the few Christian schools of learning among the Baptists in America at the time—I refer to that at Hamilton in the State of New York. To reach it, he had, with few dollars in his pocket, to thread many a devious forest path and trudge on foot many a weary mile up the valley of the Ottawa—across through miles of virgin forest to the St. Lawrence and thence by stage or wagon to his destination. Footsore, weary, friendless, an alien in an alien land and almost penniless he faced, at *nineteen*, the great problem of life. If any of the young men here wishes to know the stuff of which the heroes of the past generation were made, let him buy and read the admirable life of Dr. Fyfe, by Prof. J. E. Wells, M.A.

In college we find him at first "giving no great indications of his future usefulness"—and still, Mr. McPhail, his school-mate, said—"Fyfe went to bed an hour earlier and got up an hour later and yet had his lessons as well prepared as any of us." He is hard up in college; for we see him seated upon a shoemaker's

bench with lap-stone and hammer and awl, shaping leather he had bought into a pair of shoes—aye shaping his own destiny too—because he is too poor to pay the man who kindly loaned him the tools.

During his vacations we find him back in his loved Canada—in Osgoode, in Beckwith and along the Ottawa river, preaching the glorious old gospel in barns and log houses, because there were neither school houses nor chapels in those days—visiting the scattered families in the day time along with his loved companion McPhail, and preaching the gospel at night to the gathered neighbours—miles and miles, after the hard day's toil was over, those sons and daughters of toil would come, sometimes by the light of the moon, but oftener by that of the cedar torch, to hear the word at their lips. Blessed seasons of refreshing followed upon the footsteps of this pair wherever they went, and the savor of their names is still fresh and sweet on that soil to-day. Though in homespun pants and thread-bare coat, the people hailed his bonny face with joy. He ate their coarse and scanty fare with relish and lay upon their hard beds or perchance rolled himself in a Buffalo robe before the ample fireplace for the night. To all his cheery face and ready helpful hand commended the message he bore.

Then, as now, the home missionary had to endure hardness—listen to this: He and McPhail labor night and day in special meetings for three weeks at Beckwith. They close up with a hard day's work on Sunday—Monday morning they start for Osgoode, over sixty miles distant, on horseback—no macadam or gravel roads then—only the winding trail and doubtful blaze—they reach their destination that night—next morning, in the same fashion, they proceed to Ottawa, twenty-five miles distant, and thence down the Ottawa river. Is it any wonder that he loved the people of Canada and would it not be a greater wonder if they did not love him? Does it still seem strange that he understood them and their needs so well—that even in his later years offers of larger salary and entreaties of friends combined were powerless to tempt him to leave them—that he got nearer and dearer to them than any one else may ever hope to become—that he sympathised with them, and toiled and sacrificed for them till exhausted he dropped into an untimely grave? It cannot be

doubtful any longer why they trusted him and supported him while living, and mourned him when dead. Is it any wonder that the savor of his name still lingers in the Ottawa valley and that the spiritual influences of those early days are still reproducing themselves in that region ?—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Thus passed the youth and early days of him over whose memory we linger lovingly and tenderly to-day.

His was a goodly form to look upon—a king among men. He was not a giant; but he had a pose, a presence, a dignity of mien, and a proportion of physical parts which perfectly satisfied the most critical taste. Some of us can still hear his quick, firm, measured tread along the halls of this dear old building, well nigh thirty years ago.

It may not be expected of me to-day to speak much of his mental endowments, his comprehensive grasp of truth, his metaphysical acuteness, his logical clearness, his versatility, his fertility of resource, his readiness of apprehension and his precision of statement, but we who had the inestimable privilege of sitting at his feet in yonder class-room cannot so dismiss him. We still feel the glow of the long ago hours as we felt the grip of the master mind upon the theme under discussion. As the great heart swelled and the beautiful eyes sparkled, as he handled some of the mighty problems concerning God and man, or sin, or salvation, how the dark became light and the obscure plain, the crooked straight and the intricate simple, and the doubtful sure! How the *cul-de-sac* in theology broadened out into a plain path and the labyrinth in philosophy dissolved into a plain at his touch! He loved to dig deeply and anchor his conclusions to the rock principles of eternal truth, whether scientific or revealed. He taught no limping creed or doubting philosophy, nor had unfaith or misfaith for him that subtle charm which lures away so many of the teachers of the present day. Into the secrets of the divine will he had no desire to penetrate, but the things which are revealed he called his own, and fearlessly he explored them. But when he reached the boundary line of human sensibility, and intellect, and will, he called a halt, and believed where he could neither hear, nor see, nor reason.

He did not keep his heart open for the inspection of the public, neither did his emotions lie on the surface, but he had a

heart large and warm and true and tender, neither the incorrigible, the crook nor the crank might be aware of it, the scheming, wire-pulling, doubled-faced sycophants, the sneak, the dead-beat, the tramp, might be sure that he had not, *but* the poor and the needy, the distressed and the oppressed, the forlorn and the wretched, the doubting, penitent, timid soul did, and ever found in him a friend who never failed. I feel like apologizing to his memory for saying that he was a gentleman. Of course he was a gentleman, not of fine clothes, supple cane, polite to the rich and rude to the poor style of gentleman, but the gentle man, the man who recognised others' rights and cheerfully greeted them whether they were rich or poor, who detected true worth by instinct and acknowledged himself akin at once, who remembered that his fellows had feelings, sensibilities, tastes and prejudices as well as he, and bore himself accordingly, who was specially deferential to woman, not because she was the weaker vessel, but because he recognized in her those elements of character which soften and refine, which beautify and ennoble the human race, and which when glorified by the gospel make her the beauty and strength as well as the crown and glory of man. He was a gentleman to his dog and cat, to his canary and his horse, to his servant man and his servant maid, and they all loved him.

As the father of our denomination, as the unifier of its heterogeneous elements, we recall his memory to-day. He found us Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Americans, and made us all Canadians. When he began his great work we were divided into half a dozen hostile camps, hard shell, soft shell, and no shell at all Baptists; close and open and halfway between, and east and west, and now from Quebec to Windsor, from Niagara to Port Arthur we are one people. We mention his name again as the founder of our denomination's educational institutions, the champion of its civil rights, the large hearted and enthusiastic supporter and often the founder of its varied societies, the wise counsellor of its distracted churches, the helper and friend of its sorely tried and poorly paid home missionaries among the wilds of our country, the man who, while wielding so mighty an influence in the denomination, was the poor pastor's friend, with whom he felt he could counsel on equal terms, who though easily master of the situation never used it to the detriment of those

who differed from him, or to advance unduly the position of his friends. It is true that on some who seemed to him to be contentious, he often came down with heavy hand, but even then, when the captiousness ceased or he was shown to be in the wrong, none forgot or forgave more readily then he. As a disciplinarian he seemed to many of us to be almost perfect. In the days of his manhood's strength it was awe-inspiring when some mean and wanton act of cruelty on the part of some student had roused him, and yet his fine sense of justice, his keen insight into the moral nature, his intense hatred of anything mean, and along with this his quick comprehension of the weakness of human nature, and his ready distinction between what was really vicious and what was only mischievous or the exuberance of animal spirit, made his serious mistakes very few indeed. He placed a high ideal before his students and walked up to it himself. He never indulged in questionable stories or coarse jokes. He was as much the gentleman in the poor man's kitchen as in the rich man's parlor. His noble nature scorned the caucus-room or the wire-puller's trade, *sit lux*, let their be light, was the motto of his life as well as of the school he founded. He never sprang any of his schemes upon an unwilling people ; but educated them, led them to think and see and feel as he did, and then led them on enthusiastically to victory. He gained the confidence of the people. He retained the confidence of the people, because he never abused the confidence of the people.

And now an irresistible impulse calls us back again to this institution, the crowning work of his noble life. For when the corner stone of this building was laid the foundation of our denominational life was laid, and into its cavity not only copies of the periodicals of the day and coins of the realm were laid, but also there was laid along with them what no eye but the Master's could see, a noble, devoted, consecrated Christian life.

It did seem a hopeless task, when in 1857 he began to gather together out of the debris of the financial ruin, which that year swept the country, the materials for the construction on College Hill, of a beacon whose benignant rays would, he fondly hoped, attract the eyes of godly young men from Montreal to Windsor. The people were few and poor, and scattered and divided and hopeless. But he faltered not, with wondrous faith in the people

and his own mission, with his hand in his Master's and his eyes on the future he plodded on. And it did become the star of hope to many young men and women. Here they met and mingled in class-room and in hall—they spoke from the same rostrum and prayed together in the same room sacred with a thousand blessed memories. And, thank God, here hundreds of them found the pearl of great price. Hence they issued at vacation or at the end of their course, their hearts knit together with mutual love and esteem, carrying with them the benedictions of peace and good will to the divided churches.

For seven long months in each of eighteen years how he labored, how he prayed—what weighty burdens he bore! From 8.30 in the morning till 4.30 in the evening he sat in the class room. Listen to the list of subjects he handled and handled well—Systematic Theology, Pastoral Theology, Homiletics, New Testament Greek and Exegesis, Hebrew, three classes, Old Testament Exegesis, Harmony of Gospels, Pastoral Epistles, Mental and Moral Science and Butler's Analogy. Besides this, councils, dedications, ordinations, board meetings, conferences, etc., without number, claimed his energies and time. Then during the summer vacation in rail car or steamboat, or carriage, he travelled night and day from one end of the land to the other, preaching, praying, pleading with rich and poor alike, for money. Money to pay teacher's salaries; money to put up new buildings, aye, and money to pay the poor pittance which was paid to him for these arduous toils. Thank God he toiled not alone—a small but noble band stood by him. Some of them are with him in glory, others are still tarrying in this vale of tears, and some of them are with us to-day. Among the former, reverently we mention the names of McMaster and Lloyd, Tucker and Davidson, and *Archibald Burtch.* "*And the last shall be first.*" This is the man who *mortgaged* the roof over his head for Woodstock College. The list of the living is too long to be given here, but we cannot forbear the names of T. James Claxton, of Montreal, and the father of him to whose skilful hand we are indebted for this beautiful work of art, John Hatch, of Woodstock. His memorials, "my boys," as he fondly called them, are in every land. In England, in India, in China, and all over the continent of America. In New York and Brooklyn, in Rochester and

Chicago, in Denver and on the Pacific Coast. Here they are in our Canada to-day by the score, men and women through whom being dead he yet speaketh.

We shall never see his like again. Is that too trite? It is true all the same. God never wastes time in making two men to do the same work. He never made a second Moses. He'll never make another Paul. The value of our meeting to-day will depend largely upon the lessons learned and the inspiration given by the contemplation of such a life.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."

Every student in Woodstock College cannot be a Dr. Fyfe, God may not have so richly blessed them in mental and physical endowments as he; but they may be as loyal to their God, their convictions, their conscience, their denomination and to their country as he was. They may be as true to their friends and as just and generous to their enemies; they may place before themselves as high an ideal of truth, of honor and justice; they may be as gentle to the weak, as considerate to the poor, as manly and fearless as he; they may be as self-denying, as uncomplaining and as devoted to their Master as he was; they may not be able to found a college, mould a generation, or give purpose and aim to a whole people, *but they can*

"Departing leave behind them
Footprints on the sands of time."

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

JOHN MCLAURIN.

STRANGE.

Strange when I pluck me a flower,
  Somewhat of life has been spoiled ;
Life of a flower but natheless
  Growth and its law stopped and foiled.

There are the marks of the fingers,
  Ever so faint, but in sight;
Tell me how I, being life-given,
  Can so wreck death on this life ?

Strange if the hurts were all bloodstains,
  Redly on every touch set,—
Think you were then earth or heaven,
  Or face of a brother not wet ?

Strange if already His fingers,
  His who so knoweth alone
Life in its highest and fullest,
  Life of all life close in one,—

Strange if already His fingers
  So on us careless impressed,
Sportwise, from growth unto growing,
  Foiled what of living were best ?

Know you, I pluck me a flower,
  Sportwise or earnstwise are like,
Reads so the law but more clearly,—
  Death is the servant of life.

Call you that strange that the Highest
  Slays all life to His own,
Growth unto growth ever minist'ring,
  Last to Divinity grown ?

BLANCHE BISHOP.

CONVERSATION.

Since the "unruly member," which determines so largely our pleasures and pain in life, figures so prominently in conversation, our subject becomes one to which attention may be profitably directed. And further, as any list of personal powers, having a part to play in producing the results of a life-time, would be incomplete unless it included conversational powers, it behooves us to see that these are put to proper use. Too often, like labor establishments that work on half time and at the close of the day turn out but half the average amount of goods, men, because of unused or misused powers, find out at the close of life's day that half life's labor has been lost. As with other powers so with the powers of conversation, the neglect or injurious use of them will mar life; but when rightly used they will become an important factor in life's success. Let these few reflections suggest the reason for the writing of the following pages in which we speak of the nature and uses of conversation and of some things essential to success in it.

I. *The nature of Conversation.* The meaning of the word conversation has, through time, been quietly undergoing change. It no longer denotes, as in the days when the authorized version of the scriptures was translated, "manner of life" (I Peter i. 15), but rather, one of the modes of social intercourse. Defining conversation more fully, I would say that it is an informal interchange of thought between two or more persons, by means of the voice or some substitute for it. Not all conversationalists make use of the voice. The dumb, for example, use instead facial expression and movements of the fingers and body. But we cannot deny to their strange ways of expressing thought the name conversation. As thus defined, conversation differs from certain other modes of conveying thought. From oratory, for in oratory of either the platform or the pulpit, one in a more or less formal manner gives while the hearers are silent and recipient. The orator aims at impartation rather than interchange of thought. Ordinary teaching differs from conversation by its greater formality. The feeling of equality also so necessary to conversation is, owing perhaps to the superior position and

attainments of the teacher, often lacking. Soliloquy is distinguished from conversation by its solitariness. There is but one person engaged in it. The rich fool who spoke to his soul about his wealth was soliloquizing, not conversing. He was the only person concerned. His soul was part of himself. The interchange of vocal sounds is not necessarily conversation. It may lack the element of thought. "We had talk enough," said Dr. Johnson, "but no conversation, there was nothing discussed." Freedom, spontaneity, responsiveness are characteristic of conversation. In the group gathered for the purpose of conversing there should be no martyrs to private orations nor awestruck admirers of great learning, but friends freely receiving and as freely giving.

II. *What now are the uses of Conversation?* Conversation is one of the oldest ways of using speech. It dates back to Eden. Adam did not lecture or preach to Eve, he did what was no doubt more agreeable to them both, he conversed with her. This exercise of the tongue so early discovered has had its place among all races. Nor is there on record any serious attempt to discard it. Even our own ingenious age has invented nothing that can successfully take its place. The uses of conversation are, I would say, threefold: to please, to inform, to persuade. When the strain of the day's toil is relaxed and one seeks in the geniality of the home circle a refuge from the cares and wearisome routine of life, conversation has as its mission to please. Enlivening conversation brings sunshine into the home. Morbid feelings take wing at its coming. At the dinner-table it is better than the choicest sauce and the good cheer of "the teacups" is increased by its presence. It makes the difference between the joy of a refreshing meal hour and the gloom of an ungenial one. Pleasing conversation is health-giving. It does good like a medicine. The scope of conversation is wider than the home. It supplies pleasing thoughts for working hours and is oil to the wheels of toil. It enters society and may disseminate much pleasure and profit there. Archbishop Trench contends that there is "no amusement so worthy an intellectual being, as that conversation which is witty and still kind, playful, yet always reverent, which recreates from toil and care but leaves no sting and violates no principle of brotherly love or religious duty." It is

certain that conversation in social life does not always answer to the foregoing description, but wherever it does the estimate put upon it by Archbishop Trench is none too high.

Conversation plays an important part in trade. Here the object aimed at is persuasion. The seller would induce the buyer to buy. He expatiates upon the qualities of his goods in order to bring him into a condition favorable to purchase. The great army of travelling men presume upon conversation as an effective means of persuasion. Upon it they depend for a livelihood. In politics, the way in which a ballot is cast has often been determined by a conversation, and in religion when the human will yields to the divine, frequently, the same means has had a part in the result.

Consider, now, conversation and its work of informing. It has done and is still doing service in this line. Much of the teaching of the past, as that of Socrates, and of a greater than he, the Messiah himself, was imparted by means of conversations. The conversational method of instruction has special advantages. It permits a free play of personality, and a fuller acquaintance of speaker and listener. It admits of easy change of topic and of ready adaptation to circumstances. It allows ample opportunity for explanation by question and answer Many things can be discoursed about in conversation that could not form themes for more elaborate treatment. Conversation may do good service by eliciting from well informed but usually silent people, information, that will be for the general good. In any community men may be found who are more widely read than their fellows, or who are connected with important industries where the principles of science find their application, or who have travelled extensively. The minds of these men are storehouses of valuable information, but it is locked up and withdrawn from use as the hoards of the miser from the avenues of trade. Such men cannot be accused of wilful parsimony, but feeling that thought must be arrayed in conventional attire before stepping into publicity they hold it within themselves. Conversation offers to such men an easy and simple mode of making their knowledge common property. "It is just the country," said one friend to another, "for calling out poetic thought, combining as it does the ruggedest ruggedness with soft sylvan beauty."

The conversation, of which the above quotation was a part, gave to one who had never seen it, a somewhat vivid idea of England's famous lake region, with which are associated the names of De Quincey, Wordsworth, and others of England's great seers. Conversation has a work to perform in the sphere of social habits and customs. In many subjects of great importance to social life it may be a chief factor in the formation of healthful public opinion. In politics, when a revival of earnestness in the search after truth shall have taken place, and when dispassionate interchange of thought between leaders in different political camps shall have become frequent, conversation may become a valuable instrument for finding out what "the other man" thinks, and by the diligent use of which we may arrive at right conclusions on many vexed questions. In the time of Christian unity conversation has a work to perform. We should not regard the man who differs from us doctrinally as our sworn enemy, nor as a man to be kept at arms length. If doctrinal disputants came closer to each other in space, not for the sake of manifesting an outward unity, to which nothing within corresponds, but to gain a better understanding of each other's position and view-point, this nearness in space would almost certainly be followed by a nearer approach in creed. In addition to the barriers which diversity in nationality, in language, in political and religious faiths, in habits and customs, still interpose to fellowship between man and man, there is a tendency characteristic of modern times, which makes for separation, I mean the tendency to specialization. The specialist hedged in by his specialty is apt to forget what his neighbors are doing, and to lose interest in them in proportion to his forgetfulness. Each specialty gives rise to a language of its own, so that we are threatened with a return to Babel's confusion of tongues. When language was confounded at the ancient tower the people were dispersed abroad, so these new tongues make for dispersion. The interchange of thought by way of conversation would act as a correction to these separating tendencies. It would help to bind men together, a service which would be by no means valueless, for there is always a broadening of the man and a levelling up of society, when men of different social circles and unequal attainments are thrown together and made to feel the throb of a common brotherhood.

III. *Some things helpful to success in Conversation.* For success in conversation attention must be given to two things, to the matter and to the manner. As to the matter, it is scarcely necessary to say that all topics that would savor of injury to ourselves or to others should be ruled out. Granted that the subjects are right in kind, the next thing needed is information, which may be derived from various sources, as, experience, observation, reading and reflection. But from whatever source it be derived, it should be well under control of the memory, for it will be of small service if it be not available when wanted. Talk, from a mind well-informed, differs widely from mere volubility, "the fruit of a mind which is always effervescing with its unconsidered or ill-considered experience." Amrah, the faithful nurse of Ben Hur, would not have made a successful conversationalist. The mind has its part to play in conversation. But of her it is said that "all her intellect had run to heart." With ready information should be coupled a good vocabulary. This will give ease and facility in expressing oneself. Poverty of words is a hindrance to conversation. Words are the clothing of thought and thought's attire should not be allowed to become threadbare. Words are the servants of thought, but they should not be driven to service as slaves to the galleys.

With regard to manner in conversation, the first thing to be explained is naturalness. Naturalness attracts, while affectation repels. In order to be natural one must be sincere and composed. Unreality in conversation is like the keeping up of appearances when one's capital is gone. It is a good rule to "let the tongue always be an honest interpreter to the heart," and, I would add, to the mind as well. To sensitive souls, each new set of circumstances has a timidity-creating power about it, which might easily endanger their composure. They will therefore have to guard against whatever might increase this danger. To enter into the company of strangers fresh from the perusal of the latest book on deportment will make one ill at ease. The new garment of society ideas may become as uncomfortable to one, as king Saul's armor to the stripling David. To be natural under such circumstances would be impossible. Be sprightly. Sprightliness is a very pleasing feature in conversation. It is like the sparkle of the dew-drop on the summer's morning. The

right use of the imagination helps to the acquisition of this quality. It aids description and gives skill in character delineation. The hints, the passing glimpses, the imagination seizes and constructs into one whole. It detects happy analogies and gives aptness in saying what is both fitting and pleasing. At this point it may be well to say something about the use of the laugh in conversation. The sense of the ludicrous is a gift from the Creator which most people have in some measure, but which some are inclined to regard with distrust. Memory brings to me the form of a friend of other days, one of the Puritanic type. Sober and eccentric he was, and among the notions that flourished in his serious brain, was this one, that it was sinful to laugh. To his credit be it said, that he did not often sin against his scruples. But we cannot absolve him entirely from transgression. Occasionally a modicum of humor with which nature had endowed him became unmanageable, and Mr. M. was compelled to laugh. It was, however, a strange laugh, like the bumping of a wagon over a corduroy road. It was a hazardous journey the laugh was taking and you would not venture to predict that it would take the same route again. Now this notion about laughter was the mistake of a good man. All laughter is not sinful. As Carlyle says, "Laughter is sympathy, good laughter is not the crackling of thorns under a pot." Some one has said that "a woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh." It has a winsomeness of its own. Let us beware, then, of those who have undertaken to give laws to laughter, lest they legislate it out of existence and our conversation suffer from lack of its enlivening presence.

Be sympathetic. By sympathy I mean that genuine warmheartedness which enables one to come readily into touch with others. Such sympathy will make easy the discovery of agreeable topics of conversation, and give it direction along the line of interest and of knowledge. It is a foe to monopoly which at times invades even the realm of conversation, and it makes talker and listener exchange places. In the days of our Lord's disciples, a too eager desire for superiority was troublesome to conversation. It is equally so to-day. Where conversationalists are intent on discoursing, as were the disciples, who shall be the greatest, conversation is in peril. Against this danger the sym-

pathetic man will easily guard, as he can readily put himself in the other man's place and feel with him the discomforts of his situation. Earnestness of manner is helpful to conversation. There is a serious side to life and the trifling and frivolous, who have never seen it, cannot converse profitably. In our conversations, we should be animated by the unselfish purpose of increasing the happiness of others. We must not, therefore, be receivers only but be ready to contribute to the common fund. Mahaffy reminds us that "the very meaning of the word (conversation) implies a contribution-feast, an *eranos*, as the Greeks would say, not the entertainment provided by a single host." This view of the subject lays upon us obligations. If we cheerfully discharge them we will not only be saved from much discomfort ourselves but will make life happier for others also. As Archbishop Trench says, conversation is "not child's play." It is an activity of sufficient importance to engage the thoughts of men. The many opportunities for doing good, which it presents, can only be improved, as one's self improves and as one's power of conversing profitably develops. For while

> "Conversation in its better part
> May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
> Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
> On culture and the sowing of the soil."

Character reveals itself in all the relations of life, and so, in those into which conversation introduces us, the growth in all that is noble and worthy will therefore tell beneficially on one's conversation. If it be asked how can this development in character be best secured, a brief but satisfactory answer readily comes to hand? It is by much fellowship with him who was the Prince of conversationalists as he was also the "Prince of Peace."

Donald Grant.

JUNE.

Now weave the winds to music of June's lyre
  Their bowers of cloud whence odorous blooms are flung
  Far down the dells and cedarn vales among,—
See, lowly plains, sky-touched, to heaven aspire!
Now flash the golden robin's plumes with fire,
  The bobolink is bubbling o'er with song,
  And leafy trees, æolian harps new-strung,
Murmur far notes blown from some starry choir.

My heart thrills like the wilding sap to flowers,
  And leaps as a swoln brook in summer rain
  Past meadows green to the great sea untold:
O month divine, all fresh from falling showers,
  Waft, waft from open heaven thy balm for pain,
  Life and sweet Earth are young, God grows not old!

R.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ART.

WHAT may be said of other places, cannot be said of Canada, for certainly we have not had over Art education. Still we hear a good deal about the modern practice of flooding the world with painters, sculptors and designers, who were meant by Nature to sell sugar or tape over a counter, or count up columns of figures at an accountant's desk. Some say that our new and benevolent system of education threatens to make Art the laughing-stock of the nineteenth century. If we would think of Ruskin's words, that "No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution, can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought," and could get the idea that what is called education is a good thing in itself, without reference to its practical uses, what a long step ahead the world would take!

The notion that Art education must be for some definite achievements in Art production, is responsible for much of the mis-directed effort, and many disappointments. If I were asked what the great need of the day was, I should say, "Intelligent

and critical appreciation of Art." It is a crude idea that such knowledge would be wasted if not practically or professionally applied. Surely a full development of all the faculties is worth all it costs to the individual, and a diffused knowledge of Art, of good taste, is needed, first of all for personal enjoyment, and secondly to create a demand for what is produced, which can only be through a more cultured appreciation of the masterpieces.

Mr. Stillman says, "There is no doubt but that the schools of Art that have taken South Kensington as their model, have been most disastrous to true Art development. The system that affords stimulus in the way of competitions, prizes, and certificates, to the superficial qualities in the display of technique, rather than the finer faculties of the mind, surely is not the true one; is it not rather the system that makes many follow Art as a profession rather than an Art? They follow their craft as they might bricklaying, stockbroking, or any other trade or profession needing no special natural gifts and having no special caste beyond the winning of a respectable livelihood."

How seldom has a Prix de Rome pupil of the Beaux Arts become an original and great artist! It is the same with the recently instituted Prix de Paris pupils of some of the American Art schools; the prizemen are often distanced in distinctive achievement by their confrères, who did not compete for the prize, but sought something more true from their own personality.

One great reason for the existing state of Art instruction is the fact, that it is only when the question of vocation comes up that Art study is begun, and that means, hurrying through with the view of making a livelihood. With dollars and cents as the ultimatum, such students cannot see facts of Nature and feel influenced by them as a child does; their chief aim being to acquire as quickly as possible facility of execution, that they may *do something* as soon as possible. Art study should begin before it is prompted by the means of earning bread and butter. Love for Art should be developed in the individual for the good in itself, and in childhood's days when the emotions, the imagination, and all the faculties, can assimilate. Then, later on, if Art is to be the career, production would be spontaneous, and fewer disappointments would be the result. The stimulus that

Art schools have given to drawing and painting during the last few years, has made many seek Art as a profession, without reference to adaptability; they expect to become artists and be well remunerated; they have forgotten the old traditions of empty pockets, the inheritance of the long-haired, velvet-coat fraternity that our grandfathers told us of.

Learning to draw and mix colors does not make artists, and consequently those who simply aim at acquiring the technique, —how do we draw and put the colors on—instead of why—are disappointed in their aspirations. Some exist tolerably upon their efforts, which was what they intended to do. Comparatively few of this sort ever attain distinction, and some who are unable to make a living, consider themselves martyrs to the advancement of Art. They are nothing of the kind, but are victims of their own mistaken and futile aspirations, and notes of warnihg to those whose only motive is production.

Considering how recently there has been any demand in this country for designs, illustration or pictures to adorn the homes of the people, it is astonishing how many do gain their living by the pencil, pen, and brush, and in many instances this is what they have sought.

We have a class who are always complaining of lack of appreciation. They want recognition and fame, and condemn a community from which they do not get it. No sympathy need be wasted on such artists. They are disappointed because they cannot do as the Philistines do,—win fame and fortune to build fine houses and adorn them. If they love Art, let them make sacrifices for her, live simply, getting their pleasure out of love for their chosen Art. The person who thinks to achieve fame or acquire fortune, through painting or sculpture, in Canada, has a long time to wait; but other recompense is not wanting to the seeker after truth and beauty.

"Blear-eyed mortals, how little we see of what is after all obvious and palpable enough! The whole world burns with Deity, and to us mostly 'tis but the light of common day. Nature lies before us with all her open and ineffable secrets, and still we view her common forms with unanointed eyes, until the seer comes by with the painter's eye and the poet's heart, and we find that all the time we have been walking through Paradise without knowing it."

M. E. Dignam.

Students' Quarter.

DEFECTS IN PREACHING.

God's great purpose of mercy is to lift the world from the mire of sin, up into celestial purity. The execution of this work has been largely placed in the hands of the ministry.

The great gloomy morasses of sin cannot be drained by any moral drainage machine, be it ancient or modern. Only the sunlight than streams from the Cross can illuminate the gloom and dry up the stagnant waters. The sun shines, but, alas,—the tangled thicket bars its blessed light and heat. It is the work of the pulpit to clear the thicket and let in the rays of the glorious sun.

To change the figure, the pulpit has been built by God's hands. Its foundations are his holiness and love. It is God's speaking place. Here stand week after week His accredited messengers.

What a pity! What an awful pity, that such a divine institution made for such purposes of mercy should be used for other than the highest ends! Yet sad to say there are many defects in the pulpit, and the great work of mercy is in that ratio frustrated. The pulpit is divine, but alas, the occupant of the pulpit is very human. Among the defects are:

I. *Defects in Purpose.*—You often hear criticism regarding the preachers, that one preaches for money, another for position, another for notoriety, and so on. There is a very subtle temptation however, that is not so well known to the pew and with which it finds difficulty in sympathizing. This temptation besets every period of the minister's life, from his first pulpit attempt until the last sermon preached—"How did I do?" "How will this strike?" "How will this sound?" This temptation affects those in the pew. It is not always from a sense of weakness that people refuse to take part in prayer meetings, but from a fear of not doing well, of not saying something striking. Yielding to this temptation the minister makes the sermon an end in itself and looks out for tokens that his work of art is

appreciated. He studies every part in relation to other parts, every figure of speech is carefully worked out, the structure assumes beauty and proportion, and when completed is viewed and exhibited with the same sort of pride that a florist has, when he exhibits a flower which he has grown, or an engineer an engine which he has built.

Not that it is wrong to work a sermon over and over, making it perfect and beautiful in all its parts, nay, not wrong but a positive duty. We do not believe in slovenly preparation, but rather that the minister should see that his sermon is the very best that he can produce. That its plan is simple, logical and beautiful; that the thought is couched in language clear and appropriate, that its figures of speech are chaste and strong, and that as a whole it combines in perfect symmetry all the properties named. The sermon as it is destined to do the mightiest deeds, viz: convert the soul, stimulate to noble action, is worthy of the best, the most exhaustive preparation, but though the true sermon will be a work of art, the art of the sermon must never be an end in itself. An arrow may be ever so skillfully shaped, feathered and tipped, but the artistic construction is solely that it may be winged the more swiftly and surely to the mark.

The result of a perverted purpose upon the preacher is deadly beyond compare. He becomes sterile, shorn of his strength, it dries up his spiritual life, he loses his soul fire, and after a few years he will find himself possessor of sermons, beautiful but dead. Let the preacher see well to his aim. In both preparation and delivery let him be dominated by an over mastering spiritual purpose,—to bring something to pass in the souls of the people by means of the truth of Jesus Christ. The artistic qualities of the sermon should be laboriously perfected in subordination to this purpose. It should be finished with the greatest care and skill, that it may arrest attention and the more swiftly and surely effect the purpose intended.

The effect upon the pew of this defective aim will be spiritually benumbing. The people will criticize the sermon as a work of art and will discuss it in such terms as—"What language!" "what chasteness of expression!" "what beauty of imagery!" and so on. The preacher's aim will soon be communicated to the pew, and the people will view the sermon as they would a statue or picture.

The purpose of the pulpit should be to reveal God, to make known His glorious attributes, to declare His will, to enforce His truth, to bring the people to the obedience of the cross, and then to build them up in all things into Christ their Head. In other words—every sermon should be charged with a definite purpose to produce some immediate spiritual result in the souls of the people, and thereby to glorify God. To cherish any purpose lower than this is to degrade the character of preaching—to render it weak, artificial and ineffective.

Another class of defects in pulpit work is—

II. *Defects in Material.*—In looking about us and analyzing the materials used in the structure of present day sermons, we find the unbiblical element to be very large. It sounds strange that any one who claims to be an expounder of God's word should preach anything else but God's truth, and yet the land overflows with unbiblical preachers. I have heard of sermons which were only reviews of books, Robert Elsmere for instance.

Many ministers are careful students of sociology and political questions. Themes drawn from these subjects are often preached upon. Of course what touches the people should touch the pulpit. The minister should not only be a servant of God, but a humanitarian. His sympathy must be quick and keen, but political and social questions should never be discussed from the purely sociological or political stand-points. The great headlight of God's truth should be thrown upon them and the principles of God's word applied to the problems.

Science and philosophy are studies which have many votaries in the ministerial ranks, and they furnish the theme for many a sermon. There is a place for all things, but is the pulpit for science or speculative philosophy? Is it not trying to satisfy soul-hunger with stones instead of bread?

A mark of the present day is its love of sensation. It is seen in newspapers, books, politics and in commercial life The pulpit also has bowed down before this popular love, and many ministers while avowedly getting their themes from the Bible preach sensational and unbiblical sermons.

The great need of the pulpit to-day is biblical preaching, which not only draws its subject from the Bible, but also its

spirit and matter. The sword of the Spirit is the only weapon we have in our conflicts with the Prince of Iniquity. The word of God is that which can tame the beastly ferocity of men; which can take away their hard, grasping, selfish spirit; which can make them sweet and pure, lovely and true, childlike and Christ-like, it and it alone is the power of God unto salvation." Preach the word therefore, in season and out of season, remembering that of all things the word alone is life.

But before we pass from defective types as to substance, there is another class which may be noticed, which while biblical in part, is unbiblical in the sense that the contents are not true to the Bible in its wholeness. The Bible is known only in bits. Its contents are not understood in their proportion.

I shall not deal with purely ethical subjects, as a previous speaker has already occupied my ground, but shall pass on directly to ministerial hobbyists.

One pastor takes up the Anglo-Israel hobby, and has it on exhibition almost continually, another has the pre-millenial idol in his pulpit, and he cannot read a chapter or preach a sermon without lifting it into prominence. We have also heard of post-millenial hobbyists, who are never content unless shooting covert arrows at their brother hobbyists the pre-millenialists. Luther was a hobbyist when he put all his weight upon justification by faith, rejecting all else and holding it in such undue prominence that its effects upon the German morality was as harmful as it was helpful.

All Scripture is profitable, but many confine their attention to portions of it. Some chase the Amalekites, the Perizzites, the Hittites, or go on desert pilgrimages with the Israelites, all the days of their ministerial life. Many keep to the Epistles, while others deal only with the evangelistic portions of the Bible; others treat only those portions in which the love of God is set forth, forgetful of His righteousness.

A minister had baptism as a hobby. It was preached in season and out. There were many complaints which at last took head by the deacons asking the minister if he could not take a different subject. "Certainly," replied the minister, "what text would you like me to take?"

Thinking to keep their pastor well away from his pet theme

they gave him a text in Genesis. On the eventful Sunday all went hoping to have a treat—a new viand. The minister gave out his text, "Adam where art thou?" and said, "we have three things of note in our text: 1st, Adam was not there; 2nd, Adam was somewhere; 3rd, Adam ought to have been there. And now for a few remarks about baptism."

I plead then not only for biblical truth, but for biblical truth in its true perspective. The Bible is powerful for good, but for the highest good it must be presented in its proper relations. The people need the true food—the word of God, none other will satisfy. They need it in its richness and variety. One item of diet is not enough. God has provided viand after viand, course after course. The provisions are rich and plentiful. In the Word there is food for all, food for the robust, food for the children, food for the sick, food for the dying. In supplying the needs of the world the pulpit should preach the whole Bible, and with that distribution of emphasis that God himself has given.

Having given examples of defects in purpose and in substance I now mention.

III. *Defects in Form.*—I shall limit the discussion under this head to one defect.

There are scores of ministers who have the noblest of purposes, whose sermons are in the strictest sense biblical, and yet they fail as preachers. The trouble is that they are essayists not preachers, and their pulpit productions are essays not sermons.

I believe that there is many an essayist in the pulpit who while not conscious of his defect, worries over his apparent failure. He works his theme over and over, the thought is true, is profound, is progressive: its logic is severe; its language is chaste, strong and in the highest literary style, yet while the production has all this, men and women will not heed, will not hear.

In the essay the intellectual interest is supreme. It is the intellect principally that is brought into play in its composition. It is chiefly an intellectual effect that is sought to be produced in the minds of those addressed. In the sermon the practical interest is supreme, accordingly the whole man—intellect, imagination, emotion and will—is engaged in an effort to convince the judgment, to kindle the imagination, to move the feelings,

and to give a powerful impulse to the will in the direction of some spiritual duty. In other words the essay is a species of literature, the sermon a species of oratory.

In the light of this definition we can understand the distinction that has often been made between a sermon and an essay. It is said that the former does not read so well as it sounds, the latter reads better than it sounds. Mr. Fox was listening to a member of the British Commons who was praising a recent speech that had been made. "Does it read well?" asked Mr. Fox. "Yes, grandly," was the reply. "Then it was a poor speech," answered Mr. Fox.

All are disappointed in the orations of Demosthenes, or in the sermons of Wesley, Whitfield, and Robt. Hall. When we read them first we said, "What are these the much lauded speeches and sermons that moved thousands?" They were not made for the eye, but for the ear, and to get a sermon as it really was we must add the soul fire, the passionate repetition, the appeal to the imagination, the inflection of tone, and the eloquent look or gesture.

Oratory has its own form, direct, flexible, stimulating, yielding itself now to the intellect, now to the passions, and appealing to all in turn in the hearers, and all conspiring to bring the will into obedience to the truth. Again I say, it must not be forgotten that a sermon is a species not of literature but of oratory.

The last class of defects that I wish to bring to your notice is:

IV. *Defects in Delivery.—As to Voice.*—The great majority of preachers have untrained and poor voices. Lack of voice culture is one of the crying needs of the pulpit of to-day. The idea that as long as a minister can be heard, the quality of voice is non-essential, is a relic of ignorance. In pulpit work there are no non-essentials.

We have voices high and shrill, thin piping ones, low bass voices, monotonous voices, voices in flats and sharps, others in a minor key, and still others which are a discordant mixture of them all. We have voices which travel at express speed, and others at a funeral pace. Voices which maintain the same speed and pitch whether speaking about the triumphs of the cross or of the agonies of the cross.

There are many men who produce magnificent sermons, but no one listens, their sermons fall like autumn leaves uncared for and useless. They have trained the mind but not the voice. All voices can be developed in volume, trained in pitch, in modulation, in articulation. The human voice is capable of wondrous variety and power. Among the great defects of the pulpit I place the lack of voice culture.

I have only time to speak of one other department under the head of delivery and that is defects in gesture: Many suppose that the mannerisms of great men are the secret of their greatness; men copy the mannerisms hoping to obtain their greatness. All mannerisms are sources of weakness. Men are great in spite of mannerisms and not because of them. Many a man's gestures or mannerisms undo to some extent what he says with his lips.

Many men use gestures that would be truly eloquent did they come at the right time, but they accompany the thought not the words, the actions come too soon. It needs severe training to make the gestures accompany the words and not the thought. I believe this to be a cause of a great deal of improper gesture.

Training also is needed in order to know what to do with the hands, some place them in the pockets, or behind under the coat-tails, *a la* Mr. Pickwick, or crossed in front. Sometimes a hand is placed in the breast of the coat, or the thumbs hooked into the vest. I have seen others who place them akimbo, or spread them out. Every way but the natural way, and even when an effort is made to place them in the proper position, they will be held stiff and rigid as a soldier undergoing his first drill.

In fact the whole body may be made and should be made eloquent by careful and judicious training. We do not want theatrical or elocutional men in the pulpit, but men who have been taught and trained to stand and deliver their glorious message, in a natural, simple, easy, graceful and eloquent manner.

Our work is worthy of the highest training. We cannot afford to discount anything that will increase our efficiency. Let us have an eye, then, to the purpose which masters us, to

the materials we use, to the form of the sermon, and last but not least, to the manner of our delivery. Let us bend every energy so that Jesus,—the great Master Preacher, may say on that day of days, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

ALFRED STONE.

THE PERPLEXED POET.

The poet shades his eyes in keen, wild longing,
And gazes out to sea,—
Afar the sparkling foam is swift upsmitten,
Lash'd into harmony.

"To day," the poet sighs, "I scarce can see it,
Gleaming in pallid strife,
Yon sail so big with purpose, seeking port in
Yet undiscovered Life.

"I see but dimly e'en the flashing foam-drops,
The breeze's voice is faint,
And too bewilder'd am I by the fading
To quell my spirit's 'plaint."

. . . . . .

Flitted the sail in shadow;—then, upspringing,
Quivered in sudden glow,
Leaping the waters, flew towards the headland,—
How a poet's soul can grow!

. . . . . .

And now he sees the pure truth and the beauty
Of foam and wave and breeze,
And with the calm-eyed Pilot speaking softly
Sails o'er the steadfast seas.

G. H. CLARKE.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

It is recorded that upon the accession of George II to the British throne, that monarch was heard to remark that he didn't see any use in "bainting and boetry."

We who are gathered in this room to-day, who are ardent students and devoted lovers of English literature; those of us who have felt our hearts stirred and our life-beats quickened under the inspired utterances of the greater poets, cannot understand the nature of the man who could give voice to such a sentiment. We feel that there must have been something lacking in him, and we look with pitying glance upon the monarch of England, who swayed the sceptre of the foremost nation in the world, who could command the riches of the home-land and the vast resources of many colonies, whose navies swept the seas of both hemispheres, but who knew nothing of the magic realm of verse, whose heart had never bowed in loving allegiance before the crowned heads of poesy.

Yet this is but the natural expression of the soul to whom poetry brings nothing, of the soul who does not feel the influence of this divine art—only that we find very few such, who are willing to confess openly what George did, and in such unmistakeably plain language.

The unimaginative soul cannot understand fully or enjoy deeply the poet's words, because he cannot respond to them by pictures or images of his own creating. He cannot see what the poet sees—this material world about us has no deeper meaning for him. The heart of Nature is closed to him. Only a thin veil hides the unseen, but it is not for him to lift it and gaze into her secret. It was of him that Wordsworth once said:

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."
>
> . . . . "He never felt
> The witchery of the soft blue sky."

He might be able to analyze a daffodil down to the last atom and triumphantly—and correctly—pronounce it to be a member of some botanical family with an aristocratic Latin name; but he cannot with the poet feel light of heart for very joy at looking upon such a work of the Creator's hand. The beautiful things never "flash upon *his* inward eye" with a quick, joyful pang of remembrance.

And even as it is in Nature so it is in all things with this unimaginative one. Life has not the deeper, higher, wider significance to him which is to be gained in a large measure from constant companionship and intercourse with the poet-philosophers.

But not at first are even those who are gifted with imaginative powers granted an entrance into the realm of poetry. Not only is imagination needed, but sympathy must be a part of our natures, which should leap to meet the poet's mood and bear him company as he traverses the regions of thought or treads the clouds of fancy.

Insight is needed, quick, delicate perception, a sensitive aliveness and alertness to the touch of the master-hand.

Let none be discouraged at this array of needfuls. There is no "royal road" to the appreciation of poetry. Only by cultivation can these qualities be fully developed, only by persevering study and profound meditation of the best and highest of poetry can we at last place ourselves within the circle of its influence.

Therefore, when we ask the question, "Who, then, may be admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the poets?" we answer with surety, "The student—and only the honest and faithful student."

If we would be of those favored ones who move in the poet's world we must come to the study of their works in an honest and humble mood, stripped of our prejudices and preconceived theories—for the poet will show us many strange things that may not fully coincide with our opinions, and if we cannot amalgamate the two we must choose between them. We should seek to see the world with the poet's eye, to gaze into the unseen and infinite with the poet's faith.

Then how faithful and persistent must we be in our study.

Day and night must we meditate upon their works. We should have about us the books containing their treasures. A great deal may be learned through the backs of books, but let us not stop there, for the treasures untold lie within.

Let us open often and keep open long the storehouses of riches. The poets through them will show us high ideals of living, which, through years of meditation and assimilation, will take on practicability and fulness. Our experiences will be woven into them, and, with our gaze fixed steadfastly upon them, our lives will grow onward, upward, toward that height which we have in view. They become a part of ourselves and without them our inner lives would die. We forget that we did not form these ideals of ourselves, we forget that Milton, Tennyson or some other teacher gave them to us and that we lived upon them—so often is the influence of the poets unconscious for a time.

Perhaps it may seem strange that we have proceeded thus far without defining this influence of which we are speaking. But upon consideration it will be readily understood that it would be rather a perilous matter to undertake. So we will content ourselves with looking at some of its results, leaving the definition to sager and abler minds.

First, let us notice that the true measure of the influence of poetry is the difference it makes in the lives of those whom it affects or influences.

If poetry influences us so that we advance in intellectual power, in refinement, in high and noble thinking and pure living, we may say that in so far as it has accomplished within us this advance, so far have we been inflnenced by it.

Let us now glance briefly at a few of the different ways in which poetry influences us.

First we find it affecting our æsthetic natures. In the growth of our appreciation of its full value, we are usually attracted first through our sensibilities of external beauty. Perfect rhythm has inherent beauty and first draws our attention and pleases us. A ready example of this is found in Campbell's war songs—their vigorous and rhythmic motion is grateful to the ear, and through the medium of faultless rhythm we are led on to the keener appreciation of beautiful diction.

We have a great many poets who excel in the use of rich and picturesque language. Shelley and Keats! how their words flow on, bearing us upon the pulsing tide, captives of the mere charm of melodious sound. From this order of poets we receive pleasure and the study of their works insures a new appreciation of fitting and poetic language.

But the poets whom we most honor, those to whom we yield our heartiest homage are not those who appeal merely to our susceptibilities of external beauty.

There is that within us which looks toward higher ideals, which longs to know truth. This is an essential part of our nature and its wants are recognized and provided for. As Browning says:

> "A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what is heaven for?"

And there are many poets, and they are the noblest and best, who, placing their high ideals before us, help us in our struggle to attain them and make them ours. These we recognize as the greatest because they reach down to the soul within us, encouraging in the midst of difficulties, raising our highest hopes, pointing to nobler ideals, bringing us into closer relationship with Everlasting Truth.

These have the richest and most abiding treasures for those who have but patience to search and perseverance to acquire. Let us briefly mention a few of these names which have become endeared to us, having entered into our souls and brought comfort, hope or inspiration.

When we look out upon this world in which we are placed, Bryant, Cowper and Wordsworth all teach us the way to Nature's heart. There is a response from Nature if we could only hear it or feel it, and perhaps Wordsworth will teach us how to train our senses or refine our susceptibilities in order to catch her message. For he believes in the communion of Nature and man and the influence of his works, coming as they do from a heart attuned to Nature's melodies, is peculiarly refining and uplifting.

Then there is the great poet of human nature, William Shakespeare, whose works are a perfect mirror of the stage of life and the actors upon it. Alfred Tennyson, our own nine-

teenth-century prophet, who in his "In Memoriam" has struggled with us in our soul's conflict, who heard through the storm of life "a deeper voice across the storm," proclaiming truth and justice, and who, maybe, has helped some of us to gain a firm foundation of faith in the "Strong Son of God."

We cannot omit Robert Browning, that "hater of words" whose influence has not been yet fully measured or valued. The light of love, divine and puissant, breaks upon us in the "Saul' never to wane again while the Light of men still shines.

The influence of these poets must always be pure and elevating, for they have written only what is good and true, and their works will live forever in the hearts of men who have been bettered and uplifted by their influence. Bacon said, "Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality and to delectation, and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of the divine." And those who have studied and caught the spirit of the great poets are those who can testify to the truth of this statement.

But before leaving this subject, let us mention some poems which instead of participating only of the divine, are wholly divine in nature and authorship.

Take your Old Testament and turn to that beautiful and well-known pastoral, beginning—

> "The Lord is my shepherd,
> I shall not want."

As you read on to the end, the very breath of green fields under the summer sun of Palestine is wafted to you by the words—

> "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
> He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Here is keen appreciation of the influence of Nature; here we have a beautiful picture of the Shepherd of souls who leads and guides. What comfort is in this psalm for the wandering!

And how powerful and stirring are the words of Isaiah—his warnings, his yearnings, his pleadings and his "large, divine and comfortable words"—

> "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."

These masterpieces of the divine poets, if faithfully studied,

cannot fail to exert their purifying and sanctifying influence upon us.

In this paper we have had no time to dwell upon the influence of poetry in more than a very few directions. We have left untouched its influence upon the world in its struggles for the right, except as we have mentioned its influence upon the individual who takes part in these struggles. We have tried simply to point out some few of the many ways in which the influence of this art is felt—laying especial emphasis on the condition of real appreciation—study. Let us become familiar with the great names, keeping at hand good selections of their choicest works, and so by constant companionship we may at length gain perfect sympathy; and being purified, ennobled and elevated in spirit be of those who

> " by due steps aspire
> To lay their just hands on that golden key
> Which opes the palace of eternity."

Let us close by quoting, as being as true of the study of poetry, that which Coleridge said of the writing of it:—

"Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

K. S. McL.

LETTER FROM BURMA.

A Comment on Luke 10: 25-37.

On our return trip from an eight days preaching tour among the forest villages, and when within eight miles of Sandoway, we happened across a venerated monk of Budda, left to perish of neglect and cruel hunger by his fellow disciples of Edwin Arnold's extolled "Light of Asia." He was 84 years old and weighed about 60 pounds—being thin, feeble, emaciated to an alarming degree. For a month he had been sleeping in the

woods exposed to wild beasts, deserted entirely, deliberately and unfeelingly by his co-religionists in the adjacent villages and wholly dependent on a despised and persecuted disciple of Jesus for bread. This loving Christian, living alone among a village of Buddhists, gave him regularly food and drink. The old monk desired to go to the monastery in Sandoway, so I suggested we take him with us. Agreed. Behold us then filling out as well as we could our Lord's parable. Tenderly I lifted the aged and withered form on Bro. Thomas' pony. Over my saddle bow I balanced the old man's bamboo pole with its load of yellow robes and two or three old bags filled with—he alone knew what, dependent from either end, and started ahead. Behind me came Bro. Thomas walking and leading his white palfrey astride which sate the venerable apostle of Buddhism holding in one enfeebled hand the reins and in the other his travelling staff, his ancient cotton robe of yellow responding to the faint breeze, his bare head fully exposed to the hot sun, and his groaning, weak and tottering tabernacle of frail clay keeping time to the pony's motions which were very irregular I assure you, seeing the narrow jungle path inclined every few rods at angles of from 10 to 90 degrees and to varying depths into all manner of rocky and miry places. Again and again we were afraid we should have to dismount our friend for a rest or that he would fall, but he stoutly clung to his rocking seat up hill and down through ditches and over boulders the long eight miles until we reached Sandoway, ascended the monastery hill and left him in a rest house to the cruel mercies of a robed minister of Buddha, who sought to withstand our entering the sacred precincts lest we should desecrate the place. One good meal we know he got, for we ordered, paid for, and saw served to him a goodly bowl of rice, but because Christian dogs had brought him there the priest issued orders to his people not to feed him. A heathen wife of one of our disciples braved the priest and supplied him afterwards with food, with the hearty co-operation of her husband. While walking along that day Mr. Thomas recited to the monk our Lord's beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan, and told him considerable of the relation of God to man in Jesus Christ. May this incident be woven into our work in a way that shall glorify God in helping His cause in this heathen district, for

many who that morning met us stood agape with wonder gazing after the strange cavalcade, for Europeans have little dealings of a familiar kind with natives, and for missionaries of the foreign and despised faith to thus transport a holy ministering monk of Buddhism entirely surpasses their experience, understanding and philosophy.

Yours trusting in, working for and awaiting the Lord Jesus Christ, destined to be sole and universal King.

ERNEST GRIGG.

Sandoway, Lower Burma, Asia,
May 3rd, 1893.

IS THERE A FRIEND?

Is there a friend? one who may ken my heart,
The inner surge and swell, the pulsing pain,
The swelling tumult and the calm again,
Who will not break the secret I impart?

Is there a friend? in all the feigned array,
One sweet and sacred—where my faith may bide—
A bosom where my fevered head may hide—
Who will not spurn me in the weaker day?

Is there a friend? I fear, I hesitate,
'They seek their own,' suspicion crouching cold
Lies grim below. I fear the beck and nod
Of fawning friends whose soul is sad ingrate.
Man cannot long a loving friendship hold.
Be thou my constant friend, "strong Son of God!"

O. G. L.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Bound copies of volumes I. and II. can be had by addressing Mr. O. G. Langford, Grimsby, Ont. The binding is half-calf, cloth sides and gilt top, and is very handsome. The price is $2 a volume.

Mr. G. H. Clarke has spent over a month canvassing for the Monthly, and has added a large number of subscribers to our list. We trust that every student will make it a point to do at least something towards extending the circulation.

The appointment of Miss Annie McKay as teacher of Mathematics in Moulton College will be recognized as an excellent one by all who have had acquaintance with Miss McKay as an undergraduate of McMaster University. We congratulate the College on this accession.

The prescription of courses for the degree of M.A. brings into prominence, for the first time, the educational principle underlying the courses in Arts in McMaster University. The B A. course is chiefly concerned with the leading subjects of knowledge, while the M.A. courses are wholly concerned with special subjects.

The portrait of Dr. Fyfe, which our readers will no doubt find highly satisfactory, is taken from a crayon portrait by Mrs. Dr. Goodspeed. The engraver considers the effect better than could have been secured from a photograph. The sketch by Dr. John McLaurin has been printed before; but it is so thoroughly good that we thought it would be a work of supererogation to have another written.

The *Young People's Baptist Union*, of Chicago, recently published a series of well-written articles on the Grande Ligne Mission, by our friend Mr. A. A. Ayer, of Montreal. That readers might the better be able to appreciate the articles, a good sketch and portrait of the author were also given. Mr. Ayer's profound interest in the Grande Ligne Mission, and his readiness to spend and be spent in this good cause, are well known. He is one of the brethren on whom the Monthly has for some time had its eye as worthy of a sketch and portrait.

Our friend, Rev. J. B. Kennedy, B.A., is not just the sort of man that one would have expected to write a book. In the pastorate he has shown himself to be a man of marked energy, tact and success. But

he has done the unexpected thing and has written a little book entitled, "Afloat for Eternity; or, A Pilgrim's Progress for the Times." The religious problems and the practical difficulties that encounter the Christian are here treated with freshness and point. The book will prove interesting and helpful to many. It is beautifully printed and bound by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

The suggestions of Chancellor Rand, approved by the Faculty, and endorsed by the Senate and the Board, whereby those engaged in the pastorate who have not enjoyed the special advantages of theological training may, on due notice being given, reside in McMaster Hall for three weeks during the month of May, have free access to the Library, and attend special lectures in Homiletics, English Bible, Church History, and Theology, are worthy the careful attention of those in whose special interest they have been made. Kindred suggestions in the interest of those wishing examination for the degree of M.A. have also been adopted. We have no doubt these suggestions will meet with a response.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

GRADUATING CLASS—ENGLISH THEOLOGICAL COURSE.

Thomas Clark Robinson was born at Hamilton, Ontario, of Iro-Scottish and English parentage. His father was a Congregational minister, but Thomas became a Baptist through the study of the New Testament, and was baptized by Rev. J. P. McEwen at Owen Sound. He taught school twelve years, and was in business some years before entering the ministry. Bro. Robinson is a hard student. Before coming to McMaster he had had only three years schooling, but he had studied privately in connection with his teaching and completed the English Course at McMaster in a very short time. The cares of a home and a large family did not prevent him from doing excellent work, he graduated with honors in April last. His first preaching was among the Lake Huron fishermen, before he became a Baptist. His first charge was that of Woodford Baptist church near Owen Sound. With the assistance of Pastor Vansickle in evangelistic meetings a good work was done and many converted. Soon after this the work of the ministry so pressed upon him that he had to give up his business and devote himself entirely to it. Mr. Robinson is a good thinker, has a well informed mind and is a most patient student. We predict for him a career of usefulness in the Master's service.

Mr. Stone is a native of Bristol, England. His father, a Congregationalist, was the tax collector of that noted borough. The son, who was suffering from weakness, was advised to try the climate of America and came to New Westminster, B.C., in November, 1877. Mr. Stone's conversion had taken place when he was in his 18th year, he had immediately, in the zeal of his first young and fervent affection for Christ, begun to preach to the poor of Bristol. The power of public speech thus developed was manifest to the brethren of New Westminster, and they "laid violent hands upon him and compelled him to preach" to them. He was blest in his labors, and was led to give his life to the Gospel ministry. Bro. Stone very interestingly writes to a friend, regarding his doctrinal views, thus: "My attention was drawn to the subject of baptism in this manner: After office hours (I was in my father's office), I used to do mission work in the poor parts of the city. Finding many, when spoken to regarding their souls, would reply 'I have been baptized,' I came to understand what this baptism was, in which so many were trusting; I knew that I had been sprinkled, but that did not prevent me from undergoing great torture when under conviction of sin. I was trusting in Christ only. These poor people were trusting in their baptism. I began to doubt baptism right there, and said to myself 'What is the thing anyway? What is its use?' For the answer I went to the New Testament and soon found that children had no right to be baptised, but that believers had. I saw at once that as a believer I had not been baptised." Rev. E. G. Gange, now of Regents Park, London, had the privilege of baptising Brother Stone, not thinking, perhaps, that he was ushering into the church one who was to spend his life in its interest. He is known in College and among the churches with which he has labored as an able and graceful speaker, his presence is attractive, and his style persuasive. The College men who know him best speak most highly of his Christian character, while his uniform courtesy and loyalty to his fellow-students have made him one of the most popular of undergraduates. As he now goes from us "Prosperity be his page." Mr. Stone added N. T. Greek to his course.

J. B. Warnicker.—Years ago the city of Liverpool, England, received a minute addition to its population. 'Twas a gleeful, chuckling babe. Well, as it will, the world wagged on in much its usual fashion, scarcely heeding the new recruit and certainly untroubled by his existence. Now, in life's warfare, there are two great armies engaged, and strangely enough, each new recruit on presenting himself, enlists in *whichsoever army he prefers*, no matter where, when or how he may appear. His is the choice. The one great army is called The Pessimists, the other is known as The Army of the Perseverers. Our new recruit was a cautious chooser. From his father, a German, he inherited a calm, contemplative demeanour (which, alas! disappeared in later days), and from his mother, who was half Welsh, half Scotch, he derived honest simplicity of purpose on the one hand, and on the other, keen tact and foresight. So his choice was pretty sure to be founded on wise consideration; he enlisted in the ranks of the Perse-

verers, under the name of Private John B. Warnicker. Our Perseverer, however, was not at all content to rest on his oars after this wise choice. He had now pretensions to sustain, so he set to work immediately, and joined a society inaugurated amongst his comrades, the members of which were termed Truth-Seekers. After a diligent study of the New Testament, he handed in his name to another earnest body, the Baptist Church. Among this goodly company he throve exceedingly, and performed his best work, his *best fighting* in the bloodless warfare upon which he had entered.

Let us look at him in another aspect now. Everyone knows J. B., good, old, rollicking, kindly, captivating J. B. Within it all, he hides a warm and tender heart, overflowing with love for the loveable, and sorrow for the downcast ones of humanity. After his school life in England he was employed for a number of years in the offices of freight and passenger departments of Canadian railways, thus obtaining a large knowledge of human nature. Then the divine call became manifest, and he, rejoicing and obeying, entered Woodstock College as a student for the ministry of The Word. He spent three happy years there, and became intensely and deservedly popular with all his associates, in class and out of it. The writer remembers one celebrated Hallowe'en episode—the attack of the West upon the East Building. The conspirators assembled beneath the tables of the Dining-Hall, and when at length the number was complete, were marshalled by the valorous J. B., and led on to triumphant victory, despite water, missiles and housemasters. Ah! how we all proudly contemplated our leader upon that memorable night. But, as Samantha Allen says, "wot's the use of eppisodin'." "To continue and resoom;" he matriculated into McGill University, spent one year there, another at the Congregational College, Montreal, and then entered the English Theological course at McMaster, whence he now graduates. It can truly be said of him that physically, mentally and spiritually, he has continued to broaden. His popularity did not wane in McMaster. In office-holding, as president of the "Lit.," and one of THE MONTHLY staff, he inspired confidence and appreciation, no less than in private good fellowship he endeared himself to all of us. J. B. is a *man* in the best sense of the term, and an Englishman. He leaves for Olivet Baptist Chapel, Montreal, where a great work awaits him. May the Lord bless him and keep him! From all the boys there comes a hearty, united "Amen."

Moulton College.

GRADUATING CLASS.

The closing exercises of Moulton College have been this year of an unusually varied and interesting character.

An exhibition of pupils' work was held in the Art Studios on June 2nd and 3rd, when a large number of visitors found their way in by the western entrance through the grounds to the Art Building on Bismarck Avenue. The walls of the two studios were pretty well covered with the work of the year, which consisted of drawings from antique casts,—always a special feature of the school,—and a large number of charcoal drawings from life. Judging from the drawings, the models were both young and old, grave and gay, and of different nationality, and evidently the class was very enthusiastic and enjoyed their work. The children's Saturday morning class had a creditable exhibit of paintings and drawings. The modelling in clay by Miss Ware and her pupils, was full of merit and interest, as were also the paintings of still life and flowers, in both water-colors and oils, the work of her class. The sepia drawings by Miss Clarke were especially good. The pen and ink drawings and sketch books also came in for their share of interest. This innovation of having the exhibition in the Art Studios instead of in the Library of the College as usual, was appreciated by the visitors, as the *tout ensemble* of the rooms, seemed to add interest, and explain the work the pupils enjoyed the privilege of doing in the rooms at any hour during the week. Many odd hours can thus be spent in work.

Two successive Saturday afternoons, June 10th and June 17th, were given up to recitals by members of the class graduating in the musical course. Misses F. Johnson, Lailey, Porter, Wilson and VanEtten did themselves and their teachers great credit, and showed clearly the results of the careful painstaking work which is being done in this department.

On Tuesday evening, June 20th, a third musical recital was given, the chief number on the programme being a cantata by Lohr entitled "Fairy Music." It was sung by a chorus, with solo recitations by Misses Fowler and Millichamp.

The energy with which the pupils entered into the spirit of the composition, and the ease and sprightliness of their rendition were specially enjoyable. Miss Smart is to be congratulated on her success in this most difficult department of voice culture.

Of course no closing exercises would be complete without the social element. This was fully provided for on Thursday evening, when the Faculty entertained nearly four hundred friends of the College. The reception-room, the library, the chapel, and the lawn outside the house were thrown open, and presented a gay appearance with their moving throngs of bright faces and many-hued gowns. Refreshments were served in the dining-room which had been trans-

formed, under Miss Harper's skilful direction, into a perfect bower of loveliness. The coolness of the weather added greatly to the comfort of the guests, and all went away well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

But the greatest interest centred in the graduating exercises of Friday evening, which were held in the Bloor St. Baptist Church. The class is the largest yet sent from the College, numbering fourteen, nine from the College Courses, and five from the Music Course. At eight o'clock the platform was taken by Chancellor Rand and Principal Smiley, while the students walked in procession down the aisle to the seats reserved for them.

The programme consisted of the reading of the Scriptures by Chancellor Rand, prayer by Pastor Wallace, essays by Misses Johnson, Sheridan, Jeffery and Wilkes, a duet by Misses Smart and Millichamp, a solo by Miss Millichamp, choruses by members of the College, the presentation of diplomas by Dr. Rand, an address to the graduating class by the Principal, and the benediction by Professor Trotter.

The essays were all of a thoughtful character, showing considerable mental reach and grasp of subject, and were listened to most attentively. The musical selections were appropriate and exceedingly well rendered. After a short but earnest and forcible address, the Chancellor presented the diplomas, and Miss Smiley gave a brief address to the graduating class. She spoke of the ideal womanhood toward which she had sought to lead them while at Moulton, as characterised, 1st, by a certain fineness of moral fiber, out of which grow gentleness of speech, refinement of manners, the gracious courtesies of social life, and all generous impulses for the happiness of others; 2nd, by that power of Love, which is the greatest thing in the world, glorifying the home life, and taking the whole world into its philanthropy; and 3rd, by the religious sensibility, *binding* the soul *back* to God in worship and service. Then she emphasised the importance of such a development of the intellectual powers as should quicken all these womanly qualities, and broaden and enrich the whole social and religious life, and bade them go forth from Moulton College as the representatives of educated womanhood.

All interest, of course, centres at this time upon our graduating class, and we extend to them our hearty congratulations upon completing their respective courses. At the same time we proffer our sympathy because of the loss of one-third of their number. They began the year full of pride in their numerical strength—twelve besides those in the musical course. Now, alas, there are only seven. Even the fact that we have this year the first graduates in music, and that they number five, can scarcely atone for the disappointment in losing four from the Matriculation Course. Let us introduce to you those who remain.

Clara Clark Crane.—Miss Crane has been a day pupil in the Matriculation Course for four years at Moulton, and has shown herself to be a young lady possessed of no ordinary ability as a student. Her most striking characteristic is calmness in pursuing the even tenor of

her way. Even the pressure of examinations nigh at hand could not prevent her taking a walk, if so she chose, instead of presenting herself at class. This faculty will, no doubt, be of great use to her in her future life, as it will prevent her using up much of that nervous energy dissipated so extravagantly by the present generation. Miss Crane intends to spend a year at Harbord St. Collegiate before entering upon a University Course.

Gertrude Marion Edwards.—It is with sincere regret that we bid farewell to Miss Edwards. She has been long a favorite among us, winning our admiration and love by her brilliant conversational powers, her geniality, and her out spoken denunciations of all that is mean or untrue. She takes with her our best wishes for future success and happiness.

Lilian Gladys Holmes.—Miss Holmes, a day pupil, has just completed the Modern Language course In it she has shown the perseverance necessary to a successful studen', and we wish her continued success in her after life.

Ethel Eugenie Jeffery.—Miss Jeffery came to Moulton four years ago intending to devote herself largely to the study of Art. After a year or so, she determined to matriculate, and so entered regular classes. As a student she possessed unusual ability. We hope she will not allow her talents to rust for want of using, and that to whatever she may devote herself, she will be truly successful.

Bertha Lorraine Johnson.—Miss Johnson, a boarder for more than two years, has proved herself to be a most persevering and ambitious student. She graduates from the Classical course. During her stay at Moulton, she has won, by her brightness and unvarying kindness, the love of all here.

Florence Lee Sheridan.—Miss Sheridan, a day pupil, has been among us a little more than three years. She has completed the matricu'ation work, and contemplates, we believe, entering the University. Her work here promises much for the future. May she continue to be very successful.

Mary Van Zile.—Miss Van Zile represents us in the east of our Dominion, going to her home in St. John, N. B. Her faithfulness in study is known to all who knew her. We are sorry she could not have remained with us a longer time, but are confident that she will meet with the success due to one of so pleasant disposition, studious and scholarly habits, and sterling character.

Edith M. Wilkes.—Miss Wilkes, another day pupil, graduates from the Modern Language course. Possessed of talent, she has yet shown herself to be very modest and unassuming.

Mabel Frances Woolverton.—Miss Woolverton completes the work for matriculation. Her perseverance in study is well worth imitating, whilst her modest, unassuming Christian life amongst us is an example that might well be followed by all.

Woodstock College.

Not long since we had the pleasure of listening to a description of the World's Fair grounds, by Mr. R. W. Sawtelle. Mr. Sawtelle visited the scene of the Fair before it was opened, and being a very close observer he was able to give a glowing account, not only of the Fair grounds, but also of the City of Chicago.

May 24th, with its attendant sports, has come, and now is numbered with the days that are past. Of course it was a holiday, and of course everyone had a most enjoyable time. We fear some of the students wish it came more frequently. The day was begun at the College by "Three cheers for the Queen," led by Principal Bates, who took breakfast with us. The trades procession, in which the leading manufacturing establishments were represented, was an interesting spectacle and one of the best of the kind ever witnessed in Woodstock.

The Orchestra and some of the other students held a concert in the church at Bond's Corners, for the benefit of the student who is to go on that field for the summer. We were pleased to learn that they were quite successful in their efforts.

On Thursday, May 18th, at our regular Judson Missionary Society meeting, Rev, Mr. McGregor, of the Congregational Church (town) addressed us on "The Church of Jesus Christ as the grand missionary agent for spreading the Gospel." He spoke of the liberty that everyone now possesses of studying theology for himself, that equality is the watchword of to-day, and all may be informed on the Bible irrespective of a minister. He said all that is best and dearest on this earth we owe to Christians, and that more good work has been done in the past eighty years than ever had been done before.

We had the pleasure, a few weeks since, of listening to some remarks from Mr. Kennedy, of Norwich, and Mr. Richmond, both old students. Their words were very interesting.

On the 8th of May, Mr. Hector, the "Black Knight," addressed the students in the "dining-room," chiefly on the subject of temperance. He handled his subject well, and made some very interesting and highly amusing remarks.

We are sorry that neither of the societies for which Woodstock has long been famed, could be kept running. Those who were chiefly instrumental in having them started this term seem to have been the first to desert, presumably through press of work. Be the cause what it may, the next meeting of the societies will be in the College year '93-94.

A very interesting game of football was played on the College grounds, June 5th, after supper, between the College team and the Y.M.C.A. team from the town. At first the College ran the ball well up to their opponents' goal, but soon they retaliated and put up a good game for the remainder of the first half, scoring twice. In the second half the College seemed to realize that they had "foemen worthy of

their steel," and settled down to hard work, scoring two goals in spite of the giant back of the Y.M.C.A. The score when time was called stood 2 and 2. The teams were :

College.		*Y.M.C.A.*
McCrimmon	Goal	Gilmour.
Hoyt (capt.)	Backs	Hendry
Petherbridge		Harrison
Torrie	Half-Backs	Powell
McIntyre		Codling
Hollinshead		Plaskett
D. E. Welch	Right Wing	A. McMeekin
Thomas		J. McMeekin
Robertson	Centre For.	Morrison
Huggart	Left Wing	Hamilton
Therrien		Ramsay

J. Gunn, Referee.

The playing of Morrison and Codling, and McIntyre and Therrien was worthy of especial mention. A return match is soon to be played.

THE CLOSING.

Aweary, I came unto the town of Woodstock, concerning which the Ingersoll bard, McIntyre, has so truly written :

> "Old Oxford is a seat of knowledge,
> Woodstock has a fine new college."

Bethinking me of these never-to-be forgotten lines, which jingled and jangled in my head to the music of the car-wheels, with such variations as Mark Twain's famous 'haunting' lines, click, click, clickety-click :

> "Conduetor, when you receive a fare,
> Punch in the presence of the passenjare,
> A blue trip-slip for an eight cent fare,
> A buff trip-slip for a six cent fare,
> A pink trip-slip for a three cent fare,
> *Punch* in the presence of the passenjare."
> "Punch, brothers, punch with care,
> Punch in the presence of the passenjare."

But, as the train left me behind, it sped on with those tiresome, wearisome rhymes ; my brain grew restful ; I sought the college, registered, and retired.

On the morrow, Sunday, Prof. G. B. Foster, Ph.D., of McMaster University, preached to the graduates and the students in general, on the tolerance of Christ,—a sermon of joyful thoughts and intense reality.

The heavy shadow of examinations now began gradually to lessen and fade away, until, on Wednesday, the 21st inst., the beaming holiday sun had routed every vestige of gloom, and burst forth at last in glory to honor the closing day.

It was nearly three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, when the eight graduates proceeded up the aisles of the handsomely-decorated chapel to the platform, where seats awaited them to the right. The eight are these :—Enoch Wellington Brown, Woodstock, Ont.; John Harvey

Cameron, Metcalfe, Ont.; Frank Howard Karn, Woodstock, Ont.; Joshua Isaac Manthorne, Mill Village, N.S.; Arthur Milton Overholt, Fonthill, Ont.; Walter James Pady, Hespeler, Ont.; George Henry Sneyd, Garden Hill, Ont.; William Richard Telford, Paris, Ont. To the left sat the Principal and Faculty, while to *their* left were Chancellor Rand and Hon. John Dryden. On the platform were also G. R Patullo, Esq.; Dr. McLay; D. W. Karn, Esq.; Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A.; Rev. W. T. Tapscott; J. J. Hall, Esq.; and his worship Mayor Hay.

The competitors in elocution for the Jas. Hay prize were (1st) David Bovington, who eloquently extolled "The Nineteenth Century"; (2nd) J. W. Hoyt, on the "Influence of the Public Platform"; and, lastly, Frank L. Packard, who brilliantly and vigorously upheld "The Supremacy of the American Union in the Abolition of Slavery." Music followed: "Boys of the Old Brigade," by the Glee Club, after which came the graduating essays.

The first of these was on "Imperial Federation,"—and the writer, Frank Karn, proved a right worthy patriot; J. H. Cameron read a good, thoughtful paper on "The National Wealth of Canada"; and, then, the valedictorian, W. J. Pady, delivered a stirring address on "Tact, Push and Principle," concluding with earnest thanks and loving farewell to faculty and school.

The presentation of prizes and scholarships now occurred. Rev. E. W. Dadson presented the Hiram Calvin Scholarship (third year) to Walter J. Pady; the S. J. Moore Scholarship (second year) was not awarded; Mr. D. W. Karn presented the remaining prizes; the D. W. Karn Scholarship (first year) to D. Bovington and G. R. Welch, (equal); the Davies Scholarship (preparatory) to Wm. H. Walker; Manual Training prizes: Senior Year Prize, presented by Mr. W. J. Copp, Hamilton, to W. A. Christie and H. M. McIntosh (equal); Middle Year Prize, presented by Mr. F. C. Bartlett, to Robert Harper; Junior Year Prize, presented by Dudley & Burns, Toronto, to Gerald Dickson.

The Principal's address to the graduates will linger long within many hearts. Thoroughness, faith and helpfulness were its keynotes.

Chancellor Rand now presented the diplomas to the graduating class, welcoming each one kindly and felicitously to the goodly fellowship of the college alumni. He said it had been publicly announced that he would formally address the audience on this occasion, but owing to the state of his health it was imprudent that he should do so. Briefly referring in terms of high appreciation to the labors of the Principal and Faculty, and deftly complimenting Hon. Mr. Dryden on the new interest everywhere manifest in the department over which he so happily presided, he introduced the latter as chairman of the Board of Governors, and requested him to occupy the time which had been allotted to them both.

Mr. Dryden, who was received with applause, acknowledged the honor accorded him. He loved Woodstock College for its past history,—short, but eventful, paying high tributes to the founder, Dr. Fyfe, and the missionaries Craig, McLaurin and Timpany. He was glad of its present existence. "Why do we keep it here?"

asked he, and waxed eloquent in answering. Education, he thought, was more than knowledge; it was such training as would enable one to make the best use of himself. Woodstock College does this; here are Christian environments, helpful, not harmful, associations; true, keen sympathy. He eulogized the Woodstock campus and gymnasium. There are those who perceive and appreciate these advantages,—and yet grumble at the expense. Such narrowness he deprecated, urging and emphasizing the imperative necessity of favouring conditions in the working out of our educational problem. He *warned*, "take care lest your boy be stolen!" Then he *advised*, carefully, practically, earnestly. He exhausted all meanings of "*moneo*." The truth, said he, is in itself sufficiently attractive to supersede error; hold it up faithfully, therefore!

The Principal and the Chancellor announced encouraging prospects for the ensuing year; the Glee Club sang the "Hunting Chorus" right lustily; and the proceedings terminated with the benediction by the Rev. W. T. Tapscott.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

W. R. Telford claims England as the land of his nativity, and when we observe his calm determination to win we do not dispute the claim. W. R. has had a good deal of experience as a public school teacher. His work has been mainly in the classics, as his teacher's certificate secures him admission to the University in all other branches. In his quiet genial way he has, in the one year of his student life at Woodstock, endeared himself to a large circle of friends, and few will be more missed than he. The purpose of his life cannot be better indicated than by repeating a remark heard a short time ago: "Mention missions, and Telford is on hand at once."

Arthur M. Overholt's home is the beautiful old village of Fonthill, in the heart of the Niagara district. In this slender, beardless boy, not yet out of his teens, we have a most satisfactory student, and if we may judge from his three years at Woodstock, McMaster University will yet be proud of him. The College orchestra under his leadership has frequently delighted us with their sweet strains, and that their services should often be in demand is not a matter of much surprise. Students and masters wish him the success which his faithful, earnest work merits.

J. I. Manthorne, a stalwart Nova Scotian, towers head and shoulders above most of his fellow-collegians. Strict attention to business, loyalty to college, country and ——, are prominent characteristics of Manthorne. He has lived in several parts of the continent, but none suits him so well, we fancy, as Nova Scotia. Good, faithful work always tells: "We count our lives by deeds not years."

Walter J. Pady is in every respect one of the College standbys. "A man he is to all the College dear," and we are loath to part with him. If any man's student life will bear the test of "square and plumb-line," his will. We are glad to have had three years of his active life spent among us. He is a typical Englishman, and will make his way or die in the attempt. In every College work or sport he is a leader,

and besides his regular school-work he has done a grandly faithful work in the East End Mission of which he has had charge. He is a friend to everybody except the idler, and is the very embodiment of pluck, push and principle.

PORT HOPE sends us George H. Sneyd, of whom nothing is so characteristic as are hard work and genuine whole-souled manliness. Three years of most unrelaxing study have brought him to the end of his Woodstock career. Who has not a friend in George? and who can fail to be his friend? His years at Woodstock have been pleasant, and we know that many have been encouraged to persevere by the examples he has set. If this same untiring zeal follows him through life, its influence must be far-reaching.

J. H. CAMERON, a Cameron of Clan Cameron, and worthy of the name, spent his boyhood in Osgoode, Carleton Co. He has shown himself not wanting in that energy and perseverance which characterize the young Scotch-Canadian. After a short career as "knight of the birch," he entered Woodstock in September, '91. Throughout his course he has steadily forged ahead, till now he stands in the front rank of the noble grads. of Woodstock, and, if we judge aright, J. H. has before him a distinguished scholastic career. He leaves with the hearty good wishes of all.

E. W. BROWN, who has spent several years in the ranks of the teaching profession, is an Oxford boy. It would be no exaggeration to say, "He is as regular as clockwork and as true as steel." The greater part of his time in the College has been devoted to the delights of the classics, and if faithful work will accomplish anything, we have little fear of failure in his case. While regretting his departure from us we hope to have the privilege of frequently seeing him.

FRANK H. KARN, the only son of our esteemed citizen and friend of the College, D. W. Karn, is light-hearted, buoyant and good-natured. His enthusiasm for science and manual training does not prevent his taking a high standing in all his studies. He intends pursuing his studies in applied science at McGill. Many a time have we kept step to Frank's marches as we left the chapel for our classes at nine o'clock. While we can no longer claim him as a student, we hope he will favor us with frequent visits.

A FEW OTHERS.

Besides the graduates, there are a few other students taking a final leave of Woodstock, a half-dozen of whom should have special mention here:

ARTHUR CREASY is an Englishman and likewise an old teacher. In his six months at the College he has covered a great field of work. Here we have a self-made man. Coming from England when but a small lad, he set himself the task of acquiring an education, and he can well say to others:

"Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road,
Alike, the peer and peasant
Must *climb* to her abode."

Woodstock wishes him the richly-deserved success of a hard, earnest worker.

Warren A. Christie also comes from the Maritime Provinces, which have sent so many good men to our Western colleges. He has been taking a special mathematical and scientific course with manual training, and expects to pursue his studies in the Faculty of Applied Sciences at McGill College. His fondness for mechanical work and his faithful application are sure to have their due reward. By his kindly spirit and true manliness he has won for himself a place in the hearts of students and teachers.

J. W. Hoyt is a St. Mary's boy. What will football do without Captain J. W.? He is at home in the field after the bounding ball, and with him at the head our boys are confident of success, and many a glorious victory proves that their confidence is not misplaced. Then we are told that he is one of our "best preachers," which is no mean distinction. We cannot yet say what his tendencies toward annexation may lead him to, but we have grave misgivings along at least one line. He is a hard worker, a heavy kicker, a good singer, and a genial fellow, and many besides students and faculty will regret his departure from us.

Frank L. Packard hails from Montreal, and we are ready to extend a hearty welcome to many more like him. Though his career at Woodstock has been short, it has been deep, for he has reached down to the hearts of the boys, the masters, and ——. He is an enthusiastic student in the Manual department, and expects to enter the School of Applied Sciences of McGill.

George E. Williams represents Toronto in our third year. We all know George as a lover of good company, a hard working student, an enthusiastic editor of our Philomathic Oracle, and an aspiring preacher. If McMaster literary societies want a good worker we can heartily recommend him. Though his course has been somewhat broken, he has made a good finish, and will enter upon his theological studies with a good foundation.

Harold Grant is from British Columbia. He is looking to science in Montreal. Harold will be missed in the science classes and the manual training department, and his entertaining talks on his travels will no longer delight us in the diningroom. Electrical machines, dynamos, cameras and chemical experiments have an absorbing interest for him. We shall not soon forget him, and we believe he will always have a warm place in his heart for Woodstock.

Wesley West represents our own town, and has been a day student for the past six months. We do not know which of his brothers he intends to follow professionally—the doctor or the preacher, but we all unite in wishing him prosperity in the further pursuit of his studies.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

(EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR)

M. S. CLARKE, MANAGING EDITOR

VOL. III. | NOV., 1893 | No. 2.

Louis Roussy.....THEODORE LAFLEUR 49
The Shepherd Psalm.....M. A. MAITLAND... 59
On the East Coast.....R. GARSIDE 60
The Sea Undine.....T. H. RAND..... 62

STUDENTS' QUARTER

Cloudland Bay.....M. B. 63
On the "Rhyme of the Duchess May,".G. H. CLARKE..... 63
"In Parenthesis".....O. 69
Autumn .....E. 70
Moody's School.....L. A. THERRIEN.... 71
Camping in the Rockies.....E. SELDON..... 73
The Worker .....X. 79
Now, and Then.....O. G. LANGFORD ... 80
EDITORIAL NOTES..... 81
HERE AND THERE..... 83
COLLEGE NEWS..... 86

Publishing Committee

M. S. CLARKE, J. H. FARMER | D. K. CLARKE, O. E. KENDALL, A. R. PARK | MISS M. S. DANIELS, MISS E. M. BOTTERILL

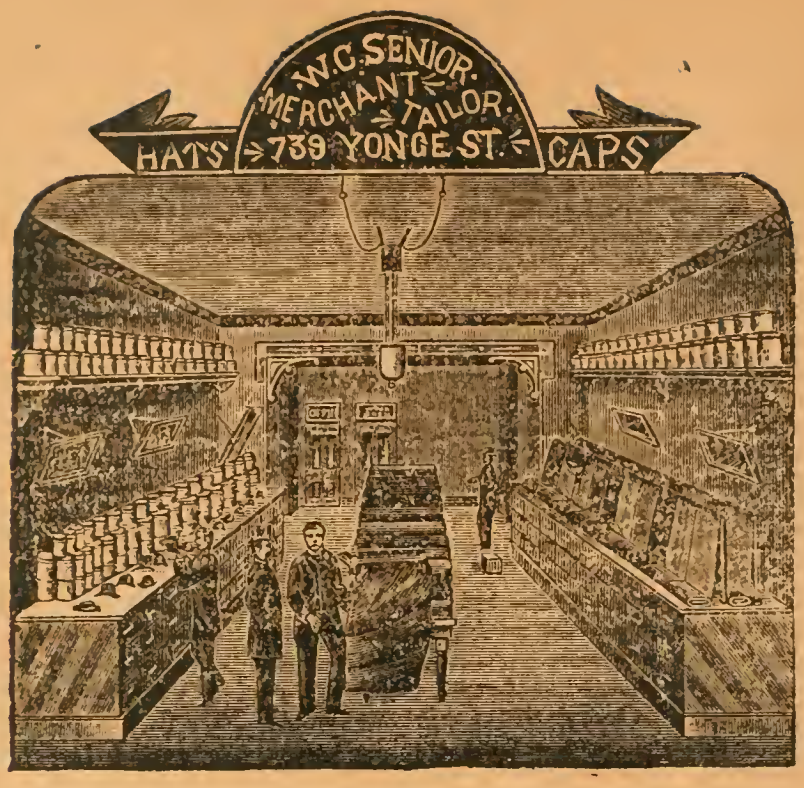
H. E. STILLWELL, B. W. N. GRIGG, MISS M. E. DRYDEN — *Committee on Students' Quarter*

O. G. LANGFORD, G. H. CLARKE, S. R. TARR — *Here and There, Subscription and College News*

J. B. PATERSON, *Advertising Dept.*
C. J. CAMERON, *Business Manager.*

TORONTO

Annual subscription ONE DOLLAR | DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS 1893 | Single Numbers TWENTY CENTS



To Students.

I shall be much pleased to take your order for

An OVERCOAT

A FINE BLACK SUIT

A TWEED SUIT

A PAIR OF PANTS

Or any other thing in our line, and will guarantee to please you

In FIT, FINISH and FIGURE.

I also keep a nice assorted stock of Hats, New, Nobby and Cheap.

W. C. SENIOR,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts.

4 8 1

Louis Pourtalès

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1893.

LOUIS ROUSSY.

It is generally known, at least among Baptist Christians, that Mr. Roussy came to Canada from Switzerland, as a pioneer Missionary among the French, in the autumn of 1835, in company with Madame Feller, so widely known now in the Christian world.

Of the early life of Mr. Roussy we know but very little. Though it has been our privilege to meet several times one of his sisters, the devoted wife of pastor Louis Durand, for many years a prominent evangelist, minister and writer at Liège, Belgium, and once a brother of his at Vevey in Switzerland, it did not occur to us then that we might be called upon some day to write a few words about our old friend.

Louis Roussy was born at Vevey in 1812, of Protestant parents, members of the national church of the Canton de Vaud. He was one of a family of five children, I believe, three boys and two girls. His father must have died when Louis was yet quite young, as I never heard him speak of him, but of his mother he often spoke with tender affection and great admiration as a sincerely pious woman, who was the means of imparting to him his first deep religious impressions. He very often said that early in life he read the Bible with his mother, that she read to him missionary reports of labors among pagan nations, and that it

was a wonder to him that Christian people did not do more to rescue them from their terrible state; promising himself that, as soon as he was old enough, he would go forth armed with the promises of God. Speaking of this one day, not long before his death—"Yes," said he, "my soul was ablaze about it, and if later on I did not go to the foreign missionary field, it was because I felt less qualified for it than for mission work among ignorant French Roman Catholics." Brought up in the Protestant national church of Switzerland, he was naturally sent like all boys of his age to the excellent public schools of Vevey; but whether he went to college afterwards, we know not. If he did, it must have been but for a short time, as he was, when yet quite a young man, engaged to serve an apprenticeship as a mason. He naively bore himself the testimony that he had never been a bad boy. Any one who knew him at all would unhesitatingly endorse his affirmation. He was well and strongly built, and would have honored the trowel and the hammer had he been called to work with them all his life time. But the Lord had something else for him to do.

The very remarkable religious revival in Europe, about the year 1820, which gave to France and Switzerland Madame de Krudner, Merle d'Aubigné, Malan, Bost, the Monods, the Oliviers and many others, also inspired the young man Louis Roussy. After his conversion, his burning zeal led him to undertake a work of colportage in France. While he was thus engaged, a school for the preparation of evangelists and missionaries was formed in Lausanne. Our friend made up his mind to go there and prepare himself for missionary work. It was while pursuing those studies at Lausanne that he became acquainted with Madame Feller. As the latter had already decided to go and join her friends, M. and Madame Olivier, in their missionary attempt in Canada, M. Roussy also felt called to accompany her to that missionary field. His theological studies which already had been hurried and superficial, were thus quite broken up. In answer to an inquiry often made, I may as well state here that, when our old missionaries made up their minds to come to this field, being believers in baptism for believers only, they had been sprinkled after their conversion; but it was in this country, and a good many years afterwards, that they saw it their duty to be immersed. They were baptized by Dr. Côte in September, 1847.

Monsieur Roussy and Madame Feller came to this country in the autumn of 1835. They sailed from Hâvre to New York and arrived in Montreal on the 23rd of October. After a few days of sweet fraternal intercourse with Mons. Olivier, and finding missionary work next to impossible in that city of thirty thousand inhabitants, he made up his mind to go into the country and make an opening somewhere. Hearing of a place where a school master was needed, in the parish of Lacadie, in a settlement of it called Grande-Ligne, he went there and at once began to teach a small public school under the control of Roman Catholics. While there he began to preach on Sundays, and though the people around freely said that they never had such a school master, that the children never made such progress and never behaved so well, the parish priest would not hear of his remaining as teacher of that school, for, he said to the people: "He is not only a Protestant but a preacher of that sect, and he will soon poison the minds of your children with his bad doctrines." In the meantime Mr. Roussy had made some progress in his evangelistic work. He had found a family where the reading of the Bible had preceded him, and from a far off region had prepared the way for his future labors. A woman, a French Canadian, Mrs. Lore, now an elderly widow with several children, some of them married, had been brought up near Boston, Mass., as a Catholic, but having heard the gospel preached occasionally, she had procured a Bible which she read by herself.

After her marriage to a bigoted Roman Catholic, they came to settle in Canada, where she kept her Bible and her secret love for it in the midst of an intensely Catholic neighborhood. Hearing of the strange school teacher, she sent for him. To her great joy he appeared to her as God's messenger, she gladly received the whole truth as it is in Jesus, was truly converted, and immediately influenced her large family of children to follow her example, which they did. Enjoying the blessing of the Gospel for a year or more, she died a triumphant death, surrounded by her loved ones, among whom was her dear pastor. Through her influence Mr. Roussy had been invited to hold meetings in the house of one of Mrs. Lore's married daughters, at Grande-Ligne, a distance of about six miles from Mrs. Lore's home. This old wooden house is still there and occupied by one of the converts.

That was the beginning of the preaching of God's word at Grande-Ligne, where it has continued ever since with increasing numbers and facilities. Mr. Roussy had continued for some time to preach in that house, when Madame Feller, after an unfruitful attempt to open a door for the Gospel in the large village of St. Johns, came to occupy the garret of it, where she began to teach the children of the converts and a few others. After working a year or so, Mr. Roussy had the happiness of baptizing four converts on the 30th of June, 1837. About three weeks after, three others were added to the number—and on the 16th of August seven others again were baptized, forming the first French Baptist church in Canada. Mr. Roussy's abundant labors had opened up several other places for the preaching of the Gospel, which he was now quite unable alone to take care of.

The heat of summer having rendered the old house most uncomfortable to hold meetings in, Mr. Roussy and his hearers repaired to a barn for their religious services. Seeing this, some Christians in Montreal took pity on the poor little band, and collected a sufficient amount to build a temporary school house. Things seemed now to be moving in a more favorable way when the rebellion of 1837 broke out. Those few French Protestants found themselves in the midst of *patriots* who hated the English and the Protestant religion as well. The little band was mobbed and Mr. Roussy fired at. There seemed to be no other way but to flee to another place. They went over the *lines* and remained about two months in the village of Champlain, N.Y. While there Mr. Roussy continued his work of evangelization among the French Canadians of that locality. On their return to Grande-Ligne, the little flock gathered again with great joy around their beloved pastor, whom they helped all they could in his evangelistic efforts. As the labors of Mr. Roussy and Madame Feller increased with new accessions to their number, two things of absolute necessity became quite apparent; better and larger accommodation for their pupils and religious meetings, and other missionary laborers to help them.

In view of meeting the first requirement, Madame Feller resolved on a trip to the United States, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Kirk, to collect the necessary funds. During that time Mr. Roussy was left alone to do all the work. In the autumn of

1839, materials were gathered for the building of the old mission house (now burnt). Mr. Roussy, with his measure of knowledge of the mason's craft, superintended the work, and on the 9th of August, 1840, this, for the time, large and beautiful building was dedicated to the service of God; quite a number of friends from Montreal, Boston and New York being present. It is probable that at no other moment of his missionary labors was Mr. Roussy more overjoyed. Half of the lower part of the house was fitted for a chapel, divided into two school rooms during the week. There for many years Mr. Roussy taught some and preached more. When teaching help was finally secured, once in a very remarkable way in the conversion of a priest, a born teacher, Mr. Normandeau, Mr. Roussy was left more liberty to follow his more congenial work, viz: evangelization. For this he was ready, at all times, to start on long journeys and to spend early and late hours, talking with the people in dingy homes, sleeping anywhere where he could, and accommodating himself to all kinds of fare. His evangelistic work gave him many occasions of great rejoicing. We have to speak of only a few. While in Champlain village he had evangelized a French Canadian family, some members of which had made the acquaintance of Dr. Côte, who was then a political refugee in the United States. Finding that they were French Protestants, Dr. Côte inquired by what means they had become so, and expressed a desire to see Mr. Roussy. As soon as Mr. Roussy heard of this, he crossed the lines and made a visit to the ex-rebel and free thinker. Dr. Côte had already been deeply impressed by a sermon he had heard in French by a Protestant minister. After many struggles of the mind and heart, Mr. Roussy saw his new friend yield to the power of the truth as it is in Jesus. They knelt and prayed and wept together, Dr. Côte was converted and became a mighty labourer in the work of French evangelization.

A New Testament, given by Mr. Roussy to a man from the parish of St. Pie, forty-five miles east from Grande-Ligne, was the means of opening that place for the preaching of the Gospel. Mr. Roussy spent a great deal of time there, and it became, after much persecution and hardship, one of the brightest of the Grande-Ligne missionary stations.

Later on Mr. Roussy was called to Ste. Marie de Monnoir,

where an opening had been made by the conversion of a whole family to evangelical views. The prominent convert in that household was a school mistress, who henceforth became herself a great evangelist. Mr. Roussy first and afterwards others labored many years in this place with remarkable success, bringing several other families to the knowledge of the Gospel, forming a church, and building a good chapel which is still the centre of an increasing Protestant community. I take here the liberty of quoting from my historical sketch of the Grande-Ligne Mission Jubilee, several pages relating to my old friend.

The success in the field of Ste. Marie de Monnoir appeared of such importance to the dignitaries of the priesthood that they sent there the great champion of Temperance, Father Chiniquy, to oppose the movement by a series of polemical discourses against the new Protestant converts. A public discussion between Mr. Chiniquy and Mr. Roussy resulted from it. This encounter created an immense uproar in the parish and it was noised abroad far and wide. It is probable that the apostle of Temperance and great opponent of Protestantism who, while a priest near Quebec and afterwards in Montreal, had made several converts from Protestantism to Catholicism, had on this occasion breaches made in the defences of his faith that were never completely mended, and which contributed to make him a few years later a vigorous and aggressive Protestant preacher.

An old friend and co-worker writes to me: "All considered, was he not a most remarkable religious and moral individuality! Try not to think of Madame Feller in writing about him, and look at this old friend establishing stations, forming churches, being the instrument of the conversion of many of the principal workers in the mission, of prominent church members, resolutely working where he was but little encouraged, seldom flattered—there was in him the stuff of a Christian hero, yes a true one. He remained to the last of his days a witness for Christ, an apostle. That is the impression he left on us at Grande-Ligne, (Mr. and Mrs. Roux), and on many other friends of different nationalities." His habitual reading was of the Bible. His tender love for children was quite touching. Experience had taught him to say but very little of anybody if he had no good to say of them; and though he always welcomed every one with a kind

smile, yet during the last years of his life he seemed to be fond of being much alone with God. When roused to interest himself in some great question, his friends were often surprised at the wide range of his knowledge, and the depth and loftiness of his thoughts. When finally enfeebled somewhat by age, but a great deal more by frequent attacks of sickness, Mr. Roussy very reluctantly surrendered the pastorship of the Grande-Ligne church where he had returned after his pastorate at Ste. Marie. He was succeeded there by Rev. A. L. Therrien, whom he loved as one of his boys, and in whom he placed a well deserved implicit confidence.

The last twenty years of his life were spent at Grande-Ligne, as pastor, missionary, and religious teacher. He also gave a great deal of his time in acting as a homeopathic physician, and as such did not spare himself for both Catholics and Protestants. This place was to him sacred ground, and very beautiful, as Mount Zion was to the Israelites. This mission to which he had consecrated his life was the constant object of his thoughts and of his love. Nearly thirteen years before he had received a great shock in the death of Madame Feller, who was to him and indeed to many others the personification of that mission.

When in 1880 a wing to the old building had been completed, Mr. Roussy was still living, but already much enfeebled by sickness. It was a good and blessed holiday in which our old missionary joined us with all his soul. But like all our festivities here below it had a sad feature. It was with a faltering step and a very pale countenance which clearly predicted a near end, that he who was once so robust, came into the large lecture room to join us in the service of dedication. One building was up and the other was going down, a house made with hands and the other a marvellous structure, mysteriously raised to be the temple of the living God, now decaying, but to be raised again by the eternal spirit in a more aerial form for a more spiritual sphere. It is nevertheless sad to contemplate that ruin, so long the sanctuary of the living God, and the vessel to carry salvation to others. Our brother fell asleep in the Lord in the month of November, at the age of 68, the same age as that of our great missionary to whom he was as a devoted son, a fond admirer, and a zealous helper at all hours.

On the sad event Principal Roux wrote these words to the writer: "My dear friend, it has come to the worst. In a moment, the robust and marvellous machine was stopped, the spirit motor had left it, nothing remained but the lifeless and disfigured form of a great son of God. On seeing him die I felt struck to the heart, and fainting I threw myself on a sofa near by. I cannot possibly realise the truth that we will no longer meet him going from one room to another in this house."

Three days after, a large number of friends from Montreal and St. Johns, and French Canadian converts from all parts came to attend the funeral. There were also present a great many Roman Catholics. It was a solemn and impressive service, in which several of the missionary ministers took part. The body was laid by the side of Madame Feller's grave. There repose the remains of the two pioneers of this work. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them, while their results remain among us as seeds of a glorious harvest.

Mr. Roussy was personally but little known to the wide Christian public interested in the work of the Grande-Ligne mission, but he was known everywhere among the French converts. During the first years of his labors in this country, he was occasionally called to accompany Madame Feller in her visits to Montreal, and only once in the United States. But wherever he went he was naturally more or less over-shadowed by the great individuality, who in his eyes could never be made too much of. Though he could read and write English readily, he never could bring his rebellious French tongue to pronounce it in such a way that it would appear English. He had withal retiring habits, and felt very uneasy when anything like worldly etiquette seemed to be required. He had the natural politeness of the heart, the *mansuétude* of the true French gentleman, and never did anything that savored of vulgarity. I venture to recall a tradition, always kept up in Mons. Roussy's family, and which his distinguished countenance, and his habitual demeanor would justify: it is that he was the direct descendant of Count de Roussy, who had to flee from the Province of Champagne during the persecution against the Huguenots, and had founded the family of that name in Geneva. It was in the circle of intimate friends that his worth was known, where his loving heart

gave out all its treasures, when his unselfishness was most conspicuous, and when his joy and happiness had all the *naiveté* and buoyancy of childhood. Often have we thought of him as of the Apostle John, the loving and beloved disciple. Those amiable traits of character eminently fitted him for the work he had undertaken, and made him a centre of attraction wherever he was located. When Madame Feller was no longer there, Mr. Roussy remained as the loving representative of them both and of the work of the mission. His excellent memory, both of the mind and of the heart, fitted him to keep up those pleasant and profitable relations. Mr. Roussy was preeminently an evangelist. He was endowed with health, great physical strength, a warm heart, a vivid and large imagination, and great natural eloquence, coupled with comprehensive views of missionary enterprise. His patience and perseverance were simply unlimited. Bold and severe in his pulpit utterances against sin, vehement at times, he was diffident when it came to personal pastoral conversation. His tender heart, his fear of hurting the feelings of others, rendered him habitually unfit for this difficult duty which requires so much tact, self-denial and moral courage to perform.

Mr. Roussy's mind seemed to be always encircled with a halo of glorious hopes. We well remember his mapping out the whole of this Province (Quebec) in districts to be evangelized, just as if one had only to go and make the truth known for it to be accepted. His great faith in the Sovereign grace of God led him to ignore man's resistance, which the divine Master recognized when he said, that some men made the counsel of God of none effect concerning them,—and uttered these words full of tears, "and ye would not come unto me." It is true, nevertheless, that viewing deeply the magnitude of opposing forces, the inertia of humanity at large is apt to breed weakness of attempt. That weakness Mr. Roussy entirely ignored. To our mind the stronger servant of God is the one who measures the greatness of the opposing forces and who nevertheless undertakes the task, hearing in his soul the words of the Master. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

With scanty resources, Mr. Roussy would still attempt great things, relying on special providences to meet pressing emergencies. If the tokens were not forthcoming, it would never disturb his faith in the principle.

While faithfully preaching total depravity, Mr. Roussy had great confidence in human goodness. In all his reports of conversions one will almost invariably find that he qualifies the converts as persons of good character. Mr. Roussy's mind was never called to pass through the ordeal of changing one form of faith for another, but only to seize on the more spiritual teaching of the doctrine he was taught from infancy.

Mr. Roussy came to this country a young man of prepossessing appearance, of gentle manners and lasting affections. He never married and never returned to his beautiful native land. Sometimes he would speak of returning home to feast his eyes on that luxury of Swiss scenery which was his birthright and for which others pay so much; then his eye would sparkle, or on a suddenly pale cheek a tear would glisten and all was over; his soul had had a glimpse of the heavenly home, which nerved him to continue his work in his adopted country for God's sake.

He speaks to us by his lifelong devotion to a work of habitual self-denial. His life speaks to us of benignity, kindness, love ever abiding, patience, and sweet communion with God. His words of comfort, of kindness, will be remembered long in many a humble home; and his works of evangelization speak to us over a large area of this Province of Quebec. His written words are not many, and but very inadequately represent the power and the resources of his mind. The reason of it was his want of early training to exact thought, sobriety of images and fitness of expression which did not readily come at the end of his pen. Only under high mental pressure did his mind seize on strong and exact language for his thoughts which were of no mean order.

One naturally looks to the close of such a life, as letting in something of the glory of hope which had filled the soul in some luminous hours; we crave for a Mount Nebo for those who have been favored with some scene of Transfiguration; but that is seldom granted; in fact it seems to be more the privilege of those disciples, who during their lifetime were left to walk in the hazy atmosphere at the foot of the mountain and who need more light at last to enter the dark passage. Our friend died quietly, without manifestation of any great joy, without any remarkable saying, but only to a friend who asked him if his trust was still in Christ, he simply answered, "What else could I do?"

THEODORE LAFLEUR.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM.

He knew his hour had come, yet he was calm—
The *Titan's* captain did not fear to die;
"Draw near, shipmates," he said, and sing the psalm—
'He leadeth me the quiet waters by!'"

Then from the lips of bronzed and bearded tars—
Rough and tempestuous as the seas they rode,
The trustful words rose by the shrouds and spars
Up to the ever listening ear of God.

And while they sang, the old commander smiled
As at some presence, though his eyes were dim;
Perchance he dropped to slumber like a child
Thinking his Highland mother sang to him.

And past the summits of the purple hills
Where he was cradled, with a newborn sight,
He caught the glory that God's palace fills,
And looked upon His face who is its light!

For when the psalm was sung, and nearer drew
The men to gaze upon their leader's face--
And saw the rapture sealed thereon, they knew
The proudest of the fleet was masterless!

O blessed psalm! beloved of old and young,
What mighty stays thy "rod and staff" have been
To hoary saints! how childhood's lisping tongue
Has sweetly babbled of thy "pastures green!"

"The Lord's my Shepherd!" He with gracious hand—
Though tossed my bark upon the billows high,—
Though tempests smite my tent upon the land,—
Doth lead my soul "the quiet waters by!"

M. A. Maitland.

Stratford, Ont.

ON THE EAST COAST.

The littoral of the Bay of Bengal is not one that inspires enthusiasm. Imagine mile after mile of drifting sand as bare and barren as the Sindh desert, the ever-changing sand dunes, the fringe of swamp running parallel with the coast, with every ten miles or so the estuary of a rainy season creek or river, and you have the outlines of the physical features fairly described. Then add to this the never-ending thunder of the surf, the tremendous breakers, the alternation of the land and sea breeze, frequent thunder-storms, the terrific downpour during the monsoon, and at long, long intervals a tidal wave; these help to fill out the conditions of life on the coast.

For vegetation, there are the cocoanut palms, which are very few in number; the date palm, that may be seen everywhere, and the palmyra palm, the most numerous of all. Wherever the sand admits there are numerous creeping plants, prominent among which is the goat's-foot vine, whose leaves are shaped like the imprint of the foot of that animal, a plant with convolvulus-like flowers which, in spite of torrid sun and drifting sand, seems to grow everywhere.

The bird life that gathers around the lagoons and river estuary and swampy fringe, is simply wonderful. That large class of birds known as sea-gulls are always to be seen. These are especially busy when the fishermen draw in their nets, and many a struggling fish is snatched away before they can be prevented. The solemn-looking cranes that wade in the lagoons or that meditate for hours, standing on one foot, are very funny examples of patience and stoicism. Their magnificent brother, the flamingo, occasionally appears, his brilliant scarlet plumage putting their sober browns and greys to shame. The lark, often looked upon as peculiar to English meadows, is an inhabitant of the swampy fringe of the coast. His nest is in the thick grass; he rises morning, noon and evening, his song offering a delightful contrast to the diapason of the surf. Crows and snipes, kites and kingfishers are but a few of those that help to swell the bird life on the shore. The ocypodian crab and the jackal represent the animal kingdom, though the

grasses on the edges of the lagoons offer an attraction to the antelope, that often may be seen bounding across the sandy wastes.

One difficulty the fishermen labor under in their sea-side homes, is the constant drifting of the sand. Sometimes a village is "snowed up" with sand, and as spring-time will never come to thaw them out, they are compelled to move away. Fields that once were fertile are being reclaimed by the ocean. It has sent out its sandy battalions to re-capture what was once its own. The tidal wave is responsible for the greatest devastation, sweeping away as it does whole villages and their dwellers upon the crest of its irresistible flood. Five miles from the sea the large mast of a ship rests on the side of the highway, thirty feet above tide level, a proof of the power of this wave; while thirty miles in another direction is pointed out the place where a large village once stood, which is now but a plain of drifting sand without a mark or monument. In another locality yet south, the wave swept inland for twenty miles on its mission of death. The captain of a vessel told of passing thousands of dead bodies near Chittagong, at the mouth of the Ganges, among which he counted six dead tigers; all these had been swept from the lowlands by a tidal wave.

In the absence of a sea-breeze, the glaring sun and the reflection of the heat from the sands make the condition of the atmosphere nearly unbearable, and yet fifty miles distant, at the bottom of the sea, exists a strange out-world, where absolute and eternal darkness and perfect stillness reign, where the temperature approaches the rigor of the Pole, where are slow-creeping ocean currents that the highest tidal wave never stirs and the worst cyclone never moves.

The fishermen on this coast are a hardy set of toilers, who are strong because of their active life in the boats and on the shore. In childhood their dress is simply *nil*, and even when grown the men wear nothing except on marriage and festal occasions, when their best robes may be donned. At other times, a pocket handkerchief and a string represent their whole outfit. Intensely superstitious, they have a temple at each point of the compass around their villages, so that smallpox and cholera, dread visitors, may be kept off. Before throwing his line into

the sea, the fisherman may be noticed clasping his hands and imploring his god that he may be successful. During the hot season, if the crops have been good and rice is cheap, this toiler of the sea is careful to marry all his little girls who have reached the suitable ages of six or eight, and the sound of drums and trumpets may be heard by day and night.

As a division of labor, the men fish in boats or on land; the women do the housework and cooking. When the toddy or liquor from the palmyra palm is to be sold, the women carry and sell it; but they do not appear to drink it, for very rarely is one seen intoxicated.

Xavier seemed quite successful in his efforts to convert the fishermen of Ceylon and Southern India, but his converts did not give up their idols, though their descendants bear the name Christian. We have yet to gain our first convert from these men, who have listened to hundreds of Gospel sermons. By the grace of God this can be done.

R. GARSIDE.

India, June 14, 1893.

THE SEA UNDINE.

Exquisite thing soft cradled by the tide,
  Sprung not from lathe or wheel or human wit,
  Wonder of whorls which touch the infinite,
Frail shallop of some brave undine's white bride!
Within the smooth and sheeny walls are dyed
  With the pure pink of autumn dawns alit,
  Without, with stories of the deep o'erwrit,—
How fairy slight the thunderous seas to ride!

The massy tides gride over reef and ledge,
  And sudden waves from fell Euroclydon
  Dash to swift death the sailor in the Bay;
But this, all lipt with pearl, and on the edge
  Of doom—the fingers of a babe might slay,—
  Sleeps in the stressful surge at Blomidon.

T. H. R.

Minas Basin.

Students' Quarter.

CLOUDLAND BAY.

'Tis a dip in the shore of sunset land,
  Away and away to the west,
All its waters flow red from the sun,
  Its islands are stars on its breast.

There are ships sailing there with white sails set,
  They anchor or drift at their will;
Let the wind blow fair, or the wind blow foul,
  Their havens come home to them still.

"Ah, there is the port where I'd be
  And forget all the toiling to-day;
Sweet wind, fill the sails with your breath,
  Waft me swift to that cloud-wrapt bay."

You may sail if you will, a night and day,
  Straight down to the sun on your quest;—
But the bay floateth on like a cloud,
  Away and away to the West.

M. B.

ON THE "RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY."

A DIALOGUE.

Quickman:—Have you read the "Rhyme of the Duchess May" yet, Mr. Slogoer?

Slogoer:—Well, yes, I picked it up one day and 'ran it through' in a double sense.

Quickman:—Why, what do you mean? Is it not a masterpiece of poetical literature?

Slogoer:—It may be,—but, if so, I am no judge.

Q.:—I am perplexed, I confess, at this strange sneer of yours. I would rather consider you prejudiced against the poem, than as one who has no appreciation of its merits.

S. :—Pardon me, I appreciate its merits much ; I assure you that I am no peevish fault-finder. On the contrary, I instantly recognized two great excellencies it possessed, namely, that it cannot be attributed to a man-poet, and that it might have been of much greater length.

Q. :—Your cynicism is a surprise to me, and I would fain perceive its foundation. Let us examine the work specifically and fairly. To begin with,—the plot is admirable. The lordly castle of Linteged stands massive and looming gigantic amid the blood-red sunset. It is besieged by five hundred archers who on this, the fifteenth day, had, with their comrades in arms, almost effected a breach of the sturdy castle-wall. What is the 'causa belli'? Three months ago Sir Guy of Linteged had married the Duchess May. There were those who bitterly resented this happening. The Duchess May had become an orphan in her early girlhood, and her guardian, the Earl of Leigh, actuated by the greed of gain (for his ward was rich), had betrothed her at twelve years of age to his churlish son Lord Leigh. But when his charge had blossomed into winsome womanhood, she defied the Leighs, father and son, repudiated the arbitrary engagement, and announced her intention of marrying Sir Guy of Linteged. Their jeers and expostulations were unavailing, and before that midnight she had carried out her resolve, and fled with Sir Guy through the wild wind and rain, hotly pursued by her kinsmen. Sir Guy's noble charger proved his worth and bore them safely to the castle court-yard, where they received the servitors' loud welcome. And now, three months after, the Leighs are besieging the castle. Young Lord Leigh taunts the newly-made bride with the approaching defeat and death of Sir Guy, and her inevitable marriage to himself. The Duchess May laughs him to scorn, and in her undaunted, unfearing lightsomeness, attires herself in all the rich bridal paraphernalia (which hitherto she had never worn,) both to inspire her husband's courage and to emphasize her contempt for Leigh. But Sir Guy leans silently, anguish-laden, upon his sword, fearing the worst. The sword snaps asunder, and its owner regards it as an omen that further resistance is useless, and, ruminating, decides to sacrifice himself for the sake of the remaining beleaguered band. He requires his men to cease hostilities and orders his horse to be led up the turret-stair

to the summit of the castle-wall. The Duchess May observes this strange spectacle, inquires its reason, and finding that her lord is resolute to ride to destruction off the castle-wall, nobly declares herself his companion :—

"So the sweet saints with me be!"
(Did she utter solemnly.)
(*Toll slowly.*)
"If a man, this eventide,
On the castle-wall will ride,
He shall ride the same with *me*."

Sir Guy gently repulses her, but she reiterates her resolve and beseeches his acquiescence. On a sudden the breach 'yawns into ruin.' Sir Guy shakes the bridle-reins impatiently, but Duchess May clings wildly and mutely to him. Her heart is heroic as his, her courage fixed, unwavering, is unquenchable even by *him*. Help or retreat is now no longer possible,

"For the horse, in stark despair,
With his front hoofs poised in air,
On the last verge rears amain.

"Now he hangs, he rocks between,
And his nostrils curdle in;
(*Toll slowly.*)
Now he shivers, head and hoof,
And the flakes of foam fall off,
And his face grows fierce and thin;

"And a look of human woe
From his staring eyes did go;
(*Toll slowly.*)
And a sharp cry uttered he,
In a foretold agony
Of the headlong death below.

"And, 'Ring, ring, thou passing-bell,'
Still she cried, 'i' the old chapelle!'
(*Toll slowly.*)
Then back-toppling, crashing back,
A dead weight flung out to wrack,
Horse and rider overfell."

S. :—I see you possess a good memory and an enthusiastic admiration for the Romantic. For my part, I consider the plot fanciful and unreal, therefore a blemish of the poem. No woman in her senses, however high-spirited, would so defy her guardian and friend. No guardian, in such circumstances, would be so stupid as to allow the elopement which ensued. The chances are, too, notwithstanding the fleetness of the steed, that his double burden would ensure his early capture in the pursuit. But the whole thing is utterly absurd and untrue. Surely no such valorous man as Sir Guy would be mean-spirited enough to desert his hard-won wife through self-destruction, knowing the while that his cowardly rival would thereby succeed to the hand, and possibly to the affections, of his beloved. The final scene represents a cowardly double suicide. The merest tyro in the knowledge of mediævalism knows that the proper thing to be done in such a plight as Sir Guy's was to fight to the bitter end, to prolong life till the very moment of conquest, and then, indeed, to die,—but a martyr's, not a coward's, death. That such a story should receive favour and credence is to me incomprehensible.

Q. :—My dear fellow, it is not a question of probability, but of effect. The plot is romantic, quaint, and magical, an antique story of love and adventure wrapt in a beautiful garb of at once fair and delicate texture. With such a theme, such happy adaptability of metre, so highly emotional and delicate a harmonizing of the eternal periods; of the swift, brief storm of life with the solemn soothing of the passing-bell; with so liberal and masterly a use of the secret resources of the poetic art, the "Rhyme of the Duchess May" shines to-day and forever "a gem of purest ray serene."

S. :—"Have at him, man!" says my cool reason,—but something motions back, commanding, "Wait, listen, learn!"

Q. :—Do you mean it, friend? May all the nine aid me, and chiefly Euterpe, to kindle and fan in you the spark of subtler, more æsthetic, life. You have read the poem, you say; surely you have felt,—something! Take the overture,—the beginning of that wonderful refrain, "Toll slowly." What does it mean? The bell-ringers are playing their music for the dead; the white poplars cast their gleaming sun-shadows upon the

silent graves,—beyond these flows the placid river, the distant hills growing ever fainter. In this peaceful valley lie the dead, —resting. How quiet it is! How solemn! Ah, here Death comes very close to us,—yet we shudder not, but commune in calmness with the Spiritual and meditate upon the fair aspect of those immeasurable ages, succeeding this one instant, of eternity. And then we read this old romance—you have heard it—and, reading, hear constantly the sombre-sounding bell, suggesting no incongruity in whatever part of the story, only the slow, sure, steady measuring-out of the troubled time of life, and through all the feeling grows: "Lo, it is good!" The other, minor refrain, showing the harmony of Nature and her devout submission to the will of the Supreme, we hear and read,

> "Oh, the little birds sang east,
> And the little birds sang west,
> (*Toll slowly.*)
> And I read this ancient Rhyme
> In the churchyard, while the chime
> Slowly tolled for one at rest."

The story read, the book laid down, again we see the churchyard and hear those reconciled refrains of Nature and Death. And our thoughts leap away from the tragedy and comedy and wilfulness of human life to the serenity and all-sufficiency of God. The object of the whole soul-renewing poem is to impress and commend the thought of the two concluding stanzas of the epilogue,

> "Oh, the little birds sang east,
> And the little birds sang west,
> (*Toll slowly.*)
> And I said in under-breath,
> 'All our life is mixed with death,
> And who knoweth which is best?'
>
> "Oh, the little birds sang east
> And the little birds sang west,
> (*Toll slowly.*)

And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His rest."

S. :—You have rendered me good service, Quickman; when I read the poem (though I never read it faithfully) I thought it affectation,—indeed, so I deemed all poetry. I shall read it again, with better understanding and greater reverence, I hope. I never dreamed, you know, of the 'eternal fitness of things' as applied to Poetry. Why, the work is Godlike in itself.

Q. :—And that is the secret, Slogoer; we are no longer heathens and the nine Muses must give place to the One. He has been and will be, the inspiration of the truest poets. Mrs. Browning knew Him for her own. She has told us so. Listen!

"God himself is the best Poet."

* * * * *

"What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure,
All of praise that hath admonisht,
All of virtue shall endure,—
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the Muses,
Ere Pan was dead.

"O brave poets, keep back nothing,
Nor mix falsehood with the whole,
Look up Godward; speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul:
Hold in high poetic duty
Truest truth the fairest beauty!
Pan, Pan, is dead."

G. H. Clarke.

"IN PARENTHESIS."

In reading the life of Shelley my attention was attracted by the following words which referred to his daughter, "(she married a Mr. Esdaile and died in 1876)." The article on Shelley was a long one, full of detail. It traced his life from birth to death, noted his characteristics, guaged the influences operating on them, enumerated the circumstances surrounding him, and here in the midst of all the elaboration was this epitome of a life —"(she married a Mr. Esdaile and died in 1876)."

How significant of what woman's life in the past has been! Think of those long years of childhood with its trifling sorrows which seemed so overwhelming to her, the torn aprons and the little aches and pains; the happy girlhood with its dreams and fancies, the dawning womanhood, love's awakening and her marriage (and this is the first thing, it seems, worthy of notice,) then we take up the life again with its gathering glooms and bursts of sunshine until—she died.

To her, life's brimming cup was as alluring as it appeared to Adam upon his first glad day in Eden, and as she drank its mingled sweet and bitter, life was to her as great and mysterious a thing as it was to him, and is this the essence of it all?—"(she married a Mr. Esdaile and died in 1876)."

What wonder that woman has had little of wisdom to add to the world's great store, that she has not often broken the bread of Truth to the hungry. Was not this her gospel in the past—marriage and death, prepare for marriage—prepare for death?

"A parenthesis is something coming *in beside*, a something which may be taken out without altering the sense"; and this is how most women have spent their lives, "in beside," touching the world only through their fathers, their husbands or their sons, and at last have been "taken out" without altering the sense.

But though that short pathetic sentence seems typical of woman's life in the past, it also touches us all. It is a characteristic of the human race, this desire to be important, to effect something. We wish to be loved, we can bear to be hated, but

indifference is galling. We do not want to come "in beside," we do not want to come into life's history in such a manner that we can "be taken out without altering the sense." We forget how valuable the parenthesis is, how without breaking up the swift flowing sentences or checking the ready tongue of the speaker, it slips into place, throwing light on all about it, and rounding all into a beautiful completeness. We would rather be a discord and thus draw attention, than be one of the many notes so harmonious that their individual sweetness is lost in the great volume of melody they help to swell.

The story of life is long, and the great Author's purposes may seem, to us, dim and uncertain, but if we might catch one gleam of His limitless wisdom to light some dusky page, we might gladly spend ourselves unknown and yet say "*laetus sorte mea*,"—though in parenthesis. So might we reach invisible hands of influence through all the world, for—

> "No life
> Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,
> And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Moulton College. O.

AUTUMN.

With unbound hair and wistful seer-like gaze,
A Priestess pale, the Spirit of the Year
On woodland shrines, lights her late offerings dear;
Oaks' smouldering glow and maples' crimson blaze,
Bronzed beech and golden poplars' trembling rays,
Signal on hill and in the glassy mere
Her veiled presence; while afar and near,
Incense doth rise,—October's dreamy haze.

Fainter and fainter glows the sacrifice,
Whose wind blown embers tell her hasting end;
Forlorn she wanders, while the grey clouds rise,
Awaiting the white gift which Heaven shall send,
Till Time shall bear her, with unlingering hand,
To her dim sisters in the Memory-Land.

E.

MOODY'S SCHOOL.

"Better be a worm and feed upon the mulberries of Daphne, than a king's guest."

Beautiful spots are not so common on this globe but that if one of them constantly verifies its good reputation, it will always be honored with visitors.

To the Greek, Daphne was more than beautiful. It was sacredly beautiful. It was always thronged with worshipful visitors. To the New England Christian, Northfield is more than beautiful. It is sacredly beautiful and every summer it is thronged with worshipful visitors.

It was neither interest nor even curiosity that tempted Ben Hur into Daphne; but at a certain moment during his visit at Antioch, when he had nothing better to do, he simply drifted into the renowned grove, the old saying having flashed into his memory:—"Better be a worm and feed upon the mulberries of Daphne, than a king's guest."

It was on account of some such saying concerning Northfield, that I chose to go there for a week this last summer, rather than elsewhere. Once there, indifference must go.

"The town of Northfield, Mass., founded in 1663, is beautifully situated on both banks of the Connecticut river, at the northern line of the State, and adjoining the States of New Hampshire and Vermont." It is the birthplace of the great evangelist Moody, though we usually associate Chicago with his early years. The latter place was indeed his home until it burned in the great fire of '71, but in '75 he made Northfield his permanent residence. Here he was accustomed to prepare during the summer for his winter campaigns, and he was soon holding in his own house meetings for Bible study, open to the neighbors. From this beginning the idea of a school was conceived, to give young men and young women a Christian education. In the spring of '78 the first purchase was made.

"The story of this first purchase is characteristic of the whole after history of the school. As Mr. Moody and his friend Mr. Marshall stood discussing the advisability of buying the land, they quickly agreed that it should be done. No sooner

was the decision made than the owner of the property was seen coming toward them, walking up the road. He was invited into the house, and Mr. Marshall asked him what he would take for the property,—having already heard that he valued it at twenty-one hundred dollars. Learning that this was the price, and no less would be received, he proposed that they should make out the papers on the spot. This was immediately done; and before the owner recovered from his surprise, the land had passed out of his hands.

"Subsequent purchases have put the school into possession of about two hundred and seventy contiguous acres, its present domain. All this is in the immediate proximity of Mr. Moody's house, and is admirably suited to its present purpose. It extends from the side of Northfield Mountain to the river, and commands one of the finest views in the valley of the Connecticut; especially in looking north, toward Brattleboro, Vt., twelve miles distant, and the Green Mountains beyond."

This is the domain of the girls' school alone and has upon it five beautiful buildings, three of them rivalling in size and beauty our own McMaster Hall. The other two are a library and recitation hall.

Mt. Hermon is the name of the boys' domain on the opposite side of the river. It comprises some four hundred acres of land and a larger number of buildings than "the Seminary," as the girls' school is commonly called. It is the pride of Mr. Moody. I have said that once there, indifference must go; this is so, not only because of the beauty of the place and its remarkable and fascinating history, but especially because of the actual environment into which one steps if he go there as I did in the midst of one of the conferences. Alighting from one of the old-time stages we entered the Assembly Hall, and there was a gathering of about 300 Christian workers sitting at the feet of such teachers as these:—Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Rev. A. C. Dixon, President Gates of Amherst, the venerable H. L. Hastings of "Infidel literature" fame and Moody himself. And how could the people help singing, how could I help joining in with all my soul, when we had before us and were led by those who wrote the hymns on our lips, Ira D. Sankey, Geo. C. Stebbins, Fanny Crosby, P. P. Bliss, Jr., and the blind couple Mr. and Mrs

Baker? Why, I never expect to sing again this side of heaven quite as I did there, unless I should go back to Northfield. It would be about impossible to give here anything like an account of what was said as we listened during three sessions each day for two weeks. We shall leave that for another time, or better still, all who can should take the first opportunity to go and hear and see for themselves. I might say to such, what the steward of the Khan said to Ben Hur, when he enquired about the road to Daphne :—"The road to Daphne! You have never been there before? Well, count this the happiest day of your life."

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES.

DEAR GEORGE,—The pleasantest expedition of my life has just come to an end. Camping out during the warm days of summer is always delightful anywhere, but to have for your camping ground the mountain heights of Colorado in addition to all the other pleasures, is to me the very climax of all camping, the desideratum of all campers, to whom there is the remotest possibility of attaining it.

With the exception of myself, our party were all of Boulder, a beautiful and romantic town of some five thousand inhabitants, nestling up close to the very base of the highest and ruggedest of all the front foothills. Towering perpendicularly above the town, these great craggy rocks present a wild yet fascinating aspect, while the town itself lies at their feet, seemingly swept thither on the great prairie waves until it stranded—not as a wreck, however—on the shore of the opposing hills which seem to say to it, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." You can easily imagine, then, how desirable a place it is to live in, not only for its romantic situation, but also for its convenient nearness to other places of note and points of interest. It is only twenty-nine miles north of Denver; all the mysteries and pleasures of the Rockies are at its back; great Long's Peak is just a few miles to the north, while the still more famous Pike's

Peak is a hundred miles to the south. In its immediate vicinity are numerous cañons perforating the hills for many miles, some of which can be reached from the town by an easy walk. Of these, Boulder Cañon is perhaps the most notable.

I shall never forget my trip up Boulder Cañon. After making an exchange of pulpits on the Sabbath with Rev. Mr. Davis, the pastor of the Baptist church there, I remained over for a couple of days at his kind invitation, in order to explore it with him. A train runs twice a day from Boulder thirteen miles up the cañon to a little hamlet boasting the suggestive name of Sunset. We boarded the train on Tuesday morning, intending to visit Sunset and return to a certain mineral spring that lies not far from the railroad and then pic-nic until the afternoon train arrived. But, alas for "the best laid plans of mice and men"! There had been no rain for six weeks or more at Boulder; everything was parched and dry and the people were panting for water. Before the day was over, however, they had their hearts' yearnings satisfied and with a vengeance. We had scarcely passed out of sight of the city and commenced the ascent, when we saw a huge cloud coming down towards us, striking the hills on both sides as it came. Soon we were in the rain, which at first fell gently, but presently it came down almost in a sheet. It was a cloud-burst, which is very common in the Rockies. We were right in it; the hills were almost entirely hid from our view, near as they were; seas of mud rolled off their sides, until the little mountain rivulet that we crossed and re-crossed so often, became a mighty torrent; so fierce was the storm, that our poor old engine could scarcely creep along up the steep grade, but, like some tired monster, puffed and snorted and screeched in the almost futile attempt to keep the wheels moving. But on we crept, and at last reached Sunset two hours late.

What a change in the atmosphere was here! At Boulder it was so hot and sultry that my coat was almost unbearable. But at Sunset I was glad to button it up tight and wished for an overcoat. Yet not a drop of rain had fallen here, dust lay thick on the roads; the secret of the change was the higher altitude. We had climbed nearly 2,500 feet since we left Boulder and stood now at an elevation of 7,696. The people

here were surprised to learn that a few miles below them the rain was still descending in torrents.

We now decided to stay by the train and not visit Boulder Springs. It was well we came to this decision, for no second train came up from Boulder that day. The rain was well spent when we reached its vicinity again, although it still sprinkled a little; but it had done its work in our absence. Indeed, we soon found that we had escaped the limits of it, for after a few miles we were stopped by a bridge partly washed away. So great had been the rush of water here, that the river bed was changed; the stream had altered its course. After an hour and a-half's hard work by the section men, we passed safely over, only, however, to be soon stopped again by a pile of sand washed on to the track. Presently the conductor suggested that, if we wished to reach Boulder that night, we had better walk. He seemed especially mad at us, for the poor fellow was hungry and wanted to get home, and savagely told the section men that had it not been for "them two bally Baptist preachers, the thing would never have happened." We mildly suggested that, since they had to send Baptist preachers up into the hills after a shower when they needed it, they ought to be fervently grateful to us, and we had some thought of sending in our bill to the city fathers; but, alas! such soothing talk had no melting effect upon the conductor's hard heart, which was evidently still yearning for that dinner he did not get. Such is human nature—so unappreciative of noble and unselfish acts.

So we decided to walk. It was only about four miles to Boulder from where the imprisoned train stood, and we soon covered the distance. On the way we saw just cause for leaving the train Huge masses of sand and rock covered the track at intervals, to the depth in some places of six feet. By-and-by we met a gang working up to the imprisoned train, and just as we entered the city another gang were leaving for the scene. We reached town without any mishap, and the train, as I learned afterwards, arrived about seven in the evening.

So ended our trip up Boulder Cañon. Our plans had been frustrated, but the experience we did have was pleasanter to us than if we had carried them out to the letter. For once, fate gave us a better pic-nic than we had planned for ourselves.

So Boulder is the place to live in. Here you may enjoy prairie and mountain, washouts and dryouts, tremendous winds and dreadful calms: intellectual pursuits, for the State university is here, and suits of an otherwise interesting nature. When I am old and rich, my head crowned with a beautiful silvery gray, my form bending gracefully under the dignity of years, and my feet wending their quiet path towards the sunset of my day, I am going to settle cosily down at Boulder, and some fine morning, rambling among those mighty hills, lie down and, shutting my eyes, fall asleep in those great extended arms of Nature which are constantly inviting one to rest. What nicer could one wish for than that? Yet, when I so express myself sometimes to a certain friend, he excitedly requests me to "shut up," as it reminds him too forcibly of black snakes and green lizards. Poor fellow, he evidently has no taste for the tender and beautiful!

It was Monday afternoon when I reached Boulder, from Longmont, fifteen miles distant. I had my bundle of bedding wrapped up in a rather disreputable horse-blanket, much the worse for wear and tied with a rope. It was a weird sight that evening when, just at dusk, Davis and I carried it through all the back alleys of Boulder to the wagon in which we were to start early next morning for our camping ground. Fortunately, no policeman arrested us, which notable fact I have since attributed to my good and honest looks. The moral is: always put a good face on things, and if you don't possess one of your own, honor your neighbor's as Mr. D. did.

Next morning we were bright and early at the rendezvous, not however before the sun. High in the heavens, he smiled upon us through the deep blue ether, filling our hearts with sunshine at the prospect of a fine day, and as we left the quiet town, whose streets were not yet fully awake to the business of the day, we doffed our dignity and threw it to the winds, and, for the next ten days, became veritable school-boys.

A nice party we were—five in all. First, there was Cassidy. He owned the magnificent team that drew us so willingly, and the waterproof-covered wagon, a better camping outfit than which could not be found in Boulder. He was our driver and master of ceremonies, and the most expert fisher of the crowd.

Next was Petengill, the jeweller. We called him "Pet," because we loved him much, for he was our cook. Early in the mornings he arose, and while the rest slumbered and slept, made hot biscuits and coffee and fried trout. A man of quiet meditative turn of mind was he, who loved to smoke his pipe in peace, yet could growl considerably when things went wrong with him. Sometimes, while he was getting breakfast, he would for some unaccountable reason get mad at us poor innocents asleep in the tent, and would come snarling around, disturbing our rest and grumbling about having to do all the work. Then we thought him a heathen; wished he had never been born, and that the plaguey breakfast might be swept away by the rushing stream or devoured by buzzards. But he was relentless and we had to get up, heaping, as we did so, all our bedclothes upon Cassidy, who was always the last to rise. But when we emerged from our tent and saw all the good things steaming on the stove, we concluded "Pet" an angel, and not a heathen after all.

Next came Davis, the preacher. He did not preach much in camp though. I fear he was the worst and wickedest of us all, but I presume that was but natural, since for a whole twelvemonth he had faithfully sustained the dignity of his calling and carried a heavy family besides. Incessantly "yarning" and cracking jokes, he was the very life of our party. An able camper is Davis. Having swung the axe in his youth in the backwoods of Michigan, he naturally took to the business here and kept our camp fires well supplied.

Next came your humble servant—in the order of age, you know—whom they irreverently dubbed "Silly old Boy." He faithfully filled the honorable office of dishwasher. Last, was Will Lockwood, a boy of seventeen, son of a good Canadian. We two were the "tenderfeet" of the party, as all the inexperienced are called out here. But our feet soon became hardened, I assure you, and I should like to see the feet that wouldn't with the climbing ours had.

Our journey from Boulder, a distance of about forty miles, was one of never failing interest. The scenery was ever changing. Our road was so winding and our view so limited, shut in as we were on all sides by mighty hills, that there was always

some fresh surprise awaiting us around the next bend. For half way it was a constant ascent until we reached an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet, and then we descended again. Level road is a luxury almost unknown in the mountains; the traveller is either climbing up or climbing down, and of the two I prefer the former. Of all the foolish sensations I ever have—and I am not the one to say how few they may be—one of the silliest is produced by coming down a steep hill. Your body is set stiff as a bar of tempered steel, and as you step forward it is your heel that comes into requisition with an incessant hump, hump, until you fear your body must snap in two. Then every loose stone makes a specialty of getting in your way, and, under the impression that you want to go faster, helps you rapidly down for several yards before you can object. So I prefer *up* to *down*.

At one point on our journey a bicalm in the hills to our right gave us a delightful view of the plains. I presume we were a thousand feet above them. They lay before us in panoramic beauty. They seemed like a vast carpet of brown, with tiny patterns of green inwrought here and there. I say *tiny*, for at that distance, whole ranches seemed but green spots, and the alfalfa fields only a few feet square, while the cottonwoods appeared as clumps of grass. Away beyond rolled clear to the horizon the vast prairie desert.

At Jimtown we stopped for dinner. This is a lonely little hamlet, as all the mining camps are. A funny old Welshman keeps an inn here. When first introduced to Davis and informed of his reverend calling, he ejaculated, "Mine jiminy, gosh! I never would have thought it." It was while here that the rest claimed a joke on me. I scraped my memory for a few Welsh sentences that I had learned in my boyhood, and hurled them at the old man, to his great pleasure. He then told me that the only other Welshman in the camp was his nephew. At dinner there was a young man, who seemed so perfectly at home that in a moment of abstraction—for I was very hungry—I asked him if he was the nephew, and was surprised at the roars of laughter that he and Cassidy immediately gave vent to. He said "no," as the old man was Welsh but he himself was Irish. This did not help matters for me; and the rest only laughed the more, for alas, the fellow was a Jew!!!

Up and down we went during the afternoon and camped on the branch of a beautiful stream, just as night began to draw her sable curtains over all the earth. We were at the base of Long's Peak. What a huge and fearful monster he looked then in the dim stillness, raising his mighty rock-bound sides until his sublime head struck the heavens above the lowering clouds! Many an adventurer has scaled his back and "viewed the landscape o'er" from his crest, 14,956 feet above the sea, but he never wants to go again, for the effort of climbing and the altitude often produces serious exhaustion and sickness. None of our party attempted it.

That night our bed was not the downiest nor driest. There was nothing between us and the earth but a blanket or two, in which we rolled ourselves. Considerable rain had fallen through the day, so that everything was very damp. But we made the best of things, and pitching tent, crept into it, but sleep was a failure to me. Woo him as I would, he would not come, and after vainly trying to rest until two o'clock in the morning, I arose and went out into the cold and darkness with such a pain in my back as did not leave me until I again returned to civilization. After cowering over the stove for two hours and warming up the inner man with hot drink, I once more returned to my downy couch, and presently, when the others were stirring, fell asleep and could have slept all day.

E. Seldon.

To be continued.

THE WORKER.

Brawny and big are the muscles of Life,—
Life is a worker in metal.
So hath he wrought that the brass became gold,
So hath he wrought that the heart became bold,—
Compass'd this heart was with steel tight and cold.
Life is strong. 'Twixt his effigies settle!

X.

NOW, AND THEN.

'Tis eventide!
  Shadows deep and dark
  Creep o'er the landscape;
Silent the deep death darkness
      Covers all
With his midnight pall.

I watch amid
  The sable drapery of night,
  And wait returning day;
Darker and deeper yet,
And yet more still,
  The hush has fallen
  On Nature's rosy face,—
For deepest is the gloom
  Before the dawn.

I wait; I know
  He will return;
    The shadows of the night
    Will surely pass away,—
  For I shall see His face,
  And in the morning
  Gaze with raptures wild
      On Jesus.

So in the gathering gloom,
  My soul, be still;
    The cloud shall break,
    And, parting, shade
  The light of yet
    A brighter day.

O. G. Langford.

—*In S. S. Times.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

While on a visit to St. Marie de Monnoir, a little over a year ago, the managing editor received a very acceptable gift from an esteemed friend in that village which was a copy of the pamphlet issued by M. Roussy and giving the substance of his famous debate with M. l'abbé Chiniquy referred to in our first article. It contains 30 pages, the cover is gone, but at the head of the first page stands the title, Récit de la discussion entre M. Chiniquy et M. Roussy. When M. Chiniquy not long after came to the country school-house near by, and told his delighted Protestant friends of his newfound faith and hope in Christ, the Saviour, and recalled all he had previously said against M. Roussy, the latter withdrew these pamphlets from circulation, and they are now, presumably, rather scarce. One passage Madame used to point out with considerable interest, as having a special reference to herself, she being of course, the chief of those women of whom Monsieur l'abbé said that they spent their time reading the Gospel, when they ought rather to be mending their husband's socks.

The following little German poem was written with a pencil some years ago in the editor's note book by one of his friends at the University of Berlin :

AN GRETCHEN.

Du bist wie eine Blume
  So hold, so schôn, so rein,
Ich schau' dich an und Wehmut
  Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein ;
Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
  Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt'
Und beten, dass Gott dich erhalte
  So rein, so schön, so hold.

—*Willy Borsdorff.*

Mr. Walter S. McLay, B.A., now in London, had the great pleasure of shewing our missionaries bound for the east, the chief points of interest in the metropolis of the Empire during their week's stay there. They heard Canon Farrar, Dean Prothero and Thomas Spurgeon. Mr. McLay was the only one to see them off at Tilbury, in the S. S. Avoca. It must have been a pleasing surprise to him when he returned to his

lodgings to find a beautiful sixteen volume edition of De Quincey's complete works on his table—an expression of the missionaries' appreciation of his attention and kindness.

Pastor Bosworth, who has abundant opportunity for meeting with McM. students on their fields of labor, says he has found them to be a band of truly devoted, faithful fellows. There has been no exception, every one has won his esteem and highest respect.

Songs of the Common Day, a third volume of the poems of Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, N. S., has been issued by William Briggs, of Toronto. The volume contains thirty-seven sonnets, all of which are of exquisite workmanship, and many of which are of exceeding beauty. There are also twenty eight lyrics, "Autochthon" and "A Song of Growth," evidencing singular power of suggestion and great sweep of thought kindled to lyrical expression. The volume contains "Ave," an ode for the Shelley centenary, previously noticed in this department. This Ode stamps its author, in our judgment, as easily foremost of Canadian poets. Many of the sonnets and lyrics are distinctively Canadian in their themes and color, and however homely the theme it is glorified by the fine imagination and artistic treatment of the poet. The following is eminently a Canadian scene and finely poetic :—

MY TREES.

At evening, when the winds are still,
  And wide the yellowing landscape glows,
My firwoods on the lonely hill
  Are crowned with sun and loud with crows.
Their flocks throng down the open sky
  From far salt flats and sedgy seas ;
Then dusk and dewfall quench the cry,—
  So calm a home is in my trees.

At morning, when the young wind swings
  The green slim tops and branches high,
Out puffs a noisy whirl of wings,
  Dispersing up the empty sky.
In this dear refuge no roof stops
  The skyward pinion winnowing through.
My trees shut out the world ; their tops
  Are open to the infinite blue.

"HEIMGEGANGEN.—PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D. Entered into Rest. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Born at Coire, Switzerland, January 1, 1819. Died in New York City, October 20, 1893." This is a copy of a black-bordered leaflet received by the writer a few days ago. Truly a noble life-work had been accomplished, and rest had been well earned. Some months ago, on the receipt of a copy of the jubilee volume published as a memorial of the completion of Dr. Schaff's half-century of activity as a theological teacher, we gave some account of his remarkably fruitful career. Beyond any other man he has enriched our American theological literature, and beyond any other man he has stimulated other scholars to the production of their best work. His influence has been confined to no single denomination, but has been brought to bear on the church universal. One of the last products of his pen (perhaps the last) was an earnest plea for Christian union, not organic union, but such a cordial recognition on the part of members of each denomination of the merits and the Christian character of the members of other denominations as would do away with party strife, and tend to produce universal brotherhood and good will among believers. While we are not able to follow him in the breadth of his charity, we can still thank God for a man of so Christ-like and so Catholic a spirit that he was able to appreciate and to provide theological literature for all parties of Christians. The writer feels that he has suffered a great personal loss in the death of the great author and teacher. To enumerate the grounds of our deep sense of gratitude to Dr. Schaff would savour of vanity. He has gone to his reward. He is deeply mourned by the church universal, which he so faithfully and so efficiently served.

A. H. N.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

THE associated press—a kiss.—*Ex.*

THE University of Chicago opened this year with over 1000 students.

YALE started a Freshman class of 602.

THE University for women soon to be established in Germany will be the first of its kind in that country.

AT the University of Wisconsin a rank of 85 per cent. in daily or term work exempts a student from examination—*Occident.*

GET to work. Don't make the fatal mistake of supposing you can do it all in the last three weeks before the examination.

PROF. IN RHETORIC—"How would you punctuate this sentence ? ' Alice, a girl of eighteen walked down Broadway." '

'96 man—" I'd make a dash after Alice."—*Polytechnic.*

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is now the oldest living man conspicuously identified with literature. He was born in the same year as Tennyson, Darwin and Gladstone.

Man wants but little here below
  His want must needs be small,
For does not everybody know
  That woman wants it all.

HARVARD has the largest college library in the country. There are 700,000 volumes to 200,000 at Yale, 126,000 at Cornell, and 133,000 at Columbia—*The Berkeleyan.*

" PROFESSOR," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, " I am indebted to you for all I know." Professor.—"Do not mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.

THE best thing we have seen on the World's Fair Congress of Religions is in the *Messenger and Visitor* of Nov. 1st, by E. M. Saunders, D.D. The writer believes in the Congress, and has faith in the final result. It is a masterly article, and should be read by all who have come to too hasty conclusions.

WE gladly put on our exchange list the *Canadian Magazine.* There is room in Canada for one good literary Magazine. We should be glad to see the Canadian take first place and hold it, because of its superiority over all others.

DR. TALMAGE'S PAPER, the *Christian Herald*, is going to publish a serial entitled "Zerola of Nazareth," by W. J. Thorold, of Toronto. The story will be illustrated throughout, and it is reported that quite a desirable sum is being paid for it.—*Kingston News.*

MR. MENGE has been very abundant in his labors on the Marchmont and Uhthoff fields, and God has permitted him to gather many sheaves. God also blessed Mr. Kirkpatrick in the Oro's. Both men toiled hard, and got a good hold of the people.—*Canadian Baptist.*

FROM *The Advance* of Atlantic Seminary, Ga., of which Geo. Sale is president, we clip the following :—" The normal training department is strengthened by the appointment of Miss Emma Goble, a graduate of a Canadian normal school." Miss Goble was a student of Woodstock College in the days of co-education.

I HAVE lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—*Jean Ingelow.*

RELIGION is the keystone in the great arch of human happiness, take it away and the fabrics falls.

THE founder of the Church preached to the rich and dined with the poor, but his followers dine with the rich and preach to the poor.—*Hugh O. Pentecost.*

SOME men remember having done one good deed in their lives, and they have been talking about it ever since. It looks like a stalk of wheat in ten acres of weeds—good but lonely.

UNDER the sod of the old battle field the bones are still slowly decaying, the ploughshare if deep enough turns them out. So the old bones of buried and forgotton sin may be turned out if the gospel share cut deep enough.

To those who think of the education of women as a recent movement, the following from an article by Professor Bolton in the *Popular Science Monthly*, will be interesting: So early as the thirteenth century, in the University of Bologna, then one of the best in the world, one woman occupied the chair of Jurisprudence, another that of Philosophy. In the fourteenth century a woman lectured on Law in Padua. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries women held, at Bologna, professorships of Physics, Mathematics, Greek, Medicine and Anatomy. Padua, Ferrara, Cordova, Alcala and Salamanca also granted doctors' degrees to many women during this time.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery is the food of fools,
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Swift.*

THE *Canadian Magazine* for July contains an excellent article on the "Birth of Lake Ontario" by our Prof. Willmott. The last brief paragraph we quote believing it will kindle a desire to read the whole article:—"Lake Ontario is now in her old age, little over one-third of her former depth remains. The tendency of all lakes is to wear away the barriers that contain them. In old, undisturbed regions like the Southern United States few lakes are found. The hard, granite rocks of the Upper St. Lawrence will of course long resist the erosive action of the water. Still the ultimate destiny of Lake Ontario is that of an inlet of the ocean—a second Mediterranean Sea." Mrs. Maitland's poem "Regret," in the same number, is a gem of quiet sweetness.

Better to sit at the Master's feet
Than thrill a listening state,
Better suspect that thou art proud
Than be sure that thou art great.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tarr, } *Editors.*

The University.

Boom on Mac! Football,—McMaster *vs.* Victoria, 2-0. Never mind Knox!

Specimen of Senior English: "Contemporaneously on the same evening."

Third year Classics: Professor, in English Lecture, asks classical specialist, how many feet in a tetrameter. Reply—Five. (Applause).

The slang of the sophomore is now heard in the land. What saith he? "Gosh, Deac, I fooled myself rank!"

Our sea-serpent lately curled its tail with wrath on hearing a wondering sophomore pass the remark: "Its a queer-looking rattle-snake . . . that!"

Henceforth, McMaster affairs are to be duly chronicled in the city dailies, it having been decided to elect annually a student correspondent. This year the office is filled by Mr. G. H. Clarke.

Although we have succeeded him in editing this department, we have no misgivings whatever as we extend our hearty congratulations to good old "J. B." Warnicker, on the recent occasion of his happy nuptials in Montreal.

Prof. (In Experimental Optics Class). "Now, do you all see this beam of light after it is totally reflected, at the surface of the rarer medium?"

Junior, (Glee Club enthusiast, humming *sotto voce*)—
"Where art tho-u? Where art tho-u, be-heam of light?"

The theological men have organized a much-needed society. Though "their feet are low," their "foreheads are high." Surely, surely, "*Sublimibus feriant sidera verticibus.*" The following are their officers: President, Geo. Cross, B.A.; Vice-President, Ralph Trotter; Secretary-Treasurer, Thos. Doolittle, B.A.; Councillors, A. P. Kennedy and A. Park.

"*The gruesome byke o' College boys,*
Together did convene,
To romp and deaven a' wi' noise,
And haud their Halloween:
Fu' blithe that night."

Burns did not write the first and third lines, but he might have, had he lived to spend the night of October 31st in Toronto, when two thousand students (so say the dailies) paraded the streets in "confusion worse confounded." Of course there is not even a suspicion of any McMasterites being implicated.

A NUMBER of the old friends whom we miss this session, will probably be with us in the not far-distant future. Among those whom we hope to see again next year are: Messrs. C. B. Freeman, B. W. Merrill, J. F. Vichert, P. Mode, G. Young and Dan. Hatt. Dan., in a recent letter to one of the boys has thus expressed himself, in his own pathetic way:

"Some folks there are who sigh and grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve:
But I lament the sad disaster,
That turned my feet from old McMaster."

THE class of '97, falling into line with the preceding years, met October 20th and organized. Miss Burnett was elected Honorary President; J. H. Cameron, President: G. Murdoch, Vice-President; Miss E. N. Newman, Secretary, and P. C. McGregor, Correspondent. This is by far the largest Arts class yet registered in the University, and by no means the least promising.

PROF. FOSTER'S lecture on "The Problem of Psychology" attracted a very large audience. His hearers were delighted. The lecturer gave a brief digest of the history of psychological thought up to the present, when practical experimentation in the laboratory is resorted to by the student with a view to obtaining clear-cut results; a method which the Professor did not contemplate as likely to be efficient in the study of consciousness.

THREE of our students have left for the Telugu field, Miss Kate McLaurin, Messrs. J. E. Chute, B.Th., and Everett M. Smith, M.D. They, with their companions, have received the heartiest of farewells from Baptists all over Canada. This department of the THE MONTHLY desires to express formally here, what it tendered individually and earnestly at the great meeting in Walmer Road Church,—its hopeful "Godspeed!"

THE Football Club met on the 5th ult., amid much enthusiasm and organized for the year as follows: President, Walter Daniel: Vice-President, J. B. Paterson; Secretary-Treasurer, G. H. Clarke; Custodian, L. Brown. This Executive met later and unanimously elected Chas. H. Schutt as Captain for the season. The interest is keen; the players are earnest; and the prospects for the Woodstock match are indeed encouraging.

FROM THE LADIES' ROOM.—The ladies this year welcome to their number, ten new students, six of whom represent the enterprising freshman year. This report is encouraging, as no previous class has

boasted of so many ladies. They also note with great pleasure the various additional articles about their room, not alone conducive to their comfort, but gratifying to their æsthetic tastes.

At a meeting held on Oct. 18th, the Modern Language Club elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Miss Wells; Vice-President, Miss Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Dryden. Resolutions were passed welcoming the new students as members of the Society, and motions brought forward for work during the year. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting.

No visitors to the Hall are more welcome than our own graduates. Recently we have had the pleasure of a brief visit from Rev. J. Roberts, now returning to Port Arthur after a vacation in the Old Land; and have had with us also, the Rev. Mr. Gilmour, who has just completed an extensive course of study in Edinburgh and Germany. The latter, in a most practical and pleasing address to the students, urged the acquirement of thorough intellectual training, as a prerequisite to the future success of the Baptist ministry in Canada.

Before leaving last spring the class of '96 decided to have a "Circular Letter," which has proved to be a success. The letter is a most interesting one. We are sorry to say that in it three of our former class-mates have said "good-bye": Miss Kate S. McLaurin, of Bangalore, India; Harry T. Keating, of Oil City, and Geo. A. Scott, of Forest. As a class we wish these every success. We were all delighted to have a visit from our friend John F. Vichert, on the 12th ult. He has been preaching in Sundridge for the last two summers with good results. In response to an urgent and unanimous call from that church he has decided to stay out a year. The class of '96 are sorry to lose such a bright and promising member. We wish him success. He will return to pursue his Arts Course in October next.

The class of '95 has organized for the ensuing year with the following officers: President, W. S. McAlpine; Vice-President, S. R. Tarr; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Daniel; Poet, O G. Langford; Prophet, D. Nimmo; Historian, R. Routledge; Orator, W. J. Thorold. This first meeting was characterized by much enthusiasm and *esprit de corps*. Numerically the class is the least in the University, there being but twelve members. In this small number a great variety of talent is represented; in fact, the class may be considered the most representative in the school. There are "theologs" of pronounced ability, poets who sing most beautifully, essayists and story writers who are becoming renowned; orators, musicians, humorists and football players of whom the University is proud. When these men graduate, the interest of the University will be furthered considerably, for they will touch society at nearly all points.

"Keen and exciting has been the contest over the McMaster University Monthly elections. Silence may be golden, but he who

teaches speech knows that speeches teach. They did in this case. Like the convocation paper-darts of the 'Varsity's unruly ones, our candidates' speeches were brief, but pointed. Ballots were taken twice amid the distorted strains of "Boom on Mac Mastar!" Four meetings having been held, the ballots having been all cast, and, (to continue our absolutely ablative strain) further suggestions having been made and in part adopted, the following gentlemen were declared to constitute the University staff on the Editorial Board: Prof. M. S. Clark, B.A, Prof. J. H. Farmer, B.A., C. J. Cameron, J. B. Paterson, G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tarr, H. Stilwell, B. W. N. Grigg, O. G. Langford, and A. Park." —Extract from *The Mail.*

All "Residence" affairs, this year as last, are controlled by an Executive Committee, appointed by the students. This arrangement having proved eminently satisfactory to both Faculty and students, has now become a permanent institution. The present *personnel* is composed as follows: Dr. McIntyre (Chairman); Messrs. C. J. Cameron (Secretary), Grigg, McAlpine, Sycamore, Paterson, Priest, Stilwell, Daniel, Tarr, Waugh, Segsworth and Manthorne. One radical departure, however, has been made from the precedent of previous years, the formal and dignified appellation of "High Kakiac," bestowed upon the chairman in the past, has been abandoned for the prosaic title of "Chairman of the Executive." To many the name had become almost 'hallowed with sacred memories,' but the majority declared it to be a 'relic of barbarism,' altogether incompatible with the scholastic refinement and civilization of our University life. Thus has Vandalism under the specious guise of Advancement stolen another march upon us!

By common consent the Fyfe Missionary Society is acknowledged to be one of the most powerful agencies in the development of the life of the University. Its monthly meetings have always been characterized by great earnestness and spiritual power, and it is not to be wondered at, that old students look back with delight to Missionary Day. The Society has just organized for the present College session with the following officers: Honorary President, Chancellor Rand *(ex-officio)*; President, Prof. Farmer; Vice-President, T. Doolittle, B.A.; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Priest; Recording Secretary, E. J. Stobo, Jr; Treasurer, Dr. Welton; Executive Committee, the officers of the Society and Professors Trotter and Foster, and Messrs. H. Stilwell, L. Brown, J. J. Reeve, J. C. Sycamore and E. Russell. The first monthly meeting was held on the 8th inst., when reports from student fields were presented. The annual public meeting of the Society is announced for Dec. 8th, and a little bird whispers that the programme is to be unique in character.

> "Do, re, me, fah, sol, la, se, do!
> Oh! Nonsense! my friend—that's an octave below,
> Inhale a long breath; aim high and start low!
> Do, re, me, fah, sol, la, se, do!"

Such is a brief synopsis of the far-resounding strains, mingled with

assorted expostulations and muffled apologies, which have been proceeding recently from Bro. McAlpine's den. At length doth "the roar," as Kipling hath it, "die down and drone and cease." All is serene; end of first scene! But alas! there are scores of scenes within this act. The "cause and wherefore" of it all is that every student who thinks he can sing (and who doesn't?) has been having his voice tested by the indefatigable leader of the Glee Club, with a view to future musical honors. Already an efficient quartette has been organized, it being expected that the full Club will shortly be in working order also. The officers this year are: Musical Director, W. S. McAlpine; Assistant, S. T. Usher; President, L. A. Therrien; Vice-President, S. R. Tarr; Secretary-Treasurer, J. B. Paterson.

On Monday evening, Oct. 30th, the Young People's Union of Jarvis Street Church extended a special invitation to the Baptist students of the various colleges of the city, to participate in an evening social. A number of the students of McMaster embraced the opportunity to unloose their pent-up feelings in the sociality of the evening. It was hardly necessary for Dr. Thomas to tell the students they were welcome; each one perceived it on entering the door. Conversation, music and short addresses formed the programme. Dr. Thomas, on behalf of the church, and Mr. Ratcliffe, on behalf of Y. P. B. U., welcomed the students. The warning words against the dangers of excess of worldly pleasure by Mr. J. S. McMaster were appreciated by all. Mr. Sycamore, a student of McMaster, and a former member of the church, gave a brief address touching on pleasant remembrance of his connection with the Jarvis Street Church. Everybody was happy; everbody felt at home. Refreshments were served by members of the Union, and added not a little to the pleasure of the evening. No one could help being impressed by the kind reception, and feeling that in Jarvis St. Church was a sympathetic home for him.

On the 12th ult., the class of '96 held their annual meeting for the election of officers, Ex-President Sycamore in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The following officers were elected. Miss M. E. Dryden, Honorary President; Mr. A. N. Marshall, President; Mr. H. H. Newman, Vice-President; Mr. J. J. McNeill, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. L. Brown, Correspondent. It is needless to say that the class of '96 are proud of their Honorary President. Mr. A. N. Marshall, our new President, is a jolly good fellow, ranging not least among men from an avoirdupois standpoint; moreover he is in possession of a powerful, stentorian voice. He will make a good President. Mr. H. H. Newman, although yet in his teens, has shown marks of no mean ability. He will do his year good service as Vice-President. Mr. J. J. McNeill is well fitted for the position of Secretary-Treasurer. He is a good student and a "promising youth," he will keep a neat book. The meeting was enthusiastic and the best of order and good feeling prevailed throughout. The merits of the officers were grandly set forth by their nominators; undergraduate eloquence poured forth in silvery tones. How sophomores

made melody in their hearts that they no longer had to tread the maze of freshmen! We have a good staff of officers and our year has bright prospects of both happy and prosperous times.

A Long-felt want among the students has been recently satisfied. For some time past several have felt the need of some preparatory Literary Society, where they might develop their talents without the hampering influence, which the presence of those already proficient gives to the novice. Some of us sought to gain this object in a little society which passed a brief but pleasant existence under the name of "Rathnelly Society," but this, on account of its exclusive membership, did not meet with the approval of the Faculty. They, however, seeing the necessity of something of this sort proposed that a "First and Second Year Literary Society" be formed. This proposal was approved of and accepted by the whole student body of the University. On Friday evening, Oct. 27th, this Society was organized. The meeting was large and enthusiastic; and although considerable hilarity was indulged in, good order was preserved. J. C Sycamore of the second year was elected President by acclamation. In him we have an excellent chairman and a popular leader. J. W. Hoyt was the freshmen's choice for Vice-President; A. J. Darroch will devote his attention to writing and tax-collecting. The wise Councillors are R. Adams and H. McKechnie, and the Editors H. H. Newman and J. I. Manthorne. After speeches from each of the officers the meeting was adjourned. The elections were keenly contested and a general satisfaction and friendliness prevailed, which boded well for the future of the Society.

The class of '94, we believe, justly prides itself in being foremost in every good word and work and aims to show itself a model class, paving a safe way through the somewhat unsettled and untried course of a new University. In one particular, however, namely, that of class organization, the succeeding classes seem to have outdone their forerunner. All these have organized in their first years, while not till this its fourth and last year, has the class of '94 been organized. This took place some weeks ago when the majority of the class, numbering in all sixteen members, were present. Mr. Porter being called to the chair, the following officers were appointed by ballot or by acclamation: W. McMaster, President; Miss A. McKay, Vice-President; H. L. McNeill, Secretary. To the Executive officers were added the positions of orator, poet, historian and subsequently prophet. By vote of the class these positions were accorded respectively to B. W. N. Grigg, Miss E. P. Wells, C. J. Cameron and H. Porter. Herein appears the wisdom of class '94 in postponing their organization, that through three years of College work those appointed to these positions have proved themselves thoroughly adapted to and trained for their positions; this has not been possible in cases of early organization. The harmony of spirit and aim in class '94 has been and is still truly marked and pleasing. We trust and believe that this harmony shall increasingly prevail, and to this end it was determined that the organization should continue after graduation, that thus the members of the class might not only be proud of their *alma mater*, but also of one another.

"The L. and T. Society.—The Literary and Theological Society held an exciting session on the evening of Friday, Oct. 14th. 'Twas all over the demand for graded auxiliary societies. Mr. B. W. N. Grigg occupied the chair. After a few preliminary word-scufflings, some semblance of organized opposition to the innovation began to be discernible. Messrs. Tarr, Clarke, Eby, Russell, Schutt, Cresswell, Wallace and others earnestly deprecated any interference with the constitution or by-laws of the present society But in a louder and ever-swelling chorus the solid body of freshmen and sophomores demanded the *concession* of *secession* every alternate night of meeting, to attend their own society that-is-to-be. Humility in the presence of juniors and seniors was their plea; vigorously they insisted on their exceeding timidity; and, finally, by dint of their grievance-bewailing and reckless assailing, they obtained their hearts' desire. *They*, at least, are to have a Literary Society. What others may develop will be duly reported O Ireland, Ireland, one drop of thy blood is as yeast and leaven!"—Extract from *The Globe.*

A week later the election of officers took place. Much enthusiasm was evoked as the results became apparent. The new officers are as follows: President, C. J. Cameron, whose head is great, whose hands are clean, clean as the Swiss Laundry can make them; Vice-President, C. W. King, *vive le roi!* Secretary-Treasurer, C. E. Scott, an able scribe indeed; Councillors, Messrs. W. S. McAlpine and Fred. Eby, jolly juniors both; one tall, t'other small; one a star-smiting Santley, t'other a Ciceronian Paderewski. So we all rest tranquilly, assured of a successful Society this term.

Moulton College.

Musical recitals are still held in the chapel every fortnight, under the supervision of Miss Smart. At these recitals we have both vocal and instrumental music, with occasional recitations by pupils in elocution. As well as being very entertaining, they are beneficial to those who take part, as all are expected to do in the course of the year.

Moulton is greatly changed this year as regards its inmates. Not only have we a new principal and several new teachers, but also new scholars in abundance. New girls are very good things to have, but we like to keep a few old ones too. This fall the old girls are "like angels' visits, few and far between." We miss some old comrade at almost every step, we miss our evening gossips with particular cronies, above all we miss—*Major.*

Moulton girls have abandoned their old pew in Bloor St. church, and have ascended into the gallery, where they now spend the sacred hours in momentary expectation of an involuntary descent to the ground floor. It is a rise in the world, and we are glad of that, and glad to note the absence of draughts, and when we recover from the impulse to make a rapid descent to the church proper, no doubt we shall enjoy our exalted position.

Notwithstanding that the officers of the Heliconian were conspicuously missing at the opening of the year, that society is now fully organized and in a flourishing condition. It has been happy in its selection of new officers and efficient committees. Two interesting programmes have already been rendered, and the Heliconian paper read at the last meeting is considered by many the best of the series. The care of the reading room is this year in the hands of a committee of the Heliconian.

On the evening of the 31st of October, our school was all in a buzz over the interesting question as to what hour "*they*" might be expected to come. Every inmate of the house, from faculty to students, was on the alert till a very late hour. But alas! the greater part of us never realized that "*they*" came at all. The burning of tool houses and tearing down of fences proved to be more attractive than the house full of ladies waiting and watching for "them." A very small body came and sang a gentle lullaby which in no wise disturbed the majority of us; and both faculty and students awoke next morning with a dim idea that the day before had been the first of April.

Several times this fall we have been cheered and helped by the presence of friends of the college at morning prayers, and by the earnest words which they have spoken. The Chancellor conducted chapel service and addressed us most appropriately on Monday, September 25th. The visit of Mr. Bullock of Maskinongé, a few weeks later, was also a pleasure to us and greatly stimulated our interest in the work among the Roman Catholics of Quebec. Besides these friends, we have heartily welcomed Dr. De Blois of St. Martin's Seminary, and Dr. Welton of our own University.

One of the many privileges of the students of Moulton, is the weekly visit of Mrs. McMaster. Tuesday morning, after the chapel exercises are finished, she comes before the school with one of her warm friendly greetings; and for twenty or thirty minutes has a confidential chat with the girls, the object of which is to show the importance of guarding our every word and action; that we may ever keep in mind the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

The 12th of October was a red-letter day at Moulton. The faculty and students, taking advantage of the fine weather, went to Reservoir Park. The company was divided into parties, each being accompanied by a teacher. The first who arrived took the opportunity of examining the surroundings, especially the water, and brought their Moulton mathematics into practice by trying to find a solution for the Toronto water problem. Three-quarters of an hour were most profitably spent studying from the book of Nature, in section 'autumn.' Not having taken the class-bell with us, we ceased studying without that well-known ring. We arrived home tired and quite ready for luncheon. To bring to our memories this pleasant outing, and as a hint that

another would be gladly accepted, we often display souvenirs from Reservoir Park.

Our Mission Circle is a thriving and progressive society. The Circle this year undertakes the work which has been done heretofore by the Y. W. C. A. This seems a wise plan, as the interest in the local society is very deep, and under the present able and efficient staff of officers, we expect to see great things done. The Y. W. C. A. being connected with the large body in the United States, very little control was exercised over the funds; but now that the society is thoroughly local we can see the results of our time and money. Deeply interesting prayer meeting are held every week in the chapel, and largely attended by the students. Miss Fitch's Union Bible class on Sunday mornings is also well attended, and greatly appreciated.

The most brilliant event of the season occurred on Friday evening, Nov. 3rd. This was the great annual masquerade and feast. The costumes were many and varied, and when all were assembled in the dining room, they presented a striking picture. The bright colors, funny groups, and grotesque masks added greatly to the beauty of the scene. Under the direction of Miss Hart, a number of calisthenic exercises were carried on in an effective, if not always graceful, manner. The characters were then introduced one by one to Miss Fitch; the unmasking causing abundance of fun and laughter, and in many cases great surprise. Refreshments had been provided by Miss Harper in her usual bountiful style. After supper two prizes were given, one for the most comical costume and one for the best. The assembly then loudly cheered Miss Fitch and Miss Harper, and after singing "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the Queen," trooped up stairs, giving vent to genuine Moulton cheers and shouting fragments of "Good night, ladies."

Woodstock College.

The college societies have been organized, and are doing good work. We are looking forward to a profitable time, as these societies have proved themselves in the past to be important factors in the education of young men.

The annual "Field Day" was observed on the 29th ult. An excellent programme of sports was provided, into which the boys entered with a good degree of zeal and pluck. W. W. Wilson having made the largest number of points, has the honor of holding the College Cup for the year. The day was all that could be desired, the events passing off without the least irregularity.

We were glad to have Foreign Mission Secretary McDiarmid with us early in the term. He gave a short pithy address on "Our Relation to the World," what we can get out of it, and what we can give to it for

its advantage and uplifting. He showed in his clear manner that to get the most out of the world was to give one's self for the good of the world, and backed his argument by the example of Christ's giving up all for the good of humanity. He dwelt also on the advantage of concentrated thought and energy, giving us many illustrations of its power in the lives of Judson and Carey. He concluded his talk by an earnest appeal to the young men to become possessed of the Spirit of Christ in regard to missions. We appreciate to the fullest extent Mr. McDiarmid's counsel on mission work, and hope that his visits to the College may become more frequent.

Woodstock College is once more in the van of educational enterprise, having her usual quota of students in attendance. Prospects for a bright successful term have smiled upon us from the beginning. As is usual at the commencement of the College year, the old students miss the familiar faces of those who have passed on, seeking new fields to conquer. Making the acquaintance of the new students, and introducing them to the routine of student life have been the order of the day. We are happy to report that the high character of Woodstock students has been maintained, and fresh impetus has been given the old students by the presence of the new boys. All the students have settled to downright earnest work, determined to make the most of the beginning of the term.

It was a happy and cheerful company that assembled in the dining-room on the evening of the 20th Sept., for the purpose of welcoming the new boys to the College. J. C. McFarlane and A. K. Scott, representing the old boys, in happily-constructed speeches, welcomed the new comers to the joys, perplexities, and labors of student life. The welcome was responded to on behalf of the new boys by J. D. McLachlin and J. W. Allan in suitable addresses, which assured the old students that they had received into their company those whom they could love and honor. Pastors Tapscott and Dadson welcomed the boys to the Baptist churches of the city, and fully succeeded in gaining their confidence. Mr. Peters, our steward, was equal to the occasion, and the only guarantee he needs of our appreciation of his skill in providing a good table, is the promptness with which the boys disposed of the dainties set before them.

Grande Ligne.

It is with deep sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. Gendreau, the wife of our veteran colporteur in Sorel. Our fellow-students, Anna and Henry Gendreau, have our warmest sympathy in the loss of their mother.

We have the pleasure of welcoming among us Miss J. A. Bosworth, daughter of Rev. E. Bosworth, now financial agent of this Institution. Miss Bosworth comes as an assistant to Mrs. A. E. Massé, to teach music; also to study the French language.

Our hearts were greatly cheered by a telegram received last week, announcing that the late Mr. Sampson, of North Adams, Mass., had left the Grande-Ligne Mission a bequest of fifteen thousand dollars.

Through love of the work here Dr. Rainville has consented to leave a flourishing practice in Wauragau, Conn., to spend another session with us. We hope he will find such rewards for his sacrifices, that he will never regret having come back to his old field of labor.

While the ladies of the Eastern Association were meeting in Montreal, we were pleased to have a number of them pay a visit to Feller Institute. Among others were Mrs. Link, Miss Stroud, and Mrs. Hudson, of Ottawa; Mrs. Stroud and Miss Tester, of Montreal. Though they were unexpected, and we were accidentally unprepared to receive visitors, we were sorry their numbers were not larger, for it is always a pleasure to us to show visitors what is being done at the school, and to know that they are interested in our work.

"Work on the Rink" was the order of the day given out early one Saturday morning, but although all were ready and fully equipped shortly after the order, still the rain came ahead of us and stopped further work for that day. It was renewed, however, the following Tuesday and by dint of spade and shovel, the rink was completed after a long and laborious day's work. It greatly surpasses the one of last year, and now all can look forward with pleasure towards the skating, which will be one of our chief pastimes for the winter.

Promptly on Oct. 4th the work of another year began. There was a little confusion at first, as some of the students had not yet put in an appearance, but the teachers here evidently do not believe in waiting for delinquents. Now, however, everybody seems to be in good working trim, and the work moves smoothly. The attendance is larger than ever before, and if Principal Massé does not soon cut off applications, we do not know where he will put the students. We have heard some whisper of fitting up rooms in the gymnasium. We hope this whisper will not grow any louder, but that a good substantial wing may soon be provided.

On the evening of the 16th inst., two gentlemen arrived from Montreal, each bearing mysterious looking parcels. When opened, one proved to be a type-writer for the Principal, while the other contained a graphophone, and the genial gentlemen who accompanied it proposed to give us a free concert. Then we all with one consent attached ourselves to the instrument by means of rubber tubes which terminated in the ears of the listeners. When all was ready the little machine announced that we would be favored by a selection played by the United States Marine Band, and soon our ears were filled with strains of martial music, so full and rich that each one involuntarily applauded at its close. This was followed by Irish wit, "Dan Kelly on the Divorce Case," after which we listened to many songs of many kinds, by various men of various minds, until the hour became so late that we were forced to tear ourselves from the place where we fain would linger, and go to seek repose.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

(EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR)

M. S. CLARKE, MANAGING EDITOR

VOL. III. | DEC., 1893 | No. 3.

Adelaide Lane Smiley ..... A. B. 97
The Doctrine of the Prophets ..... J. L. Gilmour 101
Bunyan (Poem) ..... R. 105
The Erl King (from the German) .... P. K. Dayfoot 106
England as Seen by a German ..... M. S. C. 107
An Exegesis ..... D. M. Welton 108
God's Painting (Poem) ..... D. M. W. 110
Oratio Ad Dominum (from the Latin) . J. H. Farmer 111

STUDENTS' QUARTER

The Method of Progress ..... B. W. N. Grigg ... 112
A Midnight Adventure ..... R. W. Trotter ... 115
The Bells' Gloria ..... S. R. Tarr 120
Evening (Poem) ..... E. 123
Camping in the Rockies ..... E. Seldon 124
Resentment (Poem) ..... G. H. C. 127
Editorial Notes 128
Here and There 130
College News 134

Publishing Committee

M. S. Clarke, J. H. Farmer | D. K. Clarke, O. E. Kendall, A. R. Park | Miss M. S. Daniels, Miss E. M. Botterill

H. E. Stillwell, B. W. N. Grigg, Miss M. E. Dryden — *Committee on Students' Quarter*

O. G. Langford, G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tarr — *Here and There, Subscription and College News*

J. B. Paterson, *Advertising Dept.*
C. J. Cameron, *Business Manager.*

TORONTO

Annual subscription ONE DOLLAR

Dudley & Burns, Printers
1893

Single Numbers TWENTY CENTS

To Students.

I shall be much pleased to take your order for

An OVERCOAT

A FINE BLACK SUIT

A TWEED SUIT

A PAIR OF PANTS

Or any other thing in our line, and will guarantee to please you

In FIT, FINISH and FIGURE.

I also keep a nice assorted stock of Hats New, Nobby and Cheap.

W. C. SENIOR,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts.

Yours very sincerely,
A. L. Smiley

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1893.

ADELAIDE LANE SMILEY.

Miss Adelaide Lane Smiley was born in Grafton, N.H. The rugged hills and the remarkable scenery of her native State were helpful teachers. Her home was both a typical and a somewhat exceptional New England household. Constant association with her father and grandfather, who were physicians, and whom she often accompanied in their long drives over the country roads of New Hampshire, developed habits of inquiry and accurate observation, fondness for natural scenery and a passionate love for out-of-doors life. Early familiarity with the occasions of disease and the action of remedies furnished impressive, concrete illustrations of the relation of causes to effects.

Miss Smiley was the oldest of several children and the prolonged illness of her mother cast the responsible care of the household upon the oldest daughter when she was a mere child. Yet during those years she read the works of the best living authors and standard English classics. This happy, busy home-life developed self-reliance, executive ability and an exacting demand for realities. The love of reading, of good literature and even of poetry was manifested not so much in fondness for rhetorical beauty of form as for the expression of truth and elevated thought.

Rocks, flowers, trees, birds, clouds and stars introduced to the

study of the natural sciences. It is not strange that under the guidance of parents who never undervalued any phase of truth, the child who studied nature from nature's open book and also learned to know of nature's God from the Psalms, the Gospels, and the best sacred hymns, came to be a teacher whose supreme aim has been the development of Christian character, who declares that, for her, "religious work can in no sense be separated from educational," and who, though for years preparing pupils for college in the Latin classics, has long regarded as her most important work "the effort to teach young men and women how to study the Bible for themselves."

Miss Smiley was born to be a teacher. She has justified and ennobled her calling. Before she was fourteen years of age and when she had herself attended school less than three full years, she taught a country school with marked success. She prolonged her course of study at the New London, N.H., Literary and Scientific Institution, taking two years of Greek and graduating after four years, in 1859. This work was supplemented by study at the "Oread," then a well known school at Worcester, Mass., in charge of Dr. Robert E. Pattison, previously President of Waterville College, and later a Professor in the Theological Schools at Alton, Ill., and Chicago. Under the instruction of Dr. Pattison in psychology and ethics, his pupil was introduced to a higher plane of thought than she had before attained, and entered upon that stage of mental development which was continued by persistent application and favorable personal relations. Formative influences in the development of the reasoning and reflective powers were supplied by Dr. Pattison, and later by Dr. Raymond, with whom Miss Smiley was happily associated as a teacher at Vassar. She was prepared and hungry for a college education at the period just before the special and generous provision for the higher education of women began. When Miss Smiley graduated at New London in 1859, there was no college with a proper collegiate course open to young women. That training by which she was prepared to teach, with almost equal success, in such varied departments as English Literature, Latin, Mental and Moral Science and (by anticipation of present methods) the inductive study of the Bible, could then be secured only by exceptional determination and effort. With a solid founda-

tion of knowledge, acquired habits of study and an inflexible purpose, Miss Smiley learned, while teaching others, by private study and personal contact with educated men, much which young women are now taught while pupils. The very method of her acquisition put the stamp of current coin upon every new treasure of knowledge and thought, and secured that personal conviction and constant command of her resources which are invaluable results of true education.

In 1862 Miss Smiley returned to New London as teacher of English and Latin, where she remained four years, during the last two of which she was Lady Principal. After a year of rest, a year of teaching in Alton, Ill., and another year at the "Oread" in Worcester, she received an appointment as a teacher of Latin in Vassar College, with the oversight of a corridor and charge of a weekly Bible class. The four years at Vassar were years of intense study, large opportunity, independent research, accurate scholarship and growing power in the class-room.

After an enforced period of rest and recuperation, Miss Smiley partially engaged to return to Vassar, where she might possibly have gained for herself a broader culture and a greater reputation than in the work which she resumed at New London, but probably she could not have wielded a more potent influence in the formation of character. She thoroughly understood the New England boys and girls who came under her care during the decade from 1877, when for the second time she was Lady Principal at New London. She was in warm sympathy with her pupils, with their eagerness for an education and with the difficulties with which most of them had to contend. For fourteen years in connection with this school, she poured the best of her life with its high aims, its rare tact, its lofty faith and unflagging patience, its genuine refinement and noble womanhood, into the lives of those entrusted to her care. The pronounced, positive and wholesome character of her moral and religious influence during those laborious years is beyond question. To her, true education and Christian example, the vigorous exercise of intellectual attainments and reverent devotion were inseparable. As a consequence, the moral and spiritual results of her work were no less marked than the intellectual. The impress of those fruitful years upon persons now engaged in foreign missionary

work and in places of high responsibility throughout the land, can never be lost. That work was not done to be seen of men. It can well wait for its full and just estimate until the hidden things shall be unfolded, and in the light men shall see the light.

The long service at New London was followed by a period of tender ministration to a beloved sister in her last illness, and a greatly needed rest. Then enriched with years of tried and varied usefulness, Miss Smiley was ready to resume that work which is the passion of her life. In these circumstances, Dr. J. H. Castle was addressed by a mutual friend concerning her availability for work at Moulton College. When the letter reached its destination, Dr. Castle's earthly work was done. Mrs. Castle forwarded the letter to the responsible authorities of McMaster University, and as a result Miss Smiley became the second Lady Principal of Moulton College. To that work she brought her large experience, mature judgment, stable, intelligent, Christian faith, and a conscientious fidelity and interest in her work, such as are beyond price to any institution fortunate enough to command such service. Her work at Moulton was not an experiment. There was something about the kind of service which she was accustomed to render as a Christian teacher, which was beyond and above the experimental stage. That work was too serious and too sacred, too directly and constantly under the great task-Master's eye, to be other than, in its highest phases, assured of the Divine favor and blessing. Her devotion to the college was as genuine as her fitness for the place was manifest.

There was something beautiful beyond words in the relations of confidence and esteem which she sustained alike to teachers and pupils. So rich was her experience, so ripe and broad her wisdom, and so generous her sympathy, that alike in the difficult problems and the small perplexities of school life, her teachers habitually turned to her for counsel with the unquestioning assurance that her judgment could supplement whatever lack they felt, and that her cordial support of their earnest endeavors would never be wanting. At the same time her justice, unselfishness, and genuine comprehension of the needs, aims and temptations of girlhood gave her an influence over the students rare in its strength. Many a girl has gone out from Moulton to enter upon a life which can not but be truer and lovelier

for the daily association and occasional quiet talk with this wise and loving friend.

To the loyal co-operation of the teachers, and to the growing appreciation and noble spirit of the pupils she has given generous and repeated testimony. She will never cease to have the deepest interest in the part which Moulton College is called to take in the Christian education of women. The friends of McMaster University may be thankful that in a somewhat critical and transitional period of its history, one was entrusted with the guidance of Moulton College who aimed to hold fast what is good and to attain the best; one who sought the golden mean of wise conservatism combined with intelligent progress.

A. B.

"THE DOCTRINE OF THE PROPHETS."*

There is no doubt that the critical question is fairly before us. If so, the head-hiding ostrich has not exhausted his moral-pointing power in helping to shew to sinners the folly of their ways. It is clear that those who are not higher critics must either honestly examine the subject, or else say nothing about it and confine themselves to those aspects of religion of which no Higher Criticism can rob them. But the higher critics themselves have also obvious duties in their work. To no class of men to-day does Paul's exhortation to "speak the truth in love" more fully apply than to these men of so-called advanced views. Cruelly to tear to pieces good, pious people's beliefs about the Bible, merely for the pleasure of seeing something fly to atoms, is ungentlemanly, not to say unchristian. We can, therefore, only rejoice at the advent of such critics as Prof. Kirkpatrick, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who shews that he can combine courtesy and reverence with scholarship.

The book just published by the author of "The Divine Library of the Old Testament," is, as the title suggests, a contribution to the study of the Old Testament prophets; and those

* The Doctrine of the Prophets. Warburtonian Lectures for 1886-1890; by A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D. MacMillan & Co. · 1892.

who pass through the somewhat sultry air of the first few pages will soon begin to feel that the author has made a valuable addition to the existing helps to the study of a unique and fascinating literature.

For many people the prophets are a company of some sixteen highly respectable gentlemen of undoubted orthodoxy, whose writings are to be found somewhere between the Psalms and Matthew. For others they are, so to speak, a series of doctrinal clothes-presses, each provided with a complete theological wardrobe. For were not all inspired? and do not all speak God's truth? and is not God's truth one? For still others the prophetical books are an unexplored and undeveloped quarry, in which, however, are to be found a few well-known fragments of rock that offer a good foundation upon which to build a New Testament sermon. But sober thought will shew that this cannot be right. The prophets were men with human hearts, whose works were meant to be studied, each for its own message, and to whom an injustice is done in trying to make them say too much, as well as in trying to make them say too little. From this the only escape is to treat each book historically and exegetically. This, of course, is hard. Results come only after long, patient, and sometimes disappointing toil. But for the earnest seeker after truth, the gains are ever greater than the losses. If, in the course of such study, he has to abandon some of his old theories, a good conscience and a clearer sense of reality will always constitute a sufficient reward.

Such a method applied to the Old Testament prophets has many advantages. The mere historical interest of the subject is by no means small. In the books of Samuel and Kings and Chronicles, we see the history of the Jewish nation as a march of outward events; but in the prophets we may watch the inner life of the people, with its good and bad motives, until the letters of the words begin, so to speak, to move to and fro, and reveal a life behind which is remarkably like our own. But further, apart from the historical method, the prophets cannot even be understood. For many of them were intimately connected with the politics of their time, and all of them with the life of their time. To understand these writings, then, we must understand the age from which they sprang—we must have, in

other words, a true historical perspective. It would be just as false to think of Isaiah and Malachi as addressing themselves to the same needs, and speaking and writing at the same time, as it would be to think of Shakespeare and Tennyson as contemporaries. An instructive instance is to be found in the message of Isaiah as compared with that of Jeremiah. Isaiah had stoutly maintained that the temple and city could not fall. But Jeremiah's duty to his age was to preach precisely the opposite as the truth. Obviously, an intelligent student must learn when Isaiah said one thing and Jeremiah another, although both spoke what was true. We need, therefore, to re-discover the prophets: we need to gain an insight into the politics and social conditions of the age for which each wrote. We must learn to think of the Jewish state in which these great men worked, as of a ship in a storm, which to human sight is in momentary danger of going to pieces, but which by Divine guidance reached port, although not the port that men had expected.

But, in addition to this, a historical knowledge adds an inexpressible charm to these writings. To quote but one passage —"In those days shall Judah be saved and Jerusalem shall dwell safely: and this is the name whereby she shall be called, The Lord our righteousness."—Jer. xxxiii. 16. Such a passage is, and always must be, beautiful, even in and for itself. But when, from a knowledge of Jeremiah's times, we realize that it was a flower that grew in the very teeth of the north wind, its beauty becomes infinitely greater.

Many of the younger men of the present time have no doubt felt that their knowledge of the Bible has not been as good as that of their fathers. The reason seems to be that there had been, just before their time, a sort of collapse. The old theories have since then been only timidly held, while the new ones have rested under a very heavy cloud of suspicion. Those who have felt the limitations resulting from this state of things will be overjoyed to see in Prof. Kirkpatrick's book what looks like the promise of a new building that is to rise out of the old ruins. It is the duty of a Christian optimist to believe that the new building will be better than the old.

The present author's method is, as we have said, historical.

He deals with each book in its chronological place and gives in each case an outline of the history of the nation at the time when the prophet in question lived. The prophet himself, together with his book and his theological teaching, are next treated; and, last of all, is indicated the manner in which the prophecy has been fulfilled. The analyses of the books will be found useful.

Of course, a work which treats a subject so wide cannot enter into details; all that is possible is to give a general survey of Old Testament prophetic literature. But there are hundreds —perhaps thousands—of Bible students who need just such a book as this—a book which does for Hebrew literature a kind of work which classical scholars have done for that of Greece and Rome.

The chronological table will be a great boon to diligent students. It is based on the revised chronology and indicates the chief events of interest in the history of the Jews from 848 B.C. to 425 B.C.

It is possible that some readers will be pained at what they see here. Not only is Isaiah xl-lxvi put unhesitatingly in the time of the exile, but Isaiah xxiv-xxvii is assigned to a still later period, and Zechariah ix-xiv is separated from the book of Zechariah. To some this will seem perverse ingenuity, if not inexcusable irreverence. But such readers need not deprive themselves of the benefit they may derive from the author's treatment of the undisputed books. On the other hand, the orthodox will find much in the book to reassure them. For instance, the author rejects the theory that the prophecies of Amos mark an entirely new departure in the history of Israel. He holds that Amos, in common with the other prophets of the eighth century, was a reformer and not a founder. Of the prophecy of the exile he says: "Such a prophecy was not mere human aspiration or bold guess work, but the voice of the Spirit of God revealing beforehand, as men could receive it, the purpose of the ages."

There will be few who will not recognize truth as well as beauty in such sentences as these: "He saw the divine purposes from afar, yet they seemed to be close at hand, like the distant peak which the Alpine traveller sees towering majestically into

the sky, apparently close beyond the grassy slope upon which he stands." "It was given to those ancient prophets to soar above the earth-born mists which becloud human vision, and to see God's purposes rising majestically against the clear firmament of His righteous sovereignty, like sunlit Alpine peaks against the azure sky; but it was not given them to see at once how many an obstacle must be surmounted, how many a disappointment endured, ere the longed-for goal could be attained."

While one misses in this book some of the freshness and vigor of, say, Robertson Smith's "Prophets of Israel," it will not be hazardous to predict for it a fruitful mission. If any one, after reading it through, does not feel burning in his heart a greater enthusiasm for the Hebrew prophets, and a more fervent desire to know more about them, it will be either because his enthusiasm and knowledge are already at the highest possible point, or because he is incapable of enthusiasm, and has no desire for knowledge.

J. L. Gilmour.

Berlin, February, 1893.

BUNYAN.

Colossal one, whose rugged features glow
As some far peak above the cloud that lowers,
The gates of Hell, like Dante, thou didst know;
God did not play with thee, nor thou with men,
Beloved seer of life's advancing hours,
Divinest soul denied the poet's pen!

R.

THE ERL KING.*

Who rides so late through night so wild?
It is a father with his child;
He holds the lad well in his arm,
He holds him safe and keeps him warm.

"My son, why hidest thou thy head?"
"Seest thou not, father, the Erl King dread?
The Fairy King with crown and with train?"
"My son, it is naught but the misty rain."

"Come, dearest child, come, go with me,
Many beautiful games I will play with thee;
Where lovely flowers bloom on the shore,
My mother has golden robes in store."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erl King is whispering now in my ear?"
"Be quiet, my son, stay quiet, I say!
'Tis the wind among the dead leaves at play."

"Art thou willing, dear child, to go with me?
My daughters will gladly wait upon thee;
For thee will they nightly their festival keep,
And rock thee and sing thee and dance thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not,
The Erl King's daughter in yonder dark spot?"
"My son, my son, I see it full well,
'Tis but the old willows so gray in the dell."

"I love thee, I'm charmed by thy beautiful face;
And if thou'rt not willing, I must take without grace."
"My father, my father, now he seizes me fast,
The Erl King has done me to death at last."

The father shuddering, rides on through the wild;
He holds to his breast his moaning child,
He comes to the courtyard with toil and dread;
He looks—the boy in his arms is dead.

P. K. Dayfoot.

[From the German of Goethe. *The Erl King was a malicious spirit in German legend.]

ENGLAND AS SEEN BY A GERMAN.

A young German professor of Erlangen, who spent several weeks of his last summer's vacation in England, has given us in a letter recently received some of his impressions of the social conditions of the island kingdom. Referring to the absolute dependence of so large a proportion of the population upon their daily earnings for their living, and to the awful chasm that separates the masses from the upper ten thousand, who alone have time and means to look with enjoyment upon whatever greatness England may have to show, he declares it to be his opinion, that Germany is in many respects a freer country, and in spite of many peculiar social dangers, has really less cause for alarm from that source than England. English Sunday regulations, shutting out the laborer and the artizan from many places of amusement on the only day when they are free to enjoy them, are of course severely criticised. That day in England was always as gloomy to our German friend as a funeral. "Why should not people rather enjoy themselves on the Lord's day? In Germany it is a festive day. There the laboring man, housed in during the week, can on Sunday participate in all that helps to make life beautiful and enjoyable. Even if there are so many social democrats (who are not so very bad after all), still there is no danger of revolution so long as the people can find amusement."

One of the worst features of the condition of things in England, our friend says, is the fact that almost the whole population are congregated in cities, and that the healthy conditions of rural life scarcely exist. While a few noble families hold possession of whole counties, there are now scarcely any small landowners. The old proverb says *latifundiæ perdidere Romam.*

Another circumstance threatens serious consequences to England's social fabric. Other European countries, too, are now becoming industrial states, and are not only growing more and more independent of English manufactories, but they are sending out their products to compete with English goods in the great markets of the world. Never perhaps has any country existed under more artificial conditions than England.

"And yet," he writes, "I hope England may continue to prosper; for, in spite of all I have written, I love that land, a land in so many respects worthy of the highest admiration. What a lofty conception of Great Britain's greatness a foreigner obtains as he stands in the presence of those glorious marble monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's! Truly, those are fitting honors done to great and noble men, and here Germany is still very far behind. How magnificent are England's libraries, her museums and her railway systems! How beautiful and lovely are English landscapes! When I can afford it, I shall again cross the channel to

> 'This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
> . . . . . .
> This other Eden, demi-paradise;"'

M. S. C.

AN EXEGESIS.

Were all the wild animals of the earth, as well as the domestic, represented among those which were preserved with Noah in the ark? We think not. How then, the question arises, are we to understand Gen. vii: 15?—"And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life." We reply: the "all flesh" of this passage is one of those universals of scripture which must be limited by the connection in which they stand, or by the nature of the subjects to which they apply. They are common to all the sacred writers. For example, when it is said of the famine in Egypt in the days of Joseph, that "it was over all the face of the earth," the meaning is that it was *wide-spread*, affecting possibly the whole of Egypt. Again, when Luke tells us that a decree went out from Cæsar Augustus, "that all the world should be enrolled," his reference must be restricted to the part of the world that was under Cæsar's rule. Again, when Matthew says of John, that "there went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan," we are not to understand that not an individual remained in the great city or in all the populous towns of Judea, but simply that a great number flocked to hear John in the wilderness. So we may suppose that when Moses affirms

that the waters of the flood covered "all the high mountains that were under the whole heaven," he meant merely that so far as the flood extended it covered the mountain tops. Aside from the many proofs going to show that the flood was not universal—which proofs need not here be recited—a universal flood was manifestly not necessary to accomplish its main and distinctly expressed purpose, namely, the sweeping away of the wicked race of men. It is not likely that the flood extended much if any beyond the district inhabited by men at the time, which, from its centre might probably be swept with a radius of five hundred miles, or embraced in a circle of one thousand miles diameter. It is not improbable that, at the time of the flood, many wild animals were inhabiting regions of the earth not yet penetrated by man; and if all these animals were not represented by those in the ark—which is our contention,—if the flood was universal, they must have all been destroyed, and the present animal kingdom in these countries must have resulted from new creations—an inadmissible supposition. But if these animals were not represented among those in the ark, and the flood was not universal, then these same animals that were not reached by the flood would be the proper progenitors of their kind to-day.

The notion is somewhat prevalent that man and the inferior animals were created in the same place, and from one centre spread themselves over the earth. But as they were not created in the same way, neither were they in the same place. Unlike the august proceeding when man was created—when the different persons of the Trinity seem to have mutually deliberated, and a creature was made in the image of God, with a soul gotten through the inbreathing of the divine Spirit—unlike this, when the inferior animals came upon the scene, under the divine command, and as marking their lower nature, they sprang, as it were, from the bosom of the earth: "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after its kind." And we may suppose that the different genera of lower animals were severally produced in those regions of the earth best suited to their natures and habits, the white bear, for example, in the arctic regions, and the lion in the equatorial,—regions, moreover, not reached at all, many of them, by the flood. The animals which Noah took into the ark

were merely species—could not have been more than species—which belonged to the tract that was to be destroyed. All other animals were safe in their own regions.

But all conjecture on this subject is set aside by the definite statement contained in Gen. ix: 10, when rightly interpreted; and it is to this statement we wish particularly to refer. The passage refers to the covenant which God established with Noah after the flood, to the effect that in this way neither man nor the lower creatures should again be destroyed. The authors of the Revised Version render the last part of the verse thus: "of all that go out of the ark, even every beast of the earth." They evidently supposed that every beast of the earth was represented among those in the ark, and so tried to make the original Hebrew support the idea. And Dr. Conant does the same thing, probably for the same reason. He renders the words thus: "Of all that go forth from the ark of every beast of the earth." The following is the literal and more correct rendering: "*From* all that came out of the ark *to* every beast of the earth." The "beast of the earth" is here the *wild beast* (chaiya), and the obvious implication of the statement is that the wild beasts were not among those that came out of the ark: and if they did not come out, they could not have gone in.

D. M. Welton.

GOD'S PAINTING.

As if all human art to shame,
The forest banners far and wide,
God decorates with gold and flame
And waves them on the mountain side.

D. M. W.

MARBOD'S

ORATIO AD DOMINUM.

(From the Latin.)

O Son of God incarnate,
  High Heaven's eternal King,
Around our burdening sorrows
  Thine arms of mercy fling.

To sin our nature leads us,
  And dust to dust returns;
Stay Thou, O Christ, the ruin
  That all our efforts spurns.

For man, the seed of Adam,
  What is he but a worm
Deserving death, defenceless
  Against the coming storm?

Deal not with him in anger
  Whose nature is unclean,
Do not, O God, condemn him
  Who cannot keep from sin.

It were not meet, nor like Thee,
  Strict justice to demand,
For who, of hapless mortals,
  Could 'gainst Thy thunder stand?

As shadows or as vapors
  Or driven chaff are we,
Pity, O King of Heaven,
  Pity our misery.

J. H. Farmer.

Students' Quarter.

THE METHOD OF PROGRESS.

Nightingale ! thy lyre is old,
Framed in past æons yet untold
The strings that float thy liquid gold.

This fierce beaked bird limned in the stone,
Who heard its dying guttural moan ?
Who missed the giant undertone ?

God hushed that grating cry of thine—
Unready yet with lyric wine—
Imperfect yet to ears divine.

Lulled solemnly his lordly loom :
"Some sweeter voice, some brighter plume
Shall fill my house and light earth's dome."

Then re-began, with art divine,
Rich tints and tones to intertwine,
Till nightingales sang on the vine.

Daniel is a type of "low living and high thinking." The splendor of his life and genius show what may be accomplished by self-renunciation. This quality is always an element in the ideal character. The Turk is a high liver and a low thinker. The decay of the once splendid Empire is a testimony to the destroying power of self-indulgence.

Progress for individual men and nations, then, demands renunciation. Progress is ever by sacrifice. The foundation of the glory of this age is martyrdom. The numerous joys of life which are our heritage are the fruit of the pains of countless "living sacrifices." Martyrs many and noble there have been, on many crimsoned altars. They have died for you and me in vast numbers on the altars of Science, Literature, Art, Invention, Discovery, Philosophy or Religion. The blood of all has been the seed from which has sprung 19th century civilization.

Human society—progressive—is pictured in the strange submarine labors of colonies of corals. These creatures build on a substratum of rock which is made of the bodies of previous generations of their race. Year by year they rise on this once living foundation, upward and ever upward, until they reach the wash of the waves, and the breath of heaven, and the sight of sun and star. Some glimpses millenial have we: our debt is to the men of self-sacrificing thought and action in past ages—to the Galileos, Columbuses, Savonarolas of all ages; to all who have forgotten themselves for the world's sake, and have, on humble or conspicuous altars, given their lives a ransom for the race. There are no universal gains without individual losses: no general progress without individual renunciation. Napoleon's dreadful road from Moscow was not more thickly bestrewn with the bodies of his loyal soldiery, than has been, with noble victims, the pathway of humanity towards a higher life. What grim tribute human life pays for its advances through this hostile country!

> Life marches to her perfect goal,
> To perfect music all her spheres attuning;
> Man rises to his perfect soul
> With God in Jacob-prayers i'the dark communing.

In sea billows the water does not move, only the motion moves: so Society's thought and consciousness move steadily onward like a growing and invincible wave of the sea—while matter dies. This motion intellectual and spiritual moves ever eternity-wards, gathering impetus from heaven-controlled and directed storm and gale, rising at each onset of hostile wind into ever higher crests of thought, until at last it shall meet the waters of the sea of glass mingled with fire, and break in melodious murmurs about the feet of God.

The race has often made retrogressive rather than forward movement. For the time life appeared to degrade: a great library was lost; a great civilization was overrun; a revealed religion displaced by paganism; but in the long run, the circle was developed though the arc was irregular. It may be that some of those dreadfully formed birds whose repulsive outlines are scored in the rocks of some remote period, had sweet voices.

They perished, and some less musical singer replaced them, whose outline was more perfect, and now a consonant beauty of form, color and music develop together. There have been, indeed, times of lapse—middle age twilights, loss of classic outline, loss of the purer forms of Christianity, yet ultimate progress toward the establishment of the kingdom of God in all provinces of human endeavor. Preceding centuries have often been observed to outshine their successors;—for instance, the Greek Phidias excelled the sculptors of ten centuries later: religion was less defiled in the first century than in the thirteenth: poetry was a more nearly consummate art sixty years before Christ than five centuries later. There has been such decadence, yet man is two milleniums nearer ideal attainment now than in the days of the Christian apostles. A tourist in the Alps will often descend a great declivity in order thence to reach more quickly some very high altitude. So the lapses of the race have only served to secure to them footholds on the higher levels. A little while and the white flag of universal peace shall be planted upon the very snow-crests of human attainment, and the race's pitiable degradation shall be but a memory. God's archangels may hide their pure faces now from the shame of our sins, but His praise shall yet uprise as incense from the lips of men, and His "new names" be graven on their foreheads.

But how vast is the work yet to e overtaken! Much is said of the intensity of the life of our time. This intensity is a sign of incompleteness; literature, art and science are in process of growth. The savant, the painter, the sculptor, the author are still creatures of spiritual and intellectual hunger. The noblest attempts to untangle the Gordian knot of the mystery of life or the secret of complete living, have been as yet, they confess, but approximations—hopes and fears. We are just now only in the morning twilight of the history of humanity. A student of history reading the records of the past is like a watchman upon the tower of some walled city of the Orient. For hour after hour he has seen no light, save that of the stars faintly glimmering through the dark. Even their faint silver-gleaming he has often seen quenched by passing cloud and storm, and his heart has sunk in sadness and dread. But now for some time faint throbbings of pale light have been observ-

able near the eastern horizon; anon tints of a multitude of dyes will struggle in the early sky and at last give place to the sun, leaping up and filling the whole concave of heaven with his golden glory. To the Christian student of history, Christ is this Sun, who in an hour or two will fill the universe with the pure splendor of that immaculate Righteousness that will blaze from His eastern throne.

On roll and on, ye planet balls,
By seraph forms attended!
Line chaos into forms divine
With orbits interblended!
Replete with Life and Destiny
Through the deep dark space far-swinging,
Eternal silence banish
With your chimes divine a-ringing.

B. W. N. Grigg.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

The bell had rung "lights out." In room number eleven, half a dozen of us had gathered for a chat. The talk had turned on vacation happenings. We had heard from one and another of wonderful sights and people seen and met at the World's Fair, of tramps along the grassy lanes of England, and of bicycle trips through lovely Ontario. All this time our genial friend Tom had said nothing, but now he broke in with, "Well, I had some fun myself. You see I am not so well fixed as some of you fellows, and so I couldn't take in any of your fancy trips. But I worked very hard this summer, and about July I felt very grateful when one day my friend Thompson came over to my boarding-house and said, 'Tom, old fellow, lets go to Muskoka for a rest. Bring your gun and fishing tackle along and we'll go away back into the woods where nobody lives.' The cost was trifling, so I said, it's a go."

"When we arrived at our destination, we found ourselves on the shores of a small lake, forty miles from any town, and a mile and a half from the nearest settlement. We pitched our tent near the lake, and spent the first day getting ready for fun.

"It was on the second night after our arrival that the fun began. We had gone over to our nearest neighbor's to see about supplies. We found the man of the house, a big, weather-beaten fellow, who met us cautiously but warmly, and offered us each a stool. He became more communicative, however, when he had learned who we were, and what our mission was in Muskoka. After making our arrangements satisfactorily, our host said, 'What luck have you had fishing?' and on my replying that we had caught a good many more than we could eat, and were already tired of fish diet, he gave me a keen glance, and looking up at his Winchester which hung upon the wall, said, 'Pity you hadn't a bit of *fresh* meat.' I took the hint at once and said I would not mind a five dollar bill to get a good shot at a deer. This was enough, the settler had been transformed into a hunter in an instant. He arose, opened the door, stepped outside and beckoned us to follow, which we immediately did. 'You see,' he said, 'we fellows back here don't see much money, and a bit of fresh meat don't go amiss once in a while. Now, I'd like no better fun than a puttin' you gents onto a red skin, providin' you'll give us a hind cut when you get him.'

"Name your time," said both of us in the same breath, and our nerves began to tingle with expectation. "Well," said he, looking up at the black clouds over head, "you'd never get a better night in ten years."

"What, not to-night?" said we. "Yes, right now. I'll go call Joe, he's a good hand at this game," and he strode off toward the stable where, by the light of a very smoky lantern, Joe was feeding his horses for the night. Joe turned out to be a neighbor who was helping our host with his hay. They whispered together for a minute, then Jack, as Joe called our host, led the way into the cabin. Looking at our guns closely, he said, "Well boys, what kind of lead do you carry?" We informed him that our guns, both ten bore Greeners, were loaded with four drams of powder and 9 s.s.g. buckshot. "That's heavy enough for elephants," said he with a laugh. "All right Joe, let's be off," and swinging their guns over their shoulders, they led the way with us in the rear.

We walked the mile and a half to the lake in silence. When we had reached our camp, Jack said, "Joe, you stay here with

the gents and I'll go bring her round." With this he disappeared into the woods hard by, and we entered the tent to await his return. We hadn't long to wait, for within ten minutes we saw the glare of a head light coming towards us through the rushes. Then for the first time we saw the play. There our hero sat in a boat; in the bow was a pole about four or five feet high, on the top of which was a box holding a lamp with a bright reflector behind it.

Then he explained to us that the deer come into the water at night, in the month of July, to escape the flies and to feed upon the lily roots. This light, said he, works on the principle of a dark lantern. Sitting in the boat behind it, you can see the deer at a distance of fifty or sixty yards, while nothing is seen by the deer, but the glare of the lamp. They seem to become dazed by it, and will stand looking at it while you shoot them from the boat. We began to chuckle at the thought of bagging big game, and in such a novel way. "Now," said he, "everything depends on silence; no matter what you see or what you hear, don't speak."

I soon found myself seated on the front seat—with my friend Thompson on the seat behind me. You see we had the seats of honor. We were given to understand that we were the guests of the night, and were expected to do the shooting and keep quiet. Our two companions occupied the back seat and did the paddling, and such paddling! They never so much as touched the gunwale of the boat with their paddles; so perfectly did they handle them that you could not hear them put their paddles in and out of the water.

I can think of nothing more weird than this night-floating for deer. Our paddlers keep the boat at such an angle that the light falls on the gray streak of shrubbery that lines the shore. The silence is oppressive, you hear your heart beat, the sharp drop of a frog from some rock into the water sounds heavy enough for a deer, and you seize the hammers of your gun and tremble all over with excitement. The crash of some old monarch of the forest, that the dull axe of the ages has felled, or the scream of the loon like the wail of a lost spirit, comes over the water with wonderful significance, making the supernatural seem terribly real.

We had paddled and watched, I should think, about half an hour; I had more than once raised my gun to shoot at a stump or a stone which my imagination had converted into a deer, when the boat suddenly stopped and our friend Jack leaning forward whispered to me, "put out the light, put out the light," which I immediately did. "What's up?" I asked. "There's a boat. Listen!" said he, pointing in the opposite direction from which we had been looking for deer. There to our right, fully one hundred yards from shore, was what looked like a little boat; we could hear the dip! dip! dip! of the oars quite distinctly. "Keep quiet," said Jack, "somebody is watching us."

By this time our boat had drifted on some muskrat holes and was stuck fast. We could see the boat slowly nearing the bushes, and then heard the occupants get out and go ashore. We all lay quite still for about twenty minutes, when we thought we heard the strange boat pushing off again from the shore. The next minute we saw it and heard again the dip! dip! of the oars. Now I don't know why, but just then I was seized with a belief that the object we had seen was no boat, but an animal of immense proportions. As it moved out my belief grew into a firm conviction. I turned round and said in a loud whisper, "That's no boat, that's a deer, and I'm going to light the lamp and shoot it." I was so sure I was not mistaken that I said, "I'll pay all damages if we get into trouble." Upon this I lit the lamp and whispered, "Shove me on him, I won't shoot till I see what it is."

The light streamed out across the rushes. I dropped on one knee and peered through the mist We were now within fifty yards of what looked like an immense horse, or bull, or boat, or anything big. Suddenly its eyes flashed like two green lights; then they disappeared. In the uncertain light I thought I could see a patch of old hair on its side. I could wait no longer; taking dead aim about a foot to the right and six inches above the patch of hair, I pulled both barrels at once, and splash fell the great brute into the water. I had just unlocked the breech of my gun to re-load, when, with a sound between a snort and a roar, the huge creature sprang up and made a rush at the boat. I had no time to re-load, but snatching Thompson's gun from his hands, I emptied both barrels into

the chest of the oncoming brute, and again he fell splashing and floundering and snorting in the water. Meanwhile, Thompson had slipped two cartridges into my gun, which he handed to me just in time to arrest the third charge from our mammoth midnight foe. He was just rising when catching his eyes; like a flash, I gave him both loads between the eyes, and he fell dead, not fifteen yards from our bows.

Our paddlers had been backing water since the first charge, and going at such a pace, we soon found ourselves in open water, probably a hundred yards from our dead game. We felt the boat stop. "You've killed somebody's horse," said Thompson. "I reckon you've 'done up' Gibson's bull," said our friend Joe. You never saw four worse scared men; we sat there, afraid to go and see what we had shot, until the situation began to appear ludicrous even to ourselves. At last I said, "Well, boys, there's no use sitting here. If I've shot somebody's property—why, I'll pay for it like a man, that's all." When we came alongside, we could see nothing but the patch of old hair. Joe was up to his chest in the water in a moment. "I say, Mister, I'm blessed if you haven't shot the tail offen it." "It's a moose! It's a moose!" I shouted, and sure enough, when we felt for its head, there was the carcass of a huge bull moose. We slipped a rope round his neck and began towing him down towards camp. Then we all breathed freely again, and simultaneously broke out into a long loud laugh at ourselves.

"Quick work that, young man! good shot that! I thought he had the drop on us when your second gun was emptied. Shoots mighty wicked that gun o' yours," observed our friend Jack, who, like a true hunter, had been very quiet all through the shooting.

Half-an-hour's strong paddling brought us to camp, where we lighted a roaring fire and by the light of it drew our prize up on a flat rock and skinned and dressed him. That deer dressed 608 pounds. The first thing we did was to get a piece into the pot. It was while we were eating this meal of our own shooting, and afterwards, while our friends were enjoying their pipes, that we got acquainted with them. Why, our adventure was only one more added to their list.

And now, boys, what do you think of *my* vacation? I

have only one regret, and that is, that you weren't all there to help eat that first haunch of moose, and enjoy with us the inimitable hunting stories of our genial friends, Jack and Joe.

RALPH W. TROTTER.

THE BELLS' GLORIA.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

Bim, bim, bom, bell! Clang, clash, clash, clang! Ding, dong, ding, dong!—Every steeple, every belfry, sends out its lusty music. Big bells, small bells, silvery bells, brazen bells—all sizes, all tones, all ages—ring out their message of Christmas love and good-will. How joyously their eager reverberations mingle and rebound as they meet in the frosty morning air. The night has covered everything with a robe of snow, and its crystals seem now fairly to dance in the golden sunshine to the music of the happy bells. Fast fly the merry sounds—bounding from roof-tops, pealing through streets and commons, dodging in and out blind alleys, entering every house, whether mansion or hovel they care not, till every lane and every waste place of the great city and its outskirts, is melodious with the joyous happy ringing.

. . . . . .

Hush! More softly they sound here. Through closed doors and drawn blinds the joyous music makes its way. A feeble infant cry now mingles sometimes with the softened melody; and with each puny sob a mother-heart, responding to the bells' sweet tones, lifts up with them a song of praise above. In the early hours of this bright Christmas morning, another spark of life has been entrusted to human clay. An infant soul, falling asleep, perhaps, amid the glorias of the angel host, has been awakened by the music of earth pealing forth the same glad praises. It is the first-born son, and some such joy the suffering mother feels as felt the blessed Virgin on this same holy day, centuries ago. Then a heavenly chorus chanted the glory-strain to men, and now the same glad song is, to her, the

message of the pealing chimes. The rhythm of their distant bim, bim, bom, bell, falls softly upon her ear—Glory to God !—Peace upon earth !—Good-will to men !

. . . . . , ...

At each Christmas season of his boyhood, the message of that natal hour comes back to her. Even in babyhood she teaches the childish voice to lisp the syllables of that birthday song, hoping that *his* heart too may early throb in sympathetic adoration with the bells' clear measures.

. . . . . .

Year after year the bells have rung out their season's message. Now it is the midnight of a Christmas eve. Upon the frozen waters of the Upper Ottawa a solitary lumberman is tramping from his camp to the nearest hamlet. The night is clear and still. The bright star-lit sky, the sparkling snow-crust of the stream, the dark bending shores clad with forest pines—all these varied beauties of night must find, even in this rough and hardened son of toil, a joyous response.

A slight breeze springs up, and a single snow-flake is blown against the traveller's face. Still he tramps cheerily on, keeping time with whistle or with song to the brisk crunch, crunch of his snow-shoes. But now the sky becomes darkened, and the flakes come more and more quickly. It is not long before the crunching sounds grow fainter, as the fresh fall thickens upon the old and frozen snow. Soon his singing ceases, for a feeling of solemnity, hardly of fear, has fastened upon him. Never did man experience such an impenetrable snow-fall. And the stillness ! The breeze has died away completely—his footsteps are scarcely audible. As long as possible he skirts the margin of the river, but soon arrives at the point where he must cross to the opposite shore. There is a winter road here, which he attempts to follow. No trace whatever of sleigh-tracks remains, but resolutely he starts over the frozen plain. Listen ! What is that strange moaning, coming from over the farther shore ? Before his mind can seek an answer, there sweeps across the river with tornado suddenness, a terrific wind-storm. The snow, whirling and drifting before it with cutting fury, completely blinds the bewildered man, as he stumbles under the sudden shock. In

such confusion it is almost impossible to form any idea of direction. Off the track, and fully aware of the danger of his position, he stumbles blindly this way or that. Wildly he combats the gale—now tripping and falling as his snow-shoes catch together, now breaking through a drift on hands and knees, now up again and struggling in an opposite direction. In his fear he shouts and screams to heaven for aid. An agony of terror seizes him and he relinquishes the unequal conflict,—but only for an instant. Reanimated by a sudden outburst of despair, he renews the struggle. Now he is possessed of the awful conviction that comes under such circumstances—he is going mad. The thought, maddening in itself, hastens the crisis. Filled with a fevered, demoniacal strength, he dashes through the heaviest drifts, and with crazed ferocity faces the most terrific gusts. From his parched throat there come thick inarticulate cries, with nothing of human in them. He is beyond all thoughts of God, or self or man—a maniac, conscious of nothing but the awful agony of despair and terror. At last, the body, benumbed and exhausted by exposure and almost superhuman exertion, falls into a bank of drifted snow, never to rise of itself. Still, within, the maddened spirit continues the conflict.

. . . . . .

Day is breaking, and the storm has passed. Christmas morning dawns cold and clear. With the growing calm a numbness seems to have fastened upon the crazed brain of the fated man, and now his frenzies are overcome by a partial stupor. In this state there is consciousness of neither pain nor fear. Quiet dreams of the past succeed the awful realization of present despair. The happy childhood home in that fair city by the great lake, the innocent boyish days with their pleasures and their pains, a mother's teachings and a father's death,—such peaceful scenes, some joyous and some sad, pass dimly before the "inner eye." There is a softened calm upon the set features, marred though they be by the struggling and sin of years. But dreams are ever changing. Now there comes the memory of affection quenched, of forgotten vows, of a deserted mother's breaking heart. A conscience-stricken remorse chases the calm from the sleeper's pallid features, and a tremor of soul-agony passes through the stiffening frame.

Hark! From the village close by (for he had almost reached it in his wanderings), the little chapel bell is sending out its joyous Christmas ringing. Through the glad morning air, along the forest-covered bank, over the river with its frozen billows of drifted snow, the music flies toward the dying man. Surely all sounds of earth are nothing now to his deafened ear. But look! What magic is there in *this* sound? Has it caused those cold features suddenly to revive? Why!—his stiffened lips move gently to the bells' clear tones. Slowly, indeed, but with a tone almost of joy, come the faintly-articulated syllables: The bells!—Mother!—*Mother!*—Glo-ry to God! Peace on—yes, mother,—Peace.—The words die softly away and the frozen lips are almost motionless. The light of childhood innocence shines from the blanched face, and in a last faint whisper there comes,—O mother!—Peace.

And over all the world the Christmas bells keep ringing. How hard the lot of him who "though he hear, hears not"; in whose heart no chords, attuned by love, thrill with responsive vibrations to the bells' gloria of good-will and peace!

S. R. Tarr.

EVENING.

All day the lake has plained upon the sand,
  Flashing with whitening wings adown the beach,
  And, like a yearning soul that lacketh speech
Finding itself cast on a foreign strand,
Has beckoned from the blue with snow white hand
  That ever seemed for treasure new to reach,
  Or, all unheeded, some lost joy beseech
From the still summer sky and dreaming land.

But now the day departs, and all the West
  Ablush like some deep-hearted vermeil rose
  Whereon a single lustrous dew-drop glows,
Breathes on the tossing wave and brings it rest,
  Till like a weary child with tear-flushed cheek
  And gentle sigh, the waters sink to sleep.

E.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES.*

We reached the Park next morning at eleven. Beautiful and grand is the view which the descent into the Park gives one. Imagine, if you can, an amphitheatre of majestic hills, with all their grotesque forms and varied hues and unequal heights, enclosing on all sides 100 square miles of gracefully-sloping land, carpeted with a beautiful and restful green, upon which many cattle are here and there grazing, and from the distance appearing so smooth as to make it hard to believe that the hand of man has never tended it. Summer cottages and the glistening tents of campers add variety to the scene, while the numerous pines and spruce, together with the willows on the banks of the streams, show many inviting spots for the camper. To describe the surrounding mountains is simply an impossibility, so I will not attempt it further than to say that Long's Peak rose in one corner of the valley, and a part of the snow-clad range, rocky and entirely bare of all vegetation, caught the sinking sun in its rugged arms each evening and hid him from our sight.

Such was our camping place at an elevation of 8,000 feet above sea level. Here, on the bank of a madly rushing crystal stream, under the shade of a venerable pine, and at the edge of a little strip of tender aspens, we pitched our tent and rested in the arms of nature for ten days. How delightful it was, thus to leave the world, with its rush and fret and fever, to forget for a season the burning questions agitating the breast of every American, and to abandon one's self to the pleasures of the moment! No man in our party knew how to enjoy it more thoroughly than did Cassidy. He wanted, he said, none of your bally pleasure resorts, where it was dress, dress all the time. The World's Fair, in his opinion, was nothing to this. And we thought him a sensible fellow, since none of us could visit the Fair.

The first afternoon Davis and I spent in making our camping quarters comfortable, while the rest went fishing, and in the evening returned to camp with a nice mess of fish, which we did ample justice to. Indeed, we never failed to do justice to our

*Continued from last number.

victuals. Sometimes it was hard to do justice to our appetites. "Pet" became quite anxious over me, or else over his hot biscuits, I am not quite sure which.

Next day all our party, with some others near us, went fishing. By and by all, except Cassidy, Davis and me, struck the stream and commenced fishing, but we three went on exploring for a lake which Davis had once seen from the top of Long's Peak. Scrambling over half-burnt and fallen trees, floundering in marshes and stumbling over rocks, on we went until each thought himself a Livingstone, Baker and Stanley all combined. Close together we kept, for none of us wished to be alone; much of the way we walked in silence, for the awful solitude of the mighty hills was upon us, and we thought of the great God above the blue sky that bends over us, and in our hearts we worshipped Him.

Before ten o'clock we discovered our lake with joy, and skirting it, struck for the stream supplying it. In reaching this stream it was my pleasure to see and cross, for the first time in my life, a beaver dam. The architectural skill as well as the strength and industry of the beaver must ever be a source of wonder and inspiration to man. Nearly fifty feet long this one must have been, and from six to eight feet high, holding firmly back many tons of water. We also saw numerous stumps of young trees, two and three inches in diameter, cut through as neatly as the woodsman's axe could do it.

Here we slaked our thirst at a little stream, almost hidden by over-hanging willows, whose water was the most delicious I have ever tasted. It was ice-cold in spite of the heat of the day, and so refreshing we soon longed for it again. This is the nature of all the mountain streams—cool and pure. Being so high and close to their source—the melting snow—and running over beds of rock, they find little to pollute their sweetness until they reach a much lower altitude and approach the plains, where they supply the irrigation ditches and are diffused over the soil in all directions. In doing this they gather so abundantly of the alkali in the soil that the water is no longer fit to drink. Yet many a farmer must content himself with it or nothing.

That day our fishing was not of the best. For three hours I waded down the stream after my companions (it is impossible

to be a successful trouter without wading, and these streams are so convenient for it that one has rarely to get out of the water), making wonderful manœuvres with my line, but evidently not to the admiration, but rather to the contempt, of the trout, for they would not even bite. Most dexterously, however, did I catch the branches and twigs of the trees on the bank. They seemed to be laboring under the impression that I had come all that way to angle for them, and were very anxious not to disappoint me. It was amazing with what eagerness they snapped at my fly and how affectionately they clung to it. I began to think there must be some mistake, and this was not quite as funny as it had appeared to me down on the broiling plains. But by and by the happy thought occurred to me to change my fly. Immediately I took off the "Royal Coachman," which I had used until then, and put on a "Gray Hackle." That was such a happy change that I used nothing but "Gray Hackles" afterwards. Soon I had a bite, and presently to my surprise I saw a trout about six inches long wriggling in mid-air at the end of my line. After my astonishment was sufficiently over for speech, I shouted with delight. Cassidy, half a mile down stream, wondered what was the matter, and Davis, who was beside me, began to think I needed a doctor, while even the hills raised their brows a little to see what the disturbance was. But I was happy, and fished at that one spot for half an hour and caught several others. Things now became interesting. Fishing was not so bad after all; it began to assume those opalescent hues that it had displayed to my imagination beforehand; I concluded that I was a great deal smarter than I thought I was, and a profound sense of satisfaction with myself stole refreshingly over me. I no longer felt weary and hot, but as fresh as though I had just started. That evening I proudly walked into camp with six little trout. After that my basket saw larger numbers, which to my great satisfaction sometimes exceeded Davis's. At such times, however, he had always thrown back all the small fish he had caught, or claimed that he had fished less time than I, etc. Of course these explanations were received with all due respect to the reverend source whence they came, but they never diminished my self-congratulation.

It is remarkable how intensely interesting such sport

becomes. Everything in the world is forgotten except that fly floating innocently down stream at the end of your line. The mountains might settle down into a plain and you wouldn't know it; home, friends and business are as though they were not; you even forget to eat: we always had our breakfast early when we fished, and carefully put a lunch in our pockets, but it was forgotten until we took our rods apart and left the stream, then that lunch was devoured and we longed for more. So consuming is the pleasure at pulling out these speckled beauties.

So passed the days. Soon we had so many fish, we gave them away to be rid of them; yet we fished only every other day. The alternate days we devoted to reading, rest, and checkers at camp.

I might write much more—of our visit on Sunday to one of the three hotels which do a thriving business during the summer months, and of the services held in the little church afterwards, at which Davis preached; of the pretty little flowers blooming everywhere; of the camp fires at night, and then of our farewell to camp and the twenty-five mile descent over another and even grander road than that by which we came, until at last we reluctantly passed out on to the hot sultry plains once more, and eventually returned to civilization, sunburned and disreputable in appearance, but really much the better for our experience—but I forbear trying your patience further.

Suffice it to say, that, should the opportunity for another such experience present itself, I shall be only too eager to seize it, and should be glad to have you and the other dear fellows I remember so well, join me.

E. Seldon.

RESENTMENT.

The ocean bursts in very wrath,
The waters rush and whirl.
As the hardy diver cleaves a path
Down to the treasur'd pearl.

G. H. C.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The portrait and biographical sketch of Miss Smiley, which we present to our readers this month, have been prevented by the pressure of other articles from appearing at an earlier, and perhaps more favorable time; we believe, however, they will not be less welcome on that account. We hope shortly to be able to publish a similar sketch of the present Principal of Moulton College, Miss Alice M. D. Fitch, M.A., who has already won the confidence of Canadian Baptists, and proved in many ways the wisdom of the Senate in calling her to assume duties and responsibilities on which so much of the success of our University depends.

In an editorial note in the Monthly of April, 1892, it was stated that the correct pronunciation of the name of the poet Coleridge may be learned from one of his couplets, in which "whole ridge" rhymes with "Coleridge." Here is another of his couplets, equally clear and emphatic :—

> "Parry seeks the Polar ridge,
> Rhymes seek S. T. Coleridge."

Here is yet another, written ten years later and but four years before his death, equally emphatic, but not so clear :—

> "Elsewhere in college, knowledge, wit and scholarage,
> To friends and public known as S. T. Coleridge."

Perhaps the poet means to say that his friends and the public persist in mispronouncing his name in spite of his laborious efforts to set them right!—T. H. R.

In view of the importance of the approaching plebiscite, we would like to call attention to the editorial entitled "The Real Question," which appeared in the *Canadian Baptist* of Nov. 30. There is no phase of the temperance question on which light is more needed than the one discussed in this article. Many well-meaning people will vote 'nay' because of mistaken views here; many are in doubt as to their duty because they are not clear on this point; and many more, ardent prohibitionists themselves, are quite unable to meet in debate the sophistries that are urged against the principle of prohibition. To all such permit us to commend the above as a clear, concise and satisfactory statement of the matter. That article and such utterances as those

of Rev. O. C. S. Wallace at the Young People's meeting on the 8th inst., are worth columns and columns of ordinary temperance talk at this important juncture.

We should be glad to see our English and French Canadian poets fully represented in all our public libraries, for there is no doubt that most people are unacquainted with the works of our own writers simply because they cannot readily procure them at times when their interest is awakened, or when they have leisure and inclination to read them.

Patriotic Recitations and Arbor Day Exercises, by George W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education, is an admirable selection of verse and prose for use by the Teachers of Canada. Our country is worthy of the love of its people, especially of its youth. Here is a helpful volume in this behalf.

We feel sure that all who were present in the College chapel on Saturday afternoon, 9th inst., must have enjoyed the selections from Canadian poets and biographical sketches read by the ladies of the Modern Language Society. The essays were highly creditable, it being no easy task to collect materials for such exercises, while the critical remarks gave evidence of careful and intelligent study.

There are not many good books to be had on the subject of Canadian Literature. Edmond Lareau's work, probably one of the best is in French, and on that account not accessible to all. Mercer Adam's short sketch, appended to Dr. Withrow's "School History of Canada," is necessarily brief, but very helpful as far as it goes. Dr. Bender's "Literary Sheaves" will give a good idea of French Canadian literature. Dr. J. G. Bourinot's little volume on "The Intellectual Development of Canada," so highly spoken of by Mercer Adam, is out of print, but the papers may be found in the volumes of the *Canadian Monthly*, in which they originally appeared. The author informs us that there will shortly be published in Montreal a similar volume, with bibliographical notes: "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness," which he hopes will be of use to art and literature.

"The Marshlands" is a small volume of verse by J. F. Herbin, Wolfville, N. S. The volume contains forty-five short poems, thirty-five of which are sonnets. These latter are especially beautiful, many

of them being delicately carven cameos, whose color and form body forth some of the most charming and poetic aspects of historic Grand Pré, and so simple and beautiful in workmanship as to entitle them to a permanent place among the products of Canadian literary art. All of the poems are highly finished. Mr. Herbin is a graduate of Acadia University. The following sonnet embodies the accent and tone of his muse :

MINAS BASIN.

"Into thy cup an ocean pours, and fills
Thy great marsh-rivers where the ruddy stains
Mix with the waters of a hundred hills ;
And then with eager quaffing lip he drains.
Where sea-grass under every air-flow thrills,
And stirs the level watch-ground of the cranes,
As on an altar, the sea's offering spills,
Once to the day, once to the night that reigns.
On thy broad rim the great Designer's hand
Has wrought the fairest things of earth and sky,
And made a wonder of thy mighty tides ;
And a Romance is thine not writ with hand,
Alive in every curve, and ne'er to die
While o'er thy surface a winged vessel rides.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

THE WISE MEN.

(A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.)

A thought which each Christmas I love to let play
Thro' my mind is of three who rode far away,
Star-guided by night, faith-guided by day,
In quest of the place where the Christ-child lay.
Ten thousand sages have lived since then,
Great monarchs have ruled, great teachers have taught,
Great painters have painted, great sculptors have wrought,
Great poets have chanted divine truths to men ;
Yet the three whom the world calls "the wise men" are they
Who journied afar by a devious way,
Star-guided by night, faith-guided by day,
Till they knelt in the place where the Christ-child lay.

VERNON P. SQUIRES, *in the Brunonian.*

There are 430 colleges in the United States, with 123,523 students.

Vigorous measures were taken by the faculty of Princeton recently to blot out all hazing for ever from Princeton.

"Now," said the Professor, "suppose I had fifteen feet——" The class roared as they thought how impossible it would be in that small room.

P. G. Mode, of the class of '96, has been doing good work at Hartney, Man. A note in the *North-West Baptist* tells of a certain "purse and testimonial" which have been presented to him on the occasion of his leaving.

The first woman in the world to receive the Degree of Electrical Engineer is Miss Bertha Lamme, of Springfield, Ohio. She is a graduate of the Ohio State University, where she led her class throughout the entire course; and she now holds a position in the Westinghouse Electric Company at Pittsburg.

Victoria students feel the need of more of the mission spirit, and *Acta* calls attention to our monthly missionary day. McMaster men lose nothing and gain much by devoting six days in the year solely to the consideration of Christ's work at home and abroad.

Those to whom the world is above all a church, a place of worship, and not a mere picture gallery or orchestra, will always find fresh beauty in its pictures and depth in its songs.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you, resist the deacon and he will fly at you.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Little sins eat away the white enamel of the conscience and it is not long before decay sets in.

The unifying element in education is common sense, the unifying element in character is faith.

> The river is green and runneth slow
> We cannot tell what it saith,
> It keepeth it seerets down below
> And so doth Death.—*Faber.*

A bright little article on the character of Hamlet in the *Acadia Athenæum* for November will be suggestive to the Juniors. The *Free Lance*, of Pennsylvania State College, is a well-gotten up journal; attractive and well printed—one of our best exchanges. The *Kenyon Collegian* for September has an article of absorbing interest on the Tower of London. It is both descriptive and historical. *Acta Victoriana* has donned a new dress, and is much improved in appearance. *Queen's College Journal* also comes to us in new form. The workmanship is unsurpassed by any Canadian College paper.

The second number of a neat little monthly comes to us from Bishop College, Texas. We welcome very gladly this journal to our list of exchanges. All the more interest is enkindled when we read the note on page 38, that "The students set the type, cut the paper, did the press work, folded, gathered, stapled, covered, trimmed, wrapped and mailed the paper, without even a suggestion from outside the College." Very little fault can be found with the workmanship. They have done well!

Knox College Monthly leads off with a vigorous article on "The Plebiscite: How Shall I Vote?" by Rev. W. A. McKay. It is vigorous and enthusiastic, and we heartily say "Amen." The *Methodist Magazine* also has a very able article on the same subject, by Rev. J. S. Ross. Before the next number of the MONTHLY reaches our subscribers, the result of the Ontario Prohibition Campaign will be known. Every Baptist that is worth the name will not only record his own vote, but will use every available means to swell the majority in favor of prohibition. For the sake of the down-trodden victims of a vicious habit; for the sake of the men engaged in the unholy traffic, who have sold themselves to work iniquity; for the moral and economic prosperity of our fair Dominion, let every man vote as he prays, that the forces of evil may give way before the army of God. The *Albert College Times* for November opens with a ringing article on the Plebiscite; it gives no uncertain sound. Reader! this is the most important hour Ontario has ever seen!

THE WATER LILY.

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mire
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,
With nought of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near,
Saw only the vulgar stem;
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water-snake with its lidless eye,
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honey bee,
The sun and the sky and the air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold,
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to heaven and no man know,
Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,
How God hath seen the crown.

—*Selected.*

A right and perfect man would be felt to the centre of the Copernican system.—*Emerson.*

The Christmas number of the *Canadian Magazine* has come to hand. It is full of interest. The frontispiece is a well-executed photo-gravure picture of Lord Aberdeen. Inspector Hughes contributes a delightful article, "An Hour with Oliver Wendell Holmes," accompanied by an excellent portrait and fac simile copy of a poem. One is disposed to regard Mr. Hughes as a most favored individual, for in following his racy article he leads us into the very company of the great author. "A Christmas Tragedy" will fascinate the boys, young and old. Bliss Carman's "Ships of St. John," and T. H. Rand's "Willow at Grand Pré," carry us down to the sea and bring us within sound of the waves. "Salmon Fishing on the Fraser" and "Down the Yukon" will delight the lovers of the great West. A wordy war is going on between John S. Ewart, Q.C., and Rev. Dr. Bryce on the "Manitoba School Question." It is the best number of the *Magazine* that has yet appeared.

"From the Examiner's Point of View," an article in the *Trinity University Review*, draws aside the veil and shews what may be sometimes encountered in reading examination papers. We clip the following: "We get, occasionally, the most piteous appeals to the examiner to let them through, on the ground that they have been hard at work on so and so, and have had no time to prepare this subject, and the like, against which the examiner is compelled to harden his heart. It reminds one of the old story at Oxford, that a piece of paper was picked up off the floor of the schools with this despairing appeal from some unfortunate man to his neighbor, *e.g.*, 'I have a wife and four children, for God's sake what is the meaning of etiam?' Sometimes they will invent curious excuses, which, however, the official eye sees through rather; for instance, 'Time is too limited for me to construe any more, being a slow writer.' Slow, truly, for he had taken two hours and a half to write one short piece of translation. Here is a man who, not recognizing the portion of the Latin author before him, fancies that he is the innocent victim of a swindle and remarks: 'N.B.—I have been accustomed to Henderson's edition of Cæsar, which appears to me quite different from this.' Then, again, there is the man who, finding nothing on the paper which he can answer, invents a question for himself and answers it; this is occasionally the accidental result of carelessness, but often it is because he has got up some particular likely piece of information, and is bound to get it off somehow. Such was the gentleman who, having to pass a divinity examination—not in this University—had got by heart, with some trouble, a list of the kings of Israel and Judah; when he saw the paper, he felt that he had been defrauded, for that was the only question he could answer, and it was not asked. However, not to be beaten, he choose one which asked for a life of John the Baptist, and wrote: 'I trust there will be none found to cast a slur upon the character of this excellent man; here it may not be altogether out of place to put down the kings of Israel and Judah in their chronological order,' which he accordingly did."

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tarr, } *Editors.*

The University.

Merry Christmas, Fellows!

DARKNESS AND DAWN:

'Twas darkness,—
The freshmen 'rallied,'
The sophomores sneered,
The juniors jeered,
And the seniors sallied up the stairs to 'plug'
Till dawn!

In First Year English—"What is the figure of speech in this line, 'Enid shrank into herself?" Freshie—"Contraction."

Prof.—"What is it that you really see when you look into the mirror?" Smooth lipped Soph. (sadly)—"Nothing, Sir!"

"Small have continual *pluggers* ever won
Save base authority from others' books."

Shakespeare employed the word *plodders*, but that was only because he was unacquainted with the technicalities of a college vocabulary. It means the same, anyhow.

The ever-enterprising class of '95 has decided to hold its annual class-dinner on the evening of February 14th, 1894. Without doubt, the affair is to be truly *gorgeous*. Messrs. Schutt, Tarr, and Clarke constitute the Committee of Arrangements.

Mathematicus—"Philosophers assert that the whole question of weight has relation to the attraction of the earth,—yet no grocer when weighing out a pound of tea thinks of the earth at all." Cynicus—"But he wouldn't forget, supposing it were sugar!"

Professor (to English class)—"While I would bestow unstinted praise upon the 'finish' of your essays, that is, in the technical sense of the word, yet, as regards the '*finish*,' the conclusion, a fair inference would be that the authors had suddenly grown weary and died."

S. F.,—after spending an evening with Miss —— returned to the College at 2 a.m. Had he enjoyed himself? Well, you wouldn't ask if you had heard him next morning singing, "Glory! Glory, Hallelujah."

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN: (What we may expect before long). Miss Sophie More—"Professor, why is a donkey continually feeding, like a man with a solemn conviction?" Professor—"Er—really, Miss, I couldn't say." Miss S. M.—"Why, it's easy, Professor—a case of '*ass-ever-ate*,' you know."

OUR roll of visitors has of late amassed the names of many friends with remarkable rapidity. The following have come, made their presence felt, and departed: Mrs. Wm. McMaster, Mrs. Rand, Miss Fitch, Dr. Justin D. Fulton, Revs. Elmore Harris, B.A., E. Bosworth, O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., James Grant, David Hutchinson, and J. D. Freeman.

THE Library has had added to it recently several hundred valuable volumes. These have been selected with reference particularly to the needs of the various courses laid down in the curriculum. The equipment of the English Literature section is still meagre, and many are the grumblings of the aspiring specialists in that department.

WHEN a mathematical genius forsakes the paths of Minerva, and looks for inspiration to the Muse, Erato, the poetry evolved usually makes only an asymptotic approach toward any perceptible meaning. A poem of this kind written (or rather *formulated*) recently, reads somewhat as follows:

"Tho' indifference we may simulate
And ecstasy eliminate,
When hearts to hearts in love equate,
Still, joys in us do stimulate
More than we can estimate."

WE were a little surprised to hear that on Sept. 7th there took place the wedding of a former student of McMaster, Rev. G. H. Brock, to Miss Beatrice Slade, of Nellore, India. At 4.30 p.m., the chapel at Nellore, beautifully decorated, was crowded. A procession met the bridegroom and the officiating minister, Dr. McLaurin, who was assisted by the Rev. A. Subbiah. The ceremony was most impressive throughout. After it was over the company departed to the adjacent bungalow, where the wedding breakfast was served. The couple left in the evening for Kanijui.

THE Reading Room, which ought to be the brightest spot in the University, commences to assume a much more promising aspect of respectability and comfort than hitherto. There is now a neat butternut stand for the centre room, and matting has been placed on the floor, to soften the footfalls of the numerous McMasterites who congregate there. The walls are hung with divers ornamentations, which do considerable to break the monotony of wallpaper figures. Some of the best newspapers and periodicals procurable, have been added to the list of subscriptions. For these new blessings we owe much to the enterprise of the present committee. It is composed this year of Messrs. J. B. Paterson, J. J. Reeve, J. C. Sycamore, R. Routledge and J. R. Cresswell.

APROPOS of our gown-debate, what says Spenser on the subject? Faerie Queene, Book 8, Canto 4, Stanza 27.

> Recoure the gowne! Relive the auncient gowne,
> Now vanisht all, alas! with evill speed.
> Recoure the gowne! jollie bespredd attone,
> Certes, we shall have blis, reprief outweed.
> Recoure the gowne! Darrayne the ioyous deed,
> As undismayed its coming we awate;
> All blist with belaccoyle shall be your meed;
> So by this change our being we dilate.
> Recoure the gowne! to weete, the only happie state.

ANOTHER College Society has been added to the ever-growing list. Some time ago the Mathematical Specialists organized, under a full-fledged constitution and the following officers: Honorary President, *(ex-officio)* Prof. A. C. McKay, B.A.; President, S. R. Tarr '95; Vice-President, J. W. Russell, '95; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Findlay, '96. The following creditable and instructive programme was presented at the first monthly meeting: An account of Euclid and his contemporaries, B. Wallace, '96; A paper on Euclid's twelfth axiom, Miss Newman, '97; The nine-point circle, J. W. Russell. '95. The several items were followed by interesting discussions, in which nearly all present took part.

HURRAH for classics! Ho! Ye Grecian youths! Come, ye worshippers of the Roman Muse! Such was the call to arms which assembled the enthusiastic band of classical specialists, who recently met and formed the latest and one of the most energetic societies of the University. No more are they unacquainted or disunited, but now as one body they move forward to foster an earnest zeal for the study of Greek and Roman art, life and literature. The following leaders officer the Society: Honorary-President, Prof. P. S. Campbell, B.A.; President, H. A. Porter, '94; Vice-President, Frederick Eby, '95; Secretary-treasurer, H. H. Newman, '96. Your officers are good. your field is broad, your purpose noble—we hopefully await your future career. Once more, Hurrah for classics!

ONE of the members of the famous class of '96, Mr. A. N. Marshall, met with an accident lately, while working in the chemical laboratory. In arranging for an experiment, too much of a certain acid was employed. the result being an immediate explosion. A quantity of the burning compound was scattered over the back of his right hand. Professor Willmott did much by his thoughtfulness to make the effect less serious, and now, the wounded hand is wielded once again. What a trial to the sophomores' president to be denied the pleasure of writing essays and working mathematical problems. Despite his mishap he has maintained throughout a calm equilibrium. The terrible fumes and explosions proceeding from the laboratory suggest to one's imagination what the boy Shelley sought after, as he made with his burning fagot "a little hell of his own."

"YELLER AND GREEN."

A story I'm about to tell ;
The hero into error fell—
Studied not wisely, but too well.
And thus knew nought about "the yell."

In my study I was sitting,
Gazing with an absent stare
At the massive tome before me,
With a heavy heart of care,
Sitting there, I heard, alack !
"Boom on Mac!"

Starting up in sudden horror,
(For 'twas then the midnight hour)
Distraught and musing in the silence
With ruffled mien and visage sour,
I lock the door and turn—afar :—
"Boom on Star!"

Then rushed I to the inner chamber,
With fearful fancies, trembling, scared,
Wond'ring what this might betoken,
Hoping that I should be spared—
All unprepared came thro' the gloom :
"Boom Fitz Boom!"

Another instant I was covered,
Covered by the blankets thick,
Dreading, gasping, splutt'ring, quaking,
Feeling very, very sick—
Sharp and quick that voice afar :
"On Mac Mastar !"

No more I heard until the morning,
Tho' all the night awake I lay,
And then, my loss of slumber mourning,
Arose, and did my tale essay
Unto the boys, who smile and say :—
"We made the noise, you're wiser, eh ?"

The Fyfe Missionary Society, Prof. Farmer presiding, held its annual public meeting in the University Chapel, on Thursday, Dec. 7th, at 8 p.m. After the hymn, "Jesus, wondrous Saviour," had been sung, Dr. Welton read from the Scriptures and offered the invocation. The quartette, Messrs. Whidden, Wallace, McAlpine, and Therrien, then rendered a selection. The indefatigable Secretary, E. J. Stobo, Jr., followed with his Annual Report, the eleventh since the organization of the society. Our readers, far and wide, must have the benefit of this report; it will appear in the Monthly for January. Dr. Hooper moved its adoption, seconded by Rev. S. A. Dyke; carried unanimously. Following the second hymn came the address of T. Dixon Craig, Esq., which was a masterpiece of genial common-sense. After the collection, the meeting sang heartily, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and dispersed. Next morning the society held its monthly

session. Prof. Clark on work in Dakota, and Supt. Mellick, of the North-West, were the chief speakers. The undergraduates' contribution to the cause of North-West missions was presented and gratefully received.

THE L. and T. S.—Never have the Literary Society's programmes been of more sustained interest than during the present term. The enthusiasm engendered in those members who were at the World's Fair, had to be worked off in some way. Hence the nature of the programmes presented at two of the meetings. On one evening the society resolved into a veritable 'Parliament of Religions.' Every one was interested and given a wider knowledge of the varied beliefs of his brother men. At a subsequent meeting, the programme consisted of a series of interesting descriptions of the 'big show,' illustrated by Prof. McKay's stereopticon. On Friday, the 1st inst., an evening was spent with Shakespeare, and here again the lantern was brought into service. An excellent series of Shakespearian scenes, (kindly loaned by Mr. Whittemore,) was shown, explanation being given throughout in carefully-prepared synopses of the different plays. Several excellent dramatic recitations were also given, the climax of interest being reached in the realistic costume-rendering of the Grave-diggers' scene from Hamlet.

THE annual open meeting of the Ladies' Modern Language Club was held in the University Chapel on Saturday the 9th inst., at 3 p.m. The following programme was presented :

Address . . .	Some Essentials of Poetry . .	Chancellor Rand.
"Fidelis" . . .	Essay and Reading	Miss McDermid.
William Wilfred Campbell		" Newman.
Instrumental Solo		" Welton.
Fréchette . . .	Essay and Reading	" Valiquet.
Lampman . . .	Essay and Reading	" Burnett.
Instrumental Solo		" Woolverton.
Isabella Valancey Crawford		" Dryden.
Bliss Carman		" McLaurin.
Roberts	Essay and Reading	" McKay.

"The Maple Leaf."

A programme of this nature, explaining and exemplifying a most important phase in the development of our national intellectual life, could not be otherwise than interesting to any Canadian audience. The Chancellor's address was on a subject 'after his own heart,' and proved most instructive. The essays showed deep and sympathetic appreciation of the beauties, in thought and form, of our national verse ; while the poems read were so selected as to give admirably, an idea of the characteristics of the different poets. The musical numbers contributed greatly to the pleasing variety of the programme. Certainly congratulation and thanks, from all who were present, are due to the ladies of the Modern Language Club.

CLASS '97 is not backward in helping to form some of the traditions of McMaster University. At the call of the president, the class assembled one afternoon and unanimously decided to hold an

"Annual Rally." Following on this decision, a committee was appointed to arrange for the Rally of 1893-'94. Professor and Mrs. Newman extended a very kind invitation to the class, to meet at their home. All showed their appreciation of this kindness by voting that the invitation be accepted. On Nov. 17th, accordingly, '97 put on its best garments and smiles, and shortly after 8, p.m., gathered together with a number of invited guests. All were warmly greeted by the host and hostess, and after a short time spent in social chat, the following programme was rendered :—

PART I.

Instrumental	Pianoforte	Miss Woolverton.
Class Address		Mr. P. C. MacGregor.
Instrumental	Messrs. A. M. Overholt, and W. J. Pady.	

PART II.

Instrumental	Pianoforte Solo	Miss Welton.
Reading	Selected	Miss Whiteside.
Vocal Solo		Mr. J. W. Hoyt.

FOLLOWING refreshments, an hour was spent in games, etc. After votes of thanks had been tendered Prof. and Mrs. Newman, and the friends who assisted on the programme, the guests all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." The common topic for conversation during the next few days was "*The Rally*"

Nov. 11th was the occasion of our annual football match with Woodstock College. The game was played on the grounds to the south-west of the University. During the first half McMaster scored 3 goals, and in the second half, 2 more. The Woodstock forwards were not at first very dangerous, but played a better game in the second half, when they scored 2 goals. If Woodstock had played the brisk game during the first half that they did near the close of the contest, they might have been credited with more goals. For Woodstock, Huggart and Therrien are worthy of praise, while Robertson, Torrey, and McCrimmon played a strong, heavy game throughout. Our fellows played a better combination game than did the Woodstock boys. This won the game for them. At the close, the score stood 5 to 2 in favor of McMaster. Mr. Roberts, of Knox College, refereed to the entire satisfaction of both teams.

The following are the teams :

McMASTER.		WOODSTOCK.
McNeill.	Goal.	Morrison.
Therrien.	Backs.	McCrimmon.
MacKechnie.		Finkle.
Schutt.	Half Backs.	McDonald.
Stillwell.		Pengelly.
Imrie.		Torrey.
Hoyt.	Centre.	Robertson.
Brown.	Right Wing.	Thomas.
Kilborn.		Welch.
Baker.	Left Wing.	Therrien.
Daniel.		Huggart.

Moulton College.

The skating rink is already in process of preparation for the season's use, and we hope, with the assistance of Jack Frost, to have it completed before long. Exercise on skates will be a pleasant change from the routine of walking in Rosedale.

Overheard in the corridor, the day after Frank Stockton's famous story had been read in the Heliconian:

"We have a name for our room at last. We're going to call it 'The King's Arms.'"

"Why?"

"Because you never know which is coming out—the Lady or the Tiger."

Seventeen new and valuable books have been added to our Missionary Library this fall. Among them are D. J Deam's Life of Robert Moffatt. "In Southern India," by Mrs. Murray Mitchell; "A Girl's Winter in India," by Mary Thorne Carpenter; "Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer," and "David Livingstone," "His Labors and His Legacy," by Arthur Montefiore; "By Canoe and Dog Train," by E. R. Young.

On the afternoon of November 13th, the teachers and pupils of Moulton College had the pleasure of attending a lecture kindly given us by Prof. McKay. We are proud to claim Prof. McKay as one of our old teachers, and are also glad that he keeps up his interest in us. Though the subject of the lecture was "Light," it proved an instructive one; the experiments were interesting to us all, and the lecture was frequently illuminated by flashes of the genial professor's ready wit. We all hope that the future has in store for us another lecture by Prof. McKay.

Not long since we were all delighted to see on the bulletin board a notice of Prof. Trotter's expected presence at the evening prayer-meeting. We have had Prof. Trotter with us before, and his helpful words are long remembered, therefore we were all disappointed and concerned, later on, to learn of his enforced absence on account of sickness. We hope his recovery will be speedy and complete, and his postponed visit paid in the near future. Miss Bishop took his place, giving us a few practical words on "Gifts, what shall we give, and to whom?" The subject was felt to be very appropriate to the season. In connection with this meeting the students decided to take up the annual collection for Grande Ligne.

Moulton is a College which always keeps up with the times. No one ever finds us behind in the march of progress. New departures are always welcome here, and we never do things by halves. A little while ago we had "la grippe," and we did that thoroughly too. Every

victim was sick enough for an invalid's diet. What would be the use of being sick at all otherwise? Surely everybody knows that hot lemonade, toast and jelly are indispensable adjuncts to "la grippe." The sick-room is a very nice room, with a cheerful prospect; and books are shut out very carefully. If it were not for doctors, black doses, and mustard poultices, some of us would have been resigned to an indefinite stay, but even "la grippe" has its drawbacks, and these have cured most of us by this time.

THE OPEN MEETING OF THE HELICONIAN took place on the evening of December 1st. Our worthy President, Miss Edith Johnson, occupied the chair.

PROGRAMME.

Invocation, ... Chancellor Rand.
Piano Solo, ... Mazurka. . . . . *Godart.*
Miss Fisher.
Recitation, ... Money Musk. . . . *Bayard Taylor.*
Miss Scarfe.
Vocal Duet, . . . The Land of the Swallows. . . . . *Masini.*
Misses Millichamp and Holmes.
Paper, ... Distinctive Education for Women.
Miss McLaurin.
Piano Solo, ... La Morena. . . . . *Chaminade.*
Miss Helmer.
Paper, ... University Education for Women.
Miss Botterill.
Recitation, ... Spinning-Wheel Song.
Miss Edith Taylor.
Vocal Solo, ... "Come Unto Me." . . . From the *Messiah.*
Miss Millichamp.
Recitation, . . Monologue, from . . Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."
Miss Holmes.
The Heliconian Paper, ... Editors: Misses McLaurin & Webb.
Read by Miss Scarfe.
Chorus, ... *Ave Maria.*
"God Save the Queen."

THE Heliconian was well pleased with its representatives, and was noticed to contribute largely to the applause, no doubt appreciating highly the kindness of the members in so cheerfully doing their share to make the evening a pleasant one. It may be interesting to note here that the Society has lately allied itself with the Local Council of Women, thinking that a close connection with outside interests may broaden the Heliconians in a desirable manner.

ON Friday evening, the 17th of November, the Mission Circle had a most enjoyable meeting. We were addressed by Miss Buchan, Secretary of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario. Miss Buchan has been most intimately conected with the Society, and is thoroughly acquainted with its history and workings. She gave us a most interesting and instructive account of the work undertaken by the women of Ontario. After dwelling for some time on the connection between the Circles and the Society, and its relation to the General Society, she gave us a general idea of the workings of the various schools

on the Foreign Field, especially those for girls, and then closed with an appeal for especial effort this year, to meet especial needs. We feel that we are much better acquainted with the work than we were before Miss Buchan addressed us, and we feel sure that increased interest and increased contributions will be the results of her talk. The rest of the time was taken up with our Delegates' Reports of the Hamilton meetings. These were much enjoyed, and altogether the meeting was one of more than ordinary interest.

Woodstock College.

The hilarity of our students in the upper flat was excited to its bounds the other evening. "Our Pat.," after puzzling his brains for some time to solve a problem in Algebra, was heard to vociferate :— "Kin inyone tell me whar I kin git a crib fer Algebra?"

We have an organized singing class in operation this term, under the supervision of Prof. Brown, late of England. The class meets on Saturday morning, and the monotonous strains of the introductory exercises of vocal music stir the hearts of the boys that are non-lovers of music, till they heartily wish it would take a bad cold and require a holiday.

Manual Training continues to afford much pleasure to a large number of our students. The boys in the senior class in forging have made four dozen turning tools, for use in wood work in the first and second years. They are now completing the sets of lathe tools that each will require in the iron machine work that they are about to begin.

We have been favored with a call from Dr. DeBlois, the enterprising principal of St. Martin's Academy, N.S. Although youthful in appearance, he impressed us, in the few words he addressed to us, as a man of sterling qualities and an ornament to his profession, as both a Christian man and teacher. May the good people down by the sea long continue to send forth such examples of their production.

The trip to Toronto to play the annual match between McMaster and Woodstock was much enjoyed by all who were in attendance from Woodstock. Although the victory rested with McMaster, the boys came home delighted at the hospitable treatment they had received from their entertainers. The trip was one that will be held in kind remembrance by the boys. Look out! McMaster, we shall certainly make a bold attempt next year to bring back the laurels to Woodstock.

Events in football have been interesting for the College club this year, but all the glory of victory has been earned by the junior team. We are happy to announce that the boys have ably conducted themselves. They engaged with the junior team of the Collegiate and scored 5–0. We hope that from this team there may develop a sturdy senior team, to uphold the honor of the school in years to come. The seniors visited Ingersoll last month and were badly worsted, but in the return game, a week later, the College boys evened matters up to a great extent.

THERE has been an earnest looking forward all this month for the arrival of the MONTHLY. The reading room received the exchanges some time ago. "What's the matter with the McMASTER MONTHLY?" has greeted the ears of your correspondents till they have almost been afraid to renew the promises: "It will soon be here, only a few more days." We are glad to see the evident interest taken in it by every boy in the school. All seem to realize that it is *our* monthly, and its appearance is always anticipated with a great degree of pleasure.

THE students for some weeks back have been on the *qui vive* and many anxious glances are cast; the questions are asked with abated breath:—"Will it live?" "Is it thriving?" "Has it passed the critical point?" Oh, yes, it has. It will certainly live, and, judging from the sounds coming through the building, we believe it has come to stay. The College orchestra has been re-organized and it bids fair to develop into a strong healthy infant. In fact, it has been whispered (in confidence, of course) that its prospects are superior to those of similar enterprises of previous years.

THE members of the Judson Missionary Society were treated to a rare lecture on mission work by the Rev. W. Tapscott, at the regular meeting of the society last month. He urged the students to let their lives flow out freely to others, and, as an argument, proved that our lives would be like the flowing fountain, increasing in volume and strength as it neared the sea. He also dwelt on the reflex action of mission work, how we were benefited individually and collectively, and in no other respect more than financially. We are sorry to lose Mr. Tapscott from Woodstock; may his labors be even more blessed on his new field at Niagara.

THANKSGIVING day was one full of delights to us. In the morning, thanksgiving exercises were held in place of the regular chapel service, into which the students entered with much earnestness. Rev. Mr. Spencer, of St. Thomas, in response to an invitation from the Judson Missionary Society, delivered an instructive lecture to the students and the congregation of the First Baptist Church. He outlined his subject, "Duty and Privilege in relation to the world about us," in a very clear manner. He showed the necessity of a clear Christian testimony on the part of God's children, and gave examples of its power over those with whom we come into contact.

ON Thanksgiving evening, through the admirable forethought of our worthy Principal and wife, the students were invited to meet them in the College reception rooms. They were agreeably surprised to find that an equal number of ladies had also been invited for the occasion. The host and hostess soon had all engaged in various amusements, and the two hours passed away only too quickly. The guests were then ushered into the spacious dining-hall, where good viands were well discussed for half-an-hour. A short programme was then rendered in the chapel-hall, to the appreciation of all. The boys settled down to work again next morning, feeling that their very prosaic system of life had been turned into pleasant channels indeed.

Grande Ligne.

A visitor looking west from our verandah would probably ask, "Why don't you have that ugly pile of stones removed from beside the lawn?" We answer: "Those stones please us very much just where they are. They mean that a Principal's residence is to be built there next spring."

The order one Saturday morning for every one to turn out to help remove the shutters and replace them with the storm windows reminded us of the approach of winter. The boys are also preparing their skates and trying them on the small patches of ice that appear here and there in the fields. What fine skating we ought to have this winter on our beautiful new rink!

We have lately been favored with visits from Rev. D. Hutchinson, of Brantford, Rev. Prof. Higgins, of Acadia University, and Dr. Parker, of Halifax. All gave us some refreshing words of counsel and encouragement. Still our friends continue to find us, even though we are considered to live in an out-of-the-way corner of the world.

November 27th, at 11.45 a.m., classes quietly proceeding as usual. A low rumbling sound is heard. Louder! The building shakes, evidently from cellar to garret. Faces turn pale. Students and teachers start to their feet. Some rush out of doors, others to the furnace. What is it? An *earthquake!* But it is gone. Of course no one was frightened. Not at all, only a little nervous.

Not long since a large heavy iron-bound box was set down at the front door. It bore the address of an Express Company in Paris, France. What did it contain? Books, French books, two hundred dollars' worth of beautifully bound volumes, specially chosen for our library by Rev. M. Lafleur, from the proceeds of the insurance on our old library that was destroyed by the fire in 1891. We have been pleased also to receive small contributions of books through Mr. S. Usher, one of our last year's students, and from Rev. W. W. Weeks, now of Moncton, N. B.

Murder.—A terrible slaughter took place at Grande Ligne on Wednesday, and to crown the horrors, four pretty ladies with dainty white hands and tapering fingers, plucked and dressed the thirteen innocent victims. Alas! for poor humanity, a hundred and twenty-six persons enjoyed eating them. (Not the ladies, but the geese.) Yes, Feller Institute can boast of being able to give a Thanksgiving dinner. If we judge from some of the flying remarks, such as, "Well, boys, all those that have any strength left, please gather in class-room No. 4." "I guess I'll be light this afternoon with my white wing" "Say, boys, we had two meals in one." "And they cried out, 'quack, quack,'" we can see that all seemed to appreciate it. Wish-bones are to be seen on several doors, and the "oil" is preciously kept to anoint the manly chests and swan-like necks of our strong and fair sexes.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

(EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR)

M. S. CLARK, MANAGING EDITOR

VOL. III. | JANUARY, 1894 | No. 4.

William K. Anderson ..... J. Dempsey 145
Winter (Poem) ..... D. M. Welton 153
At a German University ..... W. S. W. McLay .. 153
The First Grave ..... D. M. Welton 158
"In the Isle that is called Patmos" ... Mrs. Ida Baker ... 159
To T. T. (Poem) ..... R. 159

STUDENTS' QUARTER

The Frost-King (Poem) ..... H. T. 160
Report of Fyfe Missionary Society ... E. J. Stobo, jr 160
Exiles from Paradise (Poem) ..... A. B. 164
ὃι' ἀυτῆς ἀπολλυὼν ἔτι λαλεῖ (Poem) ..... B. W. N. Grigg 165
The Man who Wasn't There ..... Walter Daniel ... 165
Alma Mater (Poem) ..... O. G. Langford ... 167
Big Bill's Atonement ..... Edward Phillips .. 168
Lights and Shadows of Student Life .. E. Dryden 171
Scene in a Street Car ..... O. N. E. 173
Editorial Notes 175
Here and There 177
College News 183

Publishing Committee

M. S. Clark | D. K. Clark | Miss M. S. Daniels
J. H. Farmer | O. E. Kendall | Miss E. M. Botterill
A. R. Park

H. E. Stillwell, B. W. N. Grigg, Miss M. E. Dryden — *Committee on Students' Quarter*

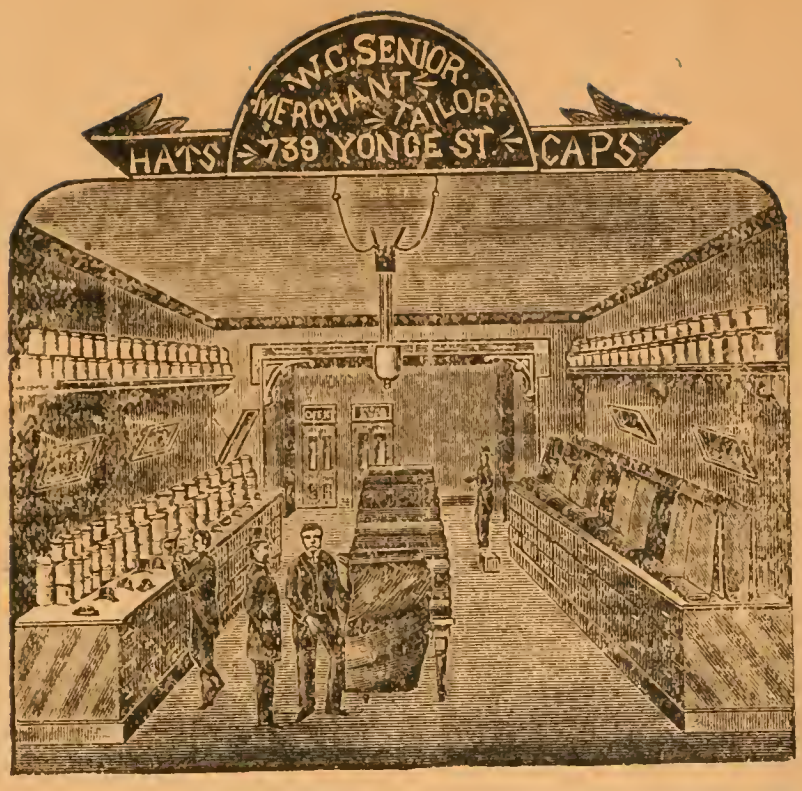
O. G. Langford, *Here and There*
G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tarr — *Subscription and College News*

J. B. Paterson, *Advertising Dept.*
C. J. Cameron, *Business Manager*

TORONTO
Dudley & Burns, Printers
1894

Annual subscription ONE DOLLAR

Single Numbers TWENTY CENTS



To Students.

I shall be much pleased to take your order for

An OVERCOAT

A FINE BLACK SUIT

A TWEED SUIT

A PAIR OF PANTS

Or any other thing in our line, and will guarantee to please you

In FIT, FINISH and FIGURE.

I also keep a nice assorted stock of Hats New, Nobby and Cheap.

W. C. SENIOR,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts.

1446 1

Yours Truly,

W. P. K. Anderson

145

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1894.

WILLIAM K. ANDERSON.

A century furnishes room for many and great changes. 1894 will be the centennial of the first Baptist church planted in Canada, west of the Maritime Provinces. It was located in the Townships east of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, in that part of the Dominion then as now dominated by Roman Catholicism. The difference in the religious condition of the country between that period and the present calls forth the exclamation, What hath God wrought!

Though not among the earliest pioneers of the denomination in Canada, the man whose likeness adorns this page, the Rev. W. K. Anderson, of Vankleek Hill, has been a prominent and important factor in the progress and successes of the Baptists in Ontario for the last forty-five years. He is one of the many who have endured hardships as good soldiers of Christ, not counting any privation and toil they could sustain too great, if they might gather souls to Jesus and secure the "well done" of the Master. The piety, consecration, devotion to the ministry with which they were entrusted, and the result of their labors, might not be unworthy the consideration of, might even be a profitable study for young men preparing to preach the Gospel.

While by adoption, training, and habits of life, Mr. Anderson is a Canadian, he is by birth a Scotchman, and neither the frost

of Canadian winters nor the heat of Canadian summers has been able to freeze, or melt out of his nature the characteristics of his countrymen. But he had not much experience of Scottish life, for when he was five years of age, his parents left the land of heather and hill to seek in the wilds of Canada wider scope for their energies, and to secure better prospects for the future of their growing family. They settled in the Township of Lanark. What determined their choice of a location might now be difficult to ascertain, for the rocks of that place offered but a scant remuneration to the labors of the agriculturist. There is more rock than arable soil, more surface useless than what can be utilized by the farmer. There W. K. Anderson grew up to manhood. The immigrants of that early period were generally guiltless of riches. The domestic comforts and social conveniences of the present were impossible. To furnish the means of living taxed their utmost efforts, and as soon as able, necessity compelled every member of the family to contribute his quota to the support of the household. Our brother was early initiated into the privations, toils, and trials of pioneer life. Age lives in the past; youth can hardly be said to have a past, and lives in anticipation of the future. No doubt young Anderson had his dreams of what he would like to be and do when manhood was reached, but did not think that an unseen hand was shaping his course toward an employment that had not entered into his plans for himself. The toils and privations of pioneer life formed no unimportant part of his training for the hardships of the Gospel ministry, to which God, who chooses his messengers of grace from what conditions of social life he pleases, would call him in his own time and way. The unlettered fishermen of Galilee, without influence, without wealth, without any of the accessories which are supposed to give power over their fellows, would not have been the choice of men for the first disciples of Jesus, to whose hands would be committed the interests of his infant kingdom when He ascended to the Father; but they were the choice of Christ. From the ranks of the lowly He has selected many of the grandest instruments of His saving work, men whose lives and labors have been a benediction to the church and the world.

It was in the summer of 1840, when he was about nineteen

years of age, that God called Mr. Anderson out of the darkness and death of sin, into the light and life of his salvation in Christ. The instrument the Holy Spirit used in his conversion was the Rev. R. Dick, who then lived and preached the Gospel in Lanark. The conduct of his subsequent life never laid open to question the reality of that great change, which turned all the purposes and currents of his future into a new channel. His life and labors have aimed, and not in vain, to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. A large number led to Christ through his instrumentality will praise God to eternity for that consecrated, useful life.

It must have been shortly after his conversion God began to reveal to Mr. Anderson that he intended him to be a preacher of the Word, and in pursuance of this purpose, he had made him a subject of the kingdom, to the extension of which the labor of his life was to be devoted. At that time it was no light thing to become a Baptist, and there were no inducements of honor, popularity and emolument to attract a young man to the Baptist ministry. What is said of the conies is fairly descriptive of the Baptists of that early period. They were indeed a feeble folk. They were few in number, poor, and with very imperfect organization for aggressive work. The churches were few, small and widely scattered, with very little concert among them. So far were Baptists from being popular, or their aid welcomed in Christian effort, that they were considered a disturbing element in the communities in which for the first time they made their appearance. They were deemed formidable, not from their number, but from the truth they held and preached, and the character that truth had formed in themselves, and would form in all into whose heart it would be received. Their diminutive number, their distinguishing peculiarities of doctrine and practice, their insistence on a new nature as the only legitimate title to Gospel ordinances and church fellowship, their repudiation and condemnation of that popular doctrine of the time, Church and State connection, made them an object of hatred and dread to the more numerous and popular denominations. They shared the lot of their progenitors, the people and churches of the same faith and order in apostolic times, "the sect everywhere spoken against," for which many thought and

said there was neither room nor use in the world. The remuneration, the generality of the churches could give to pastors furnished a living inferior to that which could be earned by an ordinary mechanic, or even day laborer. The prospect before the young minister was a life of incessant toil, poverty, and often a strong spice of reproach. All this Mr. Anderson knew, but his soul had heard the voice of God bidding him away from all other occupations to this arduous but glorious work, and he could not, and would not refuse obedience to the call from Heaven.

In 1845 he entered the Canada Baptist College in Montreal as a student for the ministry, highly recommended by the church of which he was a member. Up to that time his education was what the common schools of the day conferred, and the schools like the settlements of the country were in their infancy, and a sickly infancy at that. They were notable, not for what they taught, but for what they did not teach. The curriculum, if such a dignified word is permissable, was sufficiently brief. In most instances it included no more than reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. The term cram, as applicable to education in Canada, was not yet invented. There was no use for it, because the thing it represents had no existence. But the high and holy purpose the Spirit of God had formed in the heart of Mr. Anderson was not to be frustrated by lack of early scholastic opportunities. Deeply sensible of the gravity, solemnity, far reaching consequences, and responsibility of the work before him, he applied himself with all assiduity to the studies which would confer a better preparation for it. Scotch pluck and perseverance came to his aid; for perseverance in what is seriously undertaken is as plainly written on Scotch national character, as is the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints on the pages of the New Testament. Mr. Anderson was a diligent, progressive student. Four years were devoted to preparation for his life work, in the last of which his studies were interrupted by sickness. A severe cold induced inflammation and hemorrhage of the lungs. For a time it seemed as if all his preparation for the ministry had been useless, and his work must end before it had well begun. But it was not to be so, for God had ordered it otherwise. Toward the close of 1849 his health

began to improve, and the clouds which for some months had hung threateningly over him, slowly drifted away.

In 1850 he was called to the pastorate of the church in Breadalbane as successor to the late Rev. W. Fraser. When it is considered that Mr. Anderson was still in feeble health, that he was just entering upon his ministry, an inexperienced young man, that the church and congregation were composed of Highlanders, accustomed to the ministrations of the sanctuary in a language they loved above all others, but of which he knew nothing, that his predecessor, as well as being a countryman of his hearers, was a more than ordinary man in tact, talent, and prudence, and was regarded as one of the most prominent and popular ministers of the denomination, it will be conceded that he had entered upon no light or trifling undertaking. But Mr. Anderson went among the people for the sole purpose of doing God's work and doing them good. At first the state of his lungs and resultant weakness made it perilous to attempt more than one sermon on the Sabbath.. But improved health soon gave ability for more, and he always worked up to the full measure of his strength. His pastoral labors and pulpit ministrations in Breadalbane were a grand success. His sympathetic nature, his genial disposition, without the lightness and frivolity which too often mar the character and impede the usefulness of ministers, his unflagging interest in the present and eternal welfare of the people of whom God had given him the oversight, too plainly written on his intercourse with them to remain unobserved, won for him a large place in their affections, and secured the respect of all who had the honor of his acquaintance. In the pulpit and out of it, Sabbath day and week day, he never forgot he was the messenger of Jesus. Under his ministry, the church grew in numbers, strength, and usefulness. He had the satisfaction of seeing many turned to the Lord by his means, some of whom had long resisted the truth. In 1852 he married Miss Esther Wales, of Ohio, who has since that time shared his anxieties, trials, and joys, and has been an efficient helper in his work. While pastor in Breadalbane, Mr. Anderson did not confine his labors to the church; they stretched far beyond its bounds. The period of ministerial holidays had not then arrived, and the recreation of the ministers of that time con-

sisted in some weeks every year preaching the Gospel evening after evening in pastorless churches and destitute parts of the country. Our brother frequently visited Kenyon, Roxboro', Osnabruck, and other places in this way.

Mr. Anderson loved the people of Breadalbane, and was loved by them. His ministry among them was agreeable and pleasant to himself as well as useful to the people. But after five years of successful labor, he considered it his duty to accept a unanimous call to the churches of Kemptville and South Gower. The same qualities of heart and mind, the same devotion to ministerial work which endeared him to the people he had left, made him popular in his new charge, and he soon secured their most sincere esteem and affection. In some important aspects the new field was different from that he had just quitted. In Breadalbane, most of the people were Baptists and descendants of Baptists; not so however in Kemptville and South Gower. The Baptists were late in their occupancy of the ground, and had to work their way to recognition against the adverse influence and strong opposition of long established denominations who seemed to think they had pre-empted that part of the country, and had a right to hold it against all comers as a preserve of their own. But there is a resistless life in the seed from which Baptists spring, and when they once make good a footing in a place they are not easily rooted out. If driven away, the agents of their expulsion must come from themselves, for no outside power can dislodge them. Mr. Anderson's ministry was not less successful in these two places than in his first charge. Under it the churches gained in spiritual power, and despite all difficulties and discouragements increased in numbers. Eleven years of the best and most vigorous part of our brother's life were given to these churches. He found them weak, but when he left, his fostering ministry had nursed them into strength hitherto unexperienced.

It is not often that a second pastorate over the same church is desirable, and comfortable to the minister, or of long continuance; hence such pastorates are not of frequent occurrence. To this general rule Mr. Anderson was an exception. In 1866 his first charge in Breadalbane gave him an urgent invitation to return to them again. This second call was sufficient evidence of

the good will and affection of the people for him, when the pastoral relation was dissolved eleven years previously. During his absence the church had several pastors, good men and true, but the hearts of the people turned with fond desire to the man whose labors in time past had proved a lasting blessing to so many of them. After prayerful consideration he concluded that God willed him to comply with their request, and he returned to them again. The blessing and prosperity which attended his former pastorate, and his labors in Kemptville, followed his ministry still. Under his care the members of the church were edified and built up in the truth, and walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comforts of the Holy Spirit, their numbers, as well as their usefulness were increased. Under Mr. Anderson's ministry in Breadalbane, there were several revivals of great power, in which many, both old and young, were turned to the Lord. His second pastorate continued about twelve years. Altogether he served the Breadalbane church seventeen years, no mean record in these times of restlessness and change.

Mr. Anderson's last pastorate was in Lindsay, and began in 1878. When he went on the field the churches in Lindsay and Opps were united in the support and services of the same pastor. The hard work of past years had begun to tell on a not too strong constitution, and the strain of serving two churches with the involved travelling and visiting was more than his declining strength could bear. As soon as arrangements to that effect could be made, without detriment to any part of the field, his labors were chiefly confined to Lindsay. The church in that town had previously passed through great trials. Events which it is not pleasant for memory to recall, not only retarded its prosperity but threatened its existence. The ministry of Mr. Anderson lifted it out of its depressed condition, and has proved to it a lasting benediction. It gave new courage to the members, established them in the faith, gave vigor and growth to their spiritual life, and increased their numbers by the conversion of sinners. From 1878 to 1892 he continued to serve the Lord and His people in Lindsay. But strength was gradually declining, and in the last two or three years, his work was done with much pain. The spirit was willing, earnest, fervent as ever, but the clay organism through which it operated was giving out. In 1892,

after forty-two years of faithful service in three churches, physical infirmity compelled our brother's retirement from the pastorate, and he has taken his residence at Vankleek Hill, not far from the scene of his first ministerial labors.

During the many years of Mr. Anderson's ministry, he preached the simple gospel as he found it recorded in the Divine word. He never turned from it to the doubtful theories and wild vagaries with which too many pervert the sacred office in their attempts to catch the popular ear. He considered the pulpit too solemn and responsible for the speculations that may amuse but cannot save, and his object was not to amuse, or court popularity, but to save his hearers. He knew what this Gospel was to himself, was a witness of its transforming efficacy in others, and he believed it the only power that could lift the lost out of sin and ruin and restore them to God and righteousness. He was aware that in this precious gospel there were depths he could not fathom and heights he could not scale, mysteries of Godhead that the limits which bound the range of human intellect forbid it to explore. But his was not the business of the philosopher to find a reason for all God has said of himself and his purposes. He was a messenger of Jesus, sent to proclaim the glad tidings God by his word and Spirit had put in his heart, and on his tongue. To lift up the crucified and risen Christ before men as their only hope of salvation was his recognized mission, and to this he gave himself with all his natural and acquired ability. Hence the success of a ministry, which, however meagre it may seem to himself in his enforced retirement, is much in the eyes of God and in the estimation of the people acquainted with the man and his work.

In addition to his efficiency as preacher and pastor, Mr. Anderson took an earnest and active interest in all the work of the Baptist denomination. To missions, Home and Foreign, his helping hand was ever ready. He has lived seventy-three years, forty-two of which have been given to constant work in the Gospel ministry, respected, loved, trusted by his ministerial brethren, and in all the churches where he is known. As the life and strength of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have been expended in the work of the Lord, so may their old age be filled with the peace of God that passeth all understanding. May the joy of his salvation and the unclipsed hope of coming glory be their uninterrupted consolation in their declining years.

J. Dempsey.

WINTER.

When winter comes earth seeks repose,
And lest she feel the chilling storm,
God covers her with virgin snows,
And tucks them in to keep her warm.

That nothing may her rest disturb,
And hushed be cataract and rill,
God puts within their mouth his curb
Of mighty frost, and holds them still.

Yet all abroad, roused from their calm,
The unchained winds may sweep the sky;
God weaves their notes into a psalm,
And bids them be earth's lullaby.

She sleeps her weariness away,
And when the hours their signal ring,
God marks unerringly the day,
And wakes her with the kiss of spring.

D. M. Welton.

AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

I.

In the fourteenth century the University of Prague was perhaps the largest the world has ever seen. Between ten and fifteen thousand students of various nationalities, Bohemian, Franconian, German and Polish, attended it. Difficulties arose between these different nationalities and the Germans, feeling that they were unjustly treated, withdrew and founded institutions in various parts of their own land. Of these secessionists about two thousand went to Leipsic, and there in 1409 laid the foundations of the present University of Leipsic. Begun under such auspices it has grown in numbers and importance until to-day some two hundred professors and docents are lecturing to

three thousand students in the faculties of philosophy, law, theology and medicine. It is thus one of the very largest and most important in the world, and, with students from England and America, perhaps more popular than any other German university.

At home we should expect such a large university to have many buildings grouped on one campus. Not a few indeed seem to measure a university's greatness and influence by the size and number of its buildings, and will not understand that the absence of imposing edifices does not necessarily indicate a corresponding absence of great and learned men. A semester at Leipsic would open the eyes of such and teach them that men, not buildings, make a university. I do not of course mean to suggest that the university of Leipsic has not numerous buildings; for it has. But they are not grouped so as to impress one with their number and size. There are thirty or forty so called "institutes" scattered all over the city, none of which make any pretensions to any great size or beauty. One exception must be made in favor of the new library building, a magnificent stone edifice situated on the side of a square and capable of holding three or four hundred thousand volumes. The main building, called the Augusteum, the Bornerianum and the Trierisches Institut are in the very heart of the city. Imagine all the college buildings in Queen's Park, Toronto, transferred to the neighborhood of the corner of King and Yonge streets, and you will have an idea of the position of many of the buildings of Leipsic University. Think of attending lectures all through the sweltering heat of July and August, and that, not amid the cooling breezes of Queen's Park but in the stifling atmosphere of, say, Adelaide St., and you will know what it is to take a degree in a German university.

And if the walls are blank and bare and hot with the rays of a summer sun, the rooms within are not one whit more inviting. There are no such things as comfortable easy-chairs to recline in; nothing but hard benches with only a narrow railing to lean upon. These are all carved and scribbled with the names of quondam students, another proof, if any were wanting, of the kinship of students the ages through and the world over. But who would exchange these antiquated and perhaps rickety and

not very comfortable benches and desks for patent folding-chairs, arm-rests and ink-wells, and by so doing lose all the glamor of the olden time and all the reminiscences of a romantic past? These very carvings, inartistic and vandal-like though they be, excite the imagination. When the lecture is dull and prosy—and German professors are often that—how pleasant it is to wander back in fancy to the misty and beautiful past and linger on its romance and poetry! And then the names tell us of men who have gone before and are an inspiration to us not to prove unworthy of them and the reputation they have given their alma mater. But alas! romantic though they be, these relics of the by-gone cannot long remain. "The old order changeth," and in Germany as elsewhere. New buildings and modern improvements are gradually displacing the old in Leipsic, and beauty and romance must yield to utility.

But the old-time love of learning and spirit of investigation have not passed away in Germany, nor are they likely to. Rather they are growing and finding out new paths to tread. The German scholar of to-day is as patient and indefatigable in research, as minute in criticism, as "vigorous and rigorous" in theorizing as he ever was. In almost every branch the professors and docents at Leipsic are worthy successors of the learned men who have made it famous in the past. It is only necessary to mention such names as Wundt, Zarncke, Sievers, Wülcker and Socin, to show how true this is. The devotion of these German professors and docents to their work is simply beyond praise. Money can hardly enter into their consideration. Few of them, and then only the greatest, get more than what many teachers in the public and high schools of Canada receive. The *Privatdocenten* receive not a penny from the Government; any remuneration they get comes from the fees of the students and these are exceedingly small. I have heard it said, and have no reason to doubt it, that the *Privatdocent* who makes one hundred dollars a year in this way is fortunate above his fellows. They eke out their miserable pittance by private tutoring and hope some day to get a professorship. The professors write books and make themselves less poor and more widely known at one and the same time.

When in Germany last summer I had the pleasure of meet-

ing and attending the lectures of some of the great men at Leipsic. In a German university no student ever attends a professor's lectures or *Seminar* without first calling upon him and becoming acquainted with him. There are a few exceptions in the case of free courses of lectures, but practically the rule holds. On the professor's list of lectures the time of his *Sprechstunde* is always given along with that of his other lectures. Shortly after my arrival I called upon Prof. Sievers and found him in his study smoking his morning cigar. He is a man of medium height and size; his hair rather fair and his neatly trimmed beard of the same color. Like every German student he wears glasses. His whole aspect gives one the idea of an editor, for example, or a cultured man of the world rather than of a decipherer of manuscripts and a delver into forgotten literature. Naturally I addressed him in English and was in no way surprised to hear him reply in my own language. He spoke as if he were English born and bred: almost every trace of accent was absent and his "th's" and "w's" and "d's" were as correctly pronounced as my own. After I had explained my purpose and had received his advice, he asked me about the Canadian universities, and inquired concerning the various Canadians of his acquaintance, one of whom was Mr. Keys of McMaster. The whole conversation lasted perhaps twenty minutes and was exceedingly pleasant.

It is in the lecture-room, however, that he is brilliant beyond compare. So far as my experience goes he is the best lecturer I ever listened too. I heard his course on Phonetics, in itself a rather difficult and dry subject, but in his hands exceedingly interesting. His knowledge of the principles and details of his subject and his seemingly limitless acquaintance with the various languages of the world were wonderful. Not content with illustrating his propositions by reference to the pronunciation of English, French, German, Latin and Greek, he brought into service Sanskrit, Hebrew, Armenian, Swedish, Icelandic, Gaelic, Russian and—the saints preserve us—that language of unutterable sounds, the Welsh. His intimate acquaintance with English enabled him to imitate in a remarkably accurate manner the well-known Cockney speech, the language of affectation, and the resonant nasal twang of some of our American

neighbors. Of course he knew all the varieties of German pronunciation, and his imitations of these caused great amusement. It is this wonderful command over the organs of speech, combined with a well-trained ear for distinguishing sounds, that enables Prof. Sievers to present his subject not only in a clear but in a highly entertaining manner.

All this is wonderful indeed, but one day we were treated to something even more startling. He was pointing out that each nation has a normal position of the vocal organs in pronunciation; that one nation pronounces its words more in one position than another, the Russian for example using the throat more than the German; that one broadens the tongue while another rounds it. After illustrating this with examples from these languages, he proceeded to show how German would sound spoken in these various ways. First he spoke a few sentences of correct German in the way in which a Russian would speak it, had German been his mother-tongue, the normal position of his vocal organs being the same as it really now is. From Russian he went on in quick succession to all the different languages of Europe, speaking all the time perfectly grammatical German, but making the difference in pronunciation most marked. A more difficult experiment in pronunciation could hardly be imagined, and none could have been more accurately and carefully made than was this. In all his other demonstrations it was the same. He was perfectly unconventional; if he wished to explain the formation of a certain sound and could illustrate it only by putting his finger into his mouth, he put it there, quite regardless of appearance. He often came down among the benches and permitted us to look into his mouth and observe the position and action of the visible vocal organs. In every way he proved a most thorough and most interesting lecturer. One might almost say it is worth while to go to Germany to hear Prof. Sievers.

There are several others of the Leipsic professors of whom I should like to speak, and many novel features of German university life well worth being described; but these I must leave untouched for the present. If what I have already written prove at all interesting, another letter may be forthcoming. Until then let the reader take my word for it that life in Germany in general, and at a German university in particular, has peculiar charms for college men.

W. S. W. McLay.

London, England, December 1, 1893.

THE FIRST GRAVE:

A RABBINIC LEGEND.

Translated by Prof. D. M. Welton.

The progenitor of the human race sought in the sweat of his brow and with axe and hoe to mitigate his bitter grief over his slain second-born son. His inconsolable spouse, however, spent three days and three nights in excessive lamentation over the dead body of her darling: and as, with impetuous pleading she asked that his spirit might return from heaven, she saw all at once on the morning of the fourth day a stranger in white raiment, of serene and holy countenance, standing before her.

"Raise thyself, bereaved mother, from the place of thy tears," said the unknown one to her, "for the dead there is now enough of lamentation, and it is the will of the Eternal that there should be an end of affliction and sorrow here below."

Kindly he drew her from the corpse of her son, walked with her out of the mournful bower, and led her not far from the same directly over a desolate field towards the east. And as the sorrowful one, silent and meditative, walked by his side, he said to her: "Look up, Eva, and take courage!" Now cheered, she looked forth, and saw an eagle pursuing a sparrow-hawk which had robbed and killed a turtle-dove. To hasten his flight, the sparrow-hawk quickly let fall his prey, when a raven, fluttering over the place, three times looked upon the lifeless bird, then carefully buried it in the earth, and flew away.

"Heaven has already that part of thy son which belongs to it," continued the stranger; "give now also to the earth the part of him which belongs to it, and tell thy husband to do with the dead as the raven has taught thee."

Eva would thank the unknown stranger for his instruction, but he was no more at her side. Still comforted, she returned to the bower. She told Adam what she had seen, and both of them followed the example of the raven. They buried the body of their son at the foot of the altar where he had fallen a victim to his brother's envy and revenge, and they named the place where they buried him the place of blessed rest, and the field which received him God's acre.

"IN THE ISLE THAT IS CALLED PATMOS."

On a brown and barren island beaten by Ægæan foam,
Is the Lord's "beloved disciple," kneeling in his exile-home;
Though there stands no spreading cedar, though there sways no stately palm,
Yet o'er all the rocky island falls the hallowed Sabbath calm.
In his cheerless isolation, reft of every cherished thing,
He is holding sweetest concourse "in the Spirit" with the King.
And he draws so close to heaven in his rapture of delight,
That he sees one known and unknown—strange embodiment of light
Like the sun in all his power; can this be the risen Lord?
"Like the voice of many waters" sounds in trumpet-tone His word.
But the splendor of His glory His beloved cannot meet.
And the worshipping apostle falls as dead before His feet.
Lo! the same "right hand" hath touched him that he held long years ago;
And the same loved voice that ever spake so tenderly and low
Now repeats in tones assuring—"FEAR THOU NOT"—erst word of grace—
'Tis the glorified Redeemer! and he sees Him face to face.

MRS. IDA BAKER.

St. John, N. B., Christmas Day.

TO T. T.

I said, "What if my sickness be to death!"
The thought fell sudden as the lightning's stroke,
And shook my calm to tears without surcease;
Lo, in my heart, as soft as angel's breath,
The thought, "My babe, our babe, I'll see," awoke,
And all my soul was lapt in God's great peace.

R.

Students' Quarter.

THE FROST-KING.

A forest tree moaned in the wind,
And shivered at each chilling blast
And mourned its old gay dress of green,
And summer past.

All day the sleety rain hard beat
Upon its branches bare and cold,
And all day long it sighed in vain
For days of old.

At eventide in silent flight
The Frost-king passed the woodland by,
But paused a moment as he heard
The tearful cry.

"Ah! weeping that thou art not fair?
One touch shall hush thy grief to rest."
So when the sun arose, it stood
In diamonds drest!

H. T.

Moulton College.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

In presenting to you the eleventh annual report of the Fyfe Missionary Society we are filled with gratitude to our heavenly Father, that He who chooses the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty has been pleased to use us in carrying on His work against the powers of darkness. The past summer has witnessed many failures in duty, many mistakes have marred the page that we intended should be so fair

*Read at annual public meeting of the Society, December 7th, 1893.

a lack of nearness to Christ has prevented greater blessing coming upon us, yet in spite of the imperfection of the work God has owned our efforts in the salvation of souls. In view of what He has wrought our hearts would fain cry: "Oh give thanks unto the Lord for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thine own name be praise."

The work of missions is linked almost inseparably to that of education. At Williamstown, Mass., on the spot where now stands the famous Haystack Monument, six young men, students of Andover College, consecrated themselves, in the year 1810, to the work of Foreign Missions and poured out their fervent prayers for the conversion of the world. This green nook among the Berkshire hills may well be called the birthplace of American Foreign Missions. The missionary enthusiasm which swept over this continent a few years later, was, in the providence of God, largely kindled through the instrumentality of these students, and since the day when Adoniram Judson and his five associates solemnly devoted themselves to the work of carrying the glad tidings to the nations that sit in darkness, the colleges of America have, to a great extent, kept alive the missionary spirit. The past decade has witnessed one of the most wonderful religious movements ever known in the history of the church. The students who have volunteered, during that time, to undertake work in the foreign field number over six thousand, and where once the cry was for men, now the appeal is for money to send the men who desire to go. A brighter day has dawned upon foreign missions. The churches are seeking out their best men to send them to the heathen, and, thank God, many of the best men are ready to go.

It is most fitting that in a University like McMaster, which recognises the lordship of Christ as fundamental, and the commands which He has given as paramount, the work of missions at home and abroad should find a place in the hearts and thoughts of the students. McMaster University exists primarily for the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and if she is to achieve this purpose, her students must have a right conception of the character, extent and progress of that kingdom, and the obligation under which they rest to give the gospel to the

perishing. With this end in view the Fyfe Missionary Society has been founded. Perhaps it may be known to many of you that all the Christian students of the University, together with its Faculty, are members of this society, and that one day in each month is set apart for the consideration of missionary topics.

During the past year a great impetus has been given to the missionary spirit which characterizes the University, by reason of the departure of three of our students for the land where sleeps the sainted Timpany. Jesse Chute, B. Th. ('92), a former vice-president of this society, has gone forth to tell the dusky sons of earth the glad story of the Christ of God. E. G. Smith, M.B., has, after some theological preparation attained the desire of his heart, and as a healer of bodies as well as of souls will labor among the Telugus. The prayers and good wishes of the whole student body will follow these brethren, for they are highly esteemed for their Christ-like devotion and the sterling worth of their character. Miss Kate McLaurin, emulating the spirit of her noble father, has devoted her life to telling in the zenanas of India the wondrous story of the Nazarene. High indeed is the honor which has been conferred upon this University, that in one year no fewer than three foreign missionaries have gone out from her halls. Benjamin Davies, of the class of 1890, has become the first ordained Baptist missionary to the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West, and so another of our former members has entered the foreign field.

But while we are grateful that so many of our number are ready to respond to the cry of heathendom, we rejoice that not a few others have proved the heroism of their spirits upon difficult Home Mission fields. We would not for a moment cast any reflection upon the man who leaves home, and country and friends to go to a strange people with the gospel, but may it not be possible that in our own land we have heroes as great as he? May we not be in danger of withholding our sympathy and our prayers from the humble Home Mission pastor because we do not recognize the extent of the sacrifice he has to make, and the trials he must undergo? If the record of Home Missionary heroes could only be as accessible as that of the foreign ones, no doubt our hearts would be thrilled by the tale of the devotion of our Canadian pastors to their Lord and King.

The Fyfe Missionary Society has to do principal y with work in our own land. A spirit of self-sacrifice and a burn ing enthusiasm for souls are pre-requisite to successful work upon the fields occupied by the members of this society ; for as a rule the churches served by students are weak in membership, and have ofteu to struggle with foes within and foes without. The demands made upon the student missionary are very great ; he must be pastor, preacher, evangelist and teacher ; he must be a wise master builder and yet must bring youthful ardor into his work, be all things to all men, and yet ever keep before him the possibility of saving some. Often the people are hungering for the word, and in five months he must do the work of a year and give God's children some gracious truths to cheer them during the long winter in which no regular services are held ; sometimes, alas ! the church is spiritually dead, and the missionary with heavy heart and quivering tones has to plead for a return to the God who has been forsaken. No wonder that his spirit faints when he thinks of his youth and inexperience, but God is his refuge.

During the past summer our students have labored in most of the provinces of the Dominion. Some of them were found where the waters of the Atlantic are dashed upon rock-bound shores ; some on the rolling prairies, others in the province of which Jacques Cartier was the discoverer, and many toiled for Christ in our own beloved Ontario. The majority of our students were at work upon long occupied fields ; three churches, however, have been organized, through the agency of members of this society, during the summer vacation, viz : Pretty River Valley, Weston and Kenilworth Avenue, Toronto, the last named being the direct result of work begun by this society in the East end of the city two years ago. Two church buildings have been erected, one at Springfield, Ont., and the other for the Brooke and Enniskillen church ; one building, that at Mansonville, Que., was completed and dedicated. But the grandest results of the summer's work were spiritual, no fewer than 302 members having been added by baptism to the churches served by students. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The following is an approximation of the work for the five months ending Oct. 1st, 1893 :—Number of preaching stations

115; Sermons preached 2615; Prayer-meetings conducted 2068; Sabbath Schools 85. Additions:—By Baptism 392; By Letter 102; By Experience 39; Total 443. Tracts distributed 4750; Visits made 9338.

It should be remembered that these figures cannot adequately represent the work of the summer. Sowing as well as reaping has been done, the foundations have often been laid for a fair superstructure, and in the future the laborer will be cheered by the knowledge that his work has not been in vain, even although the honor be given to others.

The thanks of the society are due to Rev. R. G. Boville, M.A. B.D., for his kindness in preaching the annual sermon in Bloor St. Baptist Church in the month of April last.

The year has closed. The work with its results is in the hands of Him who has sent us forth as His ministers, and whose promise is: "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." For whatever measure of success has attended the work of this society, either through its members upon the mission fields or in the development of the Christ spirit within the college, we would ascribe praise and glory and honor to Him "who is and was and is to come," the Lord blessed forever.

The whole respectfully submitted.

EDWARD J. STOBO, Jr.,
Rec. Sec.

EXILES FROM PARADISE.

Exiles from Paradise through briar and thorn
We wander now,
Toiling an unknown way;
A look forlorn
Is on our brow,
Since we were made
For Thee, our God, and from Thy presence strayed.

A. B.

δι' αὐτῆς ἀποθανὼν ἔτι λαλεῖ.*

Heb. 11, 4.

Tombs of the just are vocal with God's praise;
Still breathes their dust, re-living former days.

Light golden glows from Joseph's garden tomb;
Love's music flows from out its fancied gloom.

So the dead breathe new life into our creeds,
And the dead live; live in our loves and deeds.

II.

As Abel's offering, swift-winged, reached the skies,
Up from this altar—love's thankoffering—rise
Matins and vespers mounting as oblations,
Filling heart-censers borne among the nations.

III.

"To Him who loved and washed us in His blood,
To Him who made us kings and priests to God,"
Acceptable this true life's offering;
The coronal, fair and unfading, bring!

B. W. N. Grigg.

ALMA MATER.*

The Cyprian artist mused. Close by his side
The sculptured fairy form his hand had wrought,
White, cold and still. Heartfull and soul-distraught:
"Pale beauteous death, mayst thou not live?" he cried.
Gazing in sweet expectance loveborn, wild:
"O Aphrodite, pour the crimson tide,
Quicken my idol, may she be my bride!"
The snow-white ivory blushed, the maiden smiled.

So hath HE carved, by heavenly wisdom taught,
Not ivory, silver, but in beaten gold;
God heard his prayer, and touched the task he plied,
Spoke into life what he in love had wrought.
Nations shall yet his myriad sons behold,—
Their Foster Mother his immortal bride.

O. G. Langford.

*Written for Founder's Day, 1893.

THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE.

The World's Fair, held at Chicago, has engaged the attention of the world for some time. We have seen people who were there, and in the newspaper we have seen the names of eminent men and women who have had something to do with it, while the common folk were included in the numerical statistics that appeared from week to week. It has been claimed that the Fair has done much for the world in many ways. The different nations have done their utmost to have themselves well and truly represented, many different peoples have met and recognized each other, and the outcome of it all is that the commercial, moral and religious interests of the world have been advanced, and the world knows more about itself than it ever knew before. The people who attended the Fair have been looked upon as benefactors of the human race, and little account has been taken of those who remained at home. I should like to say something for the man who wasn't there.

The word "man" as used in this connection is a representative noun. I would refer you to Seath's High School Grammar, page 25. The term is a very comprehensive one. It includes all the people who did not pass through the gates that opened into the World's Fair grounds. It includes the man who simply stood at one of the gates and caught a glimpse of the magnificence within. It includes people from Greenland and Patagonia, from the green banks of Shannon and "Iser rolling rapidly," from rocky Tobermoray, and the Cape of Good Hope. It includes not only people on the earth but also those under the earth, such as miners, also many who navigate the ocean. It may include the inhabitants of other planets, who through lack of means of transportation, were prevented from sending exhibits or having representatives at the Fair. The subject before me is as broad as the universe, and as deep as the deepest mine. The people who attended the Fair were many, but those who didn't attend were infinitely more. The man who wasn't there is a large man.

This large man has not been left in ignorance, nor has his imagination been unaided as he pictured to himself the grounds

buildings, and many attractions of the Fair. The magazines devoted many pages to descriptions, the smallest country-store was adorned with bird's eye views, and the weekly newspaper was freighted with articles on the Mammoth cheese, fakirs and with the never-ending prize list.

The vast majority of those who did not attend the Fair had neither the means nor the time to do so. In this respect they were like many who did attend. But is it not a great blessing that so many remained at home? Suppose for one moment that the whole world was there. Let us suppose that all the inhabitants of the earth did rise before day-break on the morning of May 1st, 1893, and start for Chicago with enough money to meet current expenses for six months to come. The steamboat service would be far from adequate to convey to the American continent in one voyage the vast multitudes that would gather at the different sea-ports. All would be anxious to go on the first trip. It is difficult to conceive what scrambling would ensue on boarding the vessels.

They would eventually reach Chicago. Chicago would be the only populated spot on the earth. The presence of so many people at this one point would make the earth somewhat heavier on one side, and thus might interfere with its motion around the sun. Whilst there might be a respectful feeling for one another existing among the nations, we should not expect them to associate much. The Russians would be stationed in one quarter the Mexicans in another, and the Chinese in another. Suppose that 400,000,000 Chinamen should, some beautiful afternoon in July, rise up as one man, make a rush for Lake Michigan, and go in for a bath. The lake would be lashed into a foam and overflow its banks, the fish would rush away, and in terror cast themselves over Niagara Falls with much loss of life.

After six months had passed the people would return to their respective countries. They would find the wild beasts in possession, their homes dilapidated, whole cities burnt down, the watermelons very small, the weeds rank and tall, no provision for the coming winter, and all the earth in desolation. In view of these facts, we may say without fear of contradiction that the man who has done most good for the world is the man who wasn't there.

WALTER DANIEL.

BIG BILL'S ATONEMENT.

As the first glint of golden sunlight caught tree-tops and crag a thousand feet above the entrance to an extensive coal-mine in Wales, a group of men might have been seen standing together. There was nothing unusual in the sight, for about this time the men generally entered the mine to begin work. Often they would gather thus as though unwilling to exchange the balmy morning air for the unhealthy atmosphere of the mine. The sounds, however, which broke upon the morning stillness were extremely unusual. Angry words rising higher and higher, and again lowering in tones of irony and sarcasm came from two men in the middle of the small crowd:

"You lie, Bill, you lie!"

"What? Dare you say I lie, you poor sickly, miserable——?" Here the speaker stopped, choked with rage and a determination to settle the whole matter with one terrific blow. An awful crash must have followed such a blow, but fortunately the slender, sickly-looking fellow was watchful, and by a sudden jerk of the head escaped the intended punishment. Down they fell, the big man uppermost; but before serious harm came of the encounter their companions were between them. To allow the fight to proceed would have been sheer madness. Bill Harris was a strong, well built man, his opponent not more than a tall lad. Under ordinary circumstances Bill would scorn the first thought of such an encounter. Usually he took things coolly, but this morning he had received great provocation indeed. Generally he could stand a good deal of chaffing, but to be called a liar, and all about a trifle, so maddened him that he did not stop to think of the disparity between himself and his antagonist.

Peace being again restored, they entered the mine; but in order to prevent a possible renewal of hostilities the younger man was sent first, backed by some half-dozen who were to see that he reached the place of his work without turning back to create further disturbance.

At a junction of the main and another branch of the workings, called number three, the men parted. Some were unaffected by what had occurred, but the greater part having had an oppor-

tunity to talk it over as they walked in, had taken sides, and judging from the low, yet distinct mutterings which escaped the lips of some of the younger men, all the trouble was not over.

Work in the mine proceeded as usual, each man growing more busied as the day wore on. Just before the "last journey" or quitting time a terrific explosion of gas took place. The force of the explosion was so great that for a short time a deathlike stillness ensued. The first man that gained consciousness raised the cry of fire! "Fire! fire!" shrieked a hundred voices. What a cry that was, mingled with pain and despair! To hear it once is like the horror of death. Forget it you can never, though you shall wander to the end of the earth. "Fire! fire!" Merciful God, look in pity! Here are twice two hundred souls doomed to a terrible death. Fire is before and sulphur behind, a mile or more from the mouth of the shaft. No human power can save them, they are beyond that now. Save, or they perish to a man! Now let those who can have a hope in heaven, for life is a thing of the past. Pale Reaper, this is thy harvest, gather it quickly! The godly are ready, the ungodly are too much terrified to pray. Gather it quickly.

God is ever merciful. Out of four hundred and twenty-two souls, three hundred and ninety-five are safe. How they escaped is a mystery. They scarcely know themselves: all they seem to remember is their creeping out through an old mine used as an airway to the main shaft. Twenty-seven souls are still in the burning mine. Among the number are the two men who quarreled in the morning. Passing strange it seems to all that Bill Harris should be missing. Every man who worked near him is safe. His wife, with her only child in her arms, is beside herself with grief and anxiety. Ever since the rescued men came out she has been seeking tidings of her husband. No one has seen or heard anything of him. Two dead bodies have just been brought to the surface, and it is feared that the remainder have all perished.

Rescuing parties had descended into the mine as soon as possible after the explosion took place, but, baffled by fire-damp and falling rubbish, little progress could be made. Presently the signal is given that others have been found. Slowly moves the winding drum. When at length the cage reaches the bank, willing

hands lift out two men and proceed to take them to the place prepared for the injured. They are not dead, only overcome by the after-damp. As the poor fellows are being carried through the crowd of onlookers they are both recognized. The one is big Bill Harris, the other the slender overgrown lad with whom he disputed in the morning.

That night from the hearths and homes of the rescued miners there went forth many a fervent prayer to Almighty God for the gracious deliverance wrought, and for those who were bereaved. Nor did they forget to mention the name of brave Bill Harris, who saved, at the risk of his own life, the lad with whom he had quarrelled.

Thirty years or more have passed away since that memorable day. Bill, too, has passed from the perilous coal mine to the better land. Heroic soul was he. Had he but lived in a land and a time where and when men were esteemed in proportion to their native worth and character rather than by name, wealth and position, he would not be so soon forgotton. No expensive monument marks his resting place. But what man has denied, nature has more than supplied. Over his grave in its massive grandeur stands the toiler's mausoleum, the yew-tree. The daisies bloom there. In the morning the pearly dew-drops glitter; at noon the wind swaying in the branches sings his requiem in grander tones than ever pealed beneath the glittering dome of cathedral pile or cloister arch; in the evening the stars fringe the deepening shadows with their silvery light. Forgotten? No! man may forget—God never! Upon the everlasting record of noble deeds, inscribed by angel hands in the eternal city of the Great King, are innumerable names, and amongst them the name of him who was known among his fellows as "Big Bill Harris."

Edward Phillips.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF STUDENT LIFE.

What is there about our life as students that makes older people whose school-days are long past, shake their heads sorrowfully at us and say. "Ah, these are your happiest days,—enjoy them while you may—life never is so bright again"—and we whose hopes lead us to expect an ever brightening rather than an ever darkening path, and whose worries and anxieties of to-day seem quite enough to bear, wonder what they mean. But human beings are so constituted as never fully to appreciate a pleasant situation, till they find themselves in a disagreeable one, and then they look back with longing and regret. And after all a student does live in a world of his own, apart from the hurry for gain and the struggle for existence that occupies the rest of mankind. He lives in a world of earnest thought, he moves in a kind of wonder-land of ideas, to which every master mind through ages past has added something. Its atmosphere is broadening and uplifting; he can almost feel the expanding of his powers; every breath in this realm is an inspiration. He is dazed at the multitude of possibilities that open up around him, at the vast field for speculation and discovery, and at his own limited capacities in the face of all this vastness.

A college course has joys and sorrows of its own, but in the main the lights are bright enough to dissipate the shadows. There is the great light of friendships formed, that shines on through all our after life. It is a peculiar bond that binds college mates—so strong and so enduring. The reason for it must be that we are all searching for truth together, and are in sympathy with one another, so that there is none of that reserve which is never quite overcome in the friends we afterwards meet. And it has been suggested too that we have not lost that confidence in humanity in general that most of us possess at first, but that is only too easily rubbed off by contact with the world; and so we are more ready to believe in people and overlook their failings, and that is the sure way to form true friendships.

Then there is the contact with one's Professors—men who have mastered some one line of thought, and whose personalities

influence one as much as all their wisdom. A student reflects his Professor in very many ways. He reflects his methods of thought, his methods of teaching, his mannerisms even, and his whole character cannot but be influenced. And it *is* a pleasure to feel that one knows a man who has really attained to the heights of knowledge that are the goals of our ambition, but that often we despair of reaching,—and to feel besides that he is helping us thitherward.

And there is the pure and unselfish delight that comes from the surmounting of a difficulty that has long been a stumbling-block,—the discovery of the truth at last,—the unbounded satisfaction that comes to one when at last he can cry "Eureka!" A mathematician has been heard to remark that there is no other joy on earth quite so unalloyed and so certain of bringing no pain to others, as this same joy of a knotty problem solved. The joys that bring no pain to others are not too many—it is well to note one.

Then the cares during this part of our life are not so many or so heavy as those of after years. They consist mainly in the responsibility of performing allotted tasks, and though the feeling of discouragement and inability to compass our work often becomes almost despair, yet what is this compared with the vital questions that vex our souls in later days? As students our work is marked out for us—our duty is to do what we are told to do, and we feel that our energies are being directed by those who know. Tenfold more weighty becomes the responsibility when we must outline our own lives, must be self-directors, and feel that whether we make or mar, all is our own doing. And the doubts and struggles make us sigh for the days when we knew what we ought to do, and could do it.

To anyone whose student life is spent away from home, not the least of his delights is the thought of going back, and the joy of the actual return. Home never was so beautiful, nor the teasing brother so attractive, nor conjugations and triangles things so far outside the *real* world.

Are there then no shadows? Yes—but shadows are in their very nature evanescent, and they die away till not even a trace of them is left in memory. Such temporary gloom as examinations bring, or an all-absorbing head-ache on the evening

when one has most to do, or worries over work not done. And is that utter dwindling of self into nothingness, that feeling that after all we are nothing and know nothing, that comes over every student, a light or a shadow? For Socrates himself could only say that he "knew that he did not know"—and it is often well for us to get a glimpse of our true proportions.

Is not student life like a picture? There could never be a picture without both lights and shades. But the shades, while all important, only serve to bring out the lights and the whole effect is light after all.

E. DRYDEN.

SCENE IN A STREET CAR.

A REAL INCIDENT.

"*Daily News!* Special edition! one cent"! In clear piercing tones, pitched in a very high key, it rang through the car. The cry came from a little fellow with a thin, pale, pinched face, slouch hat, shoes two or three sizes too large, no stockings, ragged coat and trousers and long hair, but with a pair of keen piercing black eyes that glanced with wondrous rapidity from one passenger to another, eagerly reading the faces.

The car was nearly full of business men, it was evening and they were returning from their offices. A well-dressed man with handsome fur cap and mitts, said playfully:—

"What's in it, boy?"

"I don't know, sir; buy one and see."

"You ought to read them and tell us what they contain," he answered quietly.

"Like a bird, when I can't read; I never go to school," was the significant rejoinder.

"Buy one, sir; one cent."

"How do I know if it is worth a cent when you can't tell me what is in it?"

"Buy one, sir, and then you will know; they're only a copper."

"Poah little beggah, heah's a coppah," said the dude opposite.

"Thank ye, sir." Turning again to the first passenger, he said, pleadingly:

"You'll buy one, sir, won't you?"

"Can't get over that kid."

"Something in that youngster, you can tell by the cut of his jib."

"He looks hungry and cold."

"Hard lines a night like this."

But the gentleman (?) with the fur cap and mitts only smiled a cold smile; the poor boy sold one more copy, and crying again in the same high key, slammed the door and went out into the biting storm, to receive a similar greeting in all the brilliantly lighted cars as they darted past.

What an estimate that boy will form of the gentlemen of the city, the opulent, the influential! I thought, perhaps unjustly, that the breach between capital and labor was made one step wider by this cold, cruel interview. That boy will be a man soon and will remember the snubbing and jeering.

"Poah little beggah." But he was not a beggar; he was doing an honest business, and performing a necessary service to society. Why should the little lad be hindered and baulked in his business by men who had no intention of buying?

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

O. N. E.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The unpublished manuscripts of the late Rev. S. T. Rand, D.D., LL.D., of Hantsport, N.S., were purchased by the late Professor Horsford of Howard University, who gave them to Wellesley College. The first of the Wellesley Philological Series appears under the tit'e of *The Legends of the Micmacs ;* a volume of over 500 pp. It contains also a portrait of Dr. Rand, a sketch of his life, a list of his manuscripts and published works, and an account of the Micmac tribe of Indians. Other manuscripts of Dr. Rand's are to be published by Wellesley. Dr. Benjamin Rand, assistant Professor of Philosophy of Howard University, has interested himself in bringing these manuscripts to light.

One of the most popular writers of *Poésies canadiennes* is M. Léon Pamphile Le May, Chief Librarian of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. In 1865 he published a volume of poetry, entitled *Essais poétiques*, the first hundred pages of which were taken up by a French version, in the traditional twelve syllable rhyming couplets, of Longfellow's Evangeline. This poem has since been carefully revised and corrected, and published separately in two editions. Mr. Longfellow was so well pleased with the translation which appeared in 1865, that he wrote to the Canadian poet, thanking him for selecting his poem for translation and congratulating him upon the excellence of his work. We are told he remained ever after a warm friend of M. Le May. In the Central Reference Library will be found about thirteen volumes from this charming writer, one of the finest, perhaps, being *Tonkourou, ou les Vengeances.*

Jacques et Marie, or the Story of a Dispersed People, by Napoleon Bourassa of Montreal, well known for his fine church paintings, is likewise a tale of love in Acadie, dealing with the same class of incidents as the great American poem. Here, however, unlike Longfellow, or Mr. Le May, who in his first translation had *par pitié* made Evangeline die soon after her beloved Gabriel, the author finally brings the lovers together again in Quebec, where they are married and live happily for many years. Unfortunately, Bourassa is too fond of lurid colors, and his pictures of English misrule and persecution are so ghastly that one refuses to believe them. If even a tithe of those tales had any foundation in historic fact, one should ever blush to own descent from men so forgetful of the commonest claims of humanity.

English officers of high rank are and always have been true gentlemen, citizens of an enlightened and progressive Christian country, men who know as well, to say the least, the meaning and cherish as warmly the sentiment of *noblesse oblige* as Frenchmen themselves. The high sense of honor and well-known humane character of Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow and his brother officers are in themselves sufficient guarantee that they could never have devised or executed any plans savoring of persecution, or involving needless suffering. They warrant the conclusion also that had the condition of affairs in Grand Pré been such as depicted in Longfellow's poems, had the *habitants* been as God-fearing and peace-loving as therein set forth, and especially had their spiritual leaders been of the Christ-like type of Father Felician, rather than false, malicious authors of Indian massacres, like the notorious Abbé le Loutre, that "dreadful necessity" would never have arisen, Gabriel and Evangeline would never have been cruelly separated or their sad fate furnished the theme and inspiration of one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems in our language. For the facts of the case our readers would do well to read the History of Acadia, by James Hannay, of St. John, or the True Story of Evangeline, by Dr. Stephenson in recent numbers of the *Sunday Magazine*.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the versatile editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has long felt his duty to be the reformation of the world. Once social vice was the object of his crusade, now journalism is the point of attack. By the foundation of a new daily paper, with W. T. Stead as editor, (since no other suitable man can be found), he hopes to unite all believing in the solidarity of the race, woman's emancipation and socialistic reforms. "I have a conception," says Stead, "which is, at least, very clear and well-defined, of the way in which journalism may be made to minister to the development of the race."

The method of floating the company is characteristic of the man. Feeling that he must be as free as air to say the things he wished, he appealed to no capitalist, but is on the contrary giving away £100,000 of stock. It is simply co-operation applied to journalism. "An immense idea," as the *Daily Grahic* says, because, the readers will never revile the editor for fear of damaging their own property.

"*The Daily Paper*," a sample of which for Oct. 4th, 1893, lies before us, consists of 40 pages, the size of those of the *Review*, neatly folded, pasted and trimmed. The title page is a table of contents, and bears in addition the legend, "For the union of all who love, in the service of all who suffer." The first page is an exhaustive diary of the business

and pleasure meetings to be held during the day. Two pages are devoted to a summary of the day's news, Stead believing in short, interesting notes, rather than an acreage of print. The "Romance of the World" is an article to be continued from day to day, dealing with current events in the form of a novel. It is necessary, in Mr. Stead's opinion, to serve up politics with this sauce, in order to induce women and some men to partake of them. "Yesterdays of Long Ago" is a descriptive article with startling headlines of the battle of Salamis, as though it had happened the previous day. This feature is to be introduced whenever there is a dearth of news. Several other articles of a magazine character complete the paper. Racing and similar news must be sought elsewhere.

The following is a happy translation, by one of our own University staff, of the beautiful lines from Heine, quoted in the editorial notes for November. The poem is a great favorite with all composers. It is said to have been set to music more than a thousand times.

Thou art as is the flower,
  So winsome, pure and fair,
I gaze and lurking sadness
  Oft fills my heart with care.

Me seems I should on thy forehead
  My hands in blessing lay,
Praying to God that He keep thee
  Pure, winsome, fair alway.

D. R. K.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

No man is absolutely free from hypocrisy.

Every man is entitled to be valued by his best moment.—*Emerson.*

A mere nothing will wound self-love, but nothing on earth will kill it.

Men are converted that they may be changed from sponges to fountains.

What you think about when you are alone indicates pretty clearly what you are.

There are no days in life so memorable as those which vibrated to some stroke of the imagination.—*Emerson.*

Mrs. Stowe was asked why she did not write a book on Temperance, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on slavery. She replied: "I have thought of doing so, but it would be too dreadful to read."

The Song of Solomon is a sweet love song of the Bride and her Bridegroom, it is not so much for public worship, as for private moments of sweet devotion. Do you give yourself up to quiet hours of sweet love-talk to Him?

Ontario has done her duty. The splendid majority for prohibition must do its work, the Government will be compelled to enact a prohibitory law, and with the support of such a large number of the people its enforcement will be ensured.

Burning a little straw may make a great crackle and hide the glorious sunlight, so a noisy skeptic may hide, for a moment, the light of heaven by his puny reasoning, but like the smoke it will soon blow away.

The sun comes peering through our windows and shews us the dust atoms flying in all directions. So does the great Search Light of heaven shine in upon our souls revealing the dust of sin in sickening abundance everywhere.

One of Tennyson's visitors once ventured to ask him what he thought of Jesus Christ. They were walking in the garden, and, for a minute, Tennyson said nothing; then he stopped by some beautiful flower, and said simply: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul."

Frederick the Great wrote in the year 1778: "One sees on the national stage the wretched plays of Shakespeare in German translations, and the public generally goes wild with delight at these ridiculous farces, which would scarcely do honor to the savages of Canada.

It is a difficult task to describe the effects of light and darkness to a blind man and to assure him that both are natural and necessary; similarly a deaf mute cannot be made to understand the difference between harmony and discord; if both men had the perfect use of their senses all would be plain. There are no contradictions in God's word to the spiritually enlightened.

The following was written not very many years ago by an English school child in answer to the question, "What is thy duty towards God?"

"My duty toads God is to bleed in Him, to fering, and to loaf witho'd your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchp and give thanks, to put my old trash in Him, to call upon Him, to onner His old name and His world, and to save Him truly all the days of my life's end."—*London Daily News.*

The average life of a locomotive is fifteen years, but it would be much longer if it did not smoke.

No College in all England publishes a College paper. This is another illustration of the superior energy of America. About two hundred Colleges publish journals.

A big stack of College journals awaits the eye of the exchange editor. Papers of all sizes, colors, and degrees of excellence. Some careless and loose in form, others neat, compact and tasteful, a fair sample, probably, of life—many Colleges, many ideals. Many of our exchanges devote too much space to football, and here comes a football number of the *Ariel*. Football has its place in every College, but when it comes to monopolizing the whole College journal, we cry, Halt!——An outsider would get but a poor idea of Toronto University from the *'Varsity*. Such a noble institution surely should be able to produce a better journal everyway. The Christmas number has a bright-colored cover, and is more presentable both in matter and form.——The *Brunonian* is unpretentious in appearance, but well printed on good paper; is stately and dignified. The poems are up to the usually high standard; "My Santa Claus" is as cleverly written as the two Christmas stories. The *Brunonian* is one of the very few College journals that are worth reading through.——The *Owl* Christmas number has an attractive cover, and has good matter all through; a special feature is the Christmas poetry. The "Shepherds' Tale" is especially well told, and is musical, poetic, and true to the life. Not so much can be said for the "Legend of Bethlehem." It starts off well, and fittingly tells of

> God's uncreated, equal Son,"

but where the author can find of Mary that

> "God foretold,
> As one whose Virgin heel should tread
> And crush the wily serpent's head,"

is more than we can tell. It is the seed of the woman, and not the woman, that God foretells shall bruise the serpent's head. We object to poetic licence if it is to take the crown off our Lord's head and put it on a woman. Similarly "A Song for All," is sweet, poetic and true through the first six or seven stanzas, and then it coolly proceeds to take the crown off the head of Almighty God and put it on the head of "Leo." Surely this is preposterous!——*The University of Chicago Weekly* has a plate, with a full description of the great Yerke's Telescope.——The *Acadia Atheneum* copies our Chancellor's sonnet, "A Willow at Grand Prè," from the *Canadian Magazine.*——*Sunbeam* is well named and is worthy of its name. In spite of the typographical errors, it is always welcome. "An Idyll" is very pretty and suggestive coming from a ladies' College, although it is marred by a printer's error. ——The *O. A. C. Review* ought to serve a good purpose among its students and alumni. Although it is poorly printed on cheap paper, it need not be lacking in dignity and tone. The editorial in the November number is very unworthy.

Cynical Writer.—There is a great charm for most people in antiquity, always excepting the choosing of a wife.

NOW AND THEN.

O the days, and O the dances,
Of that olden,
Golden
Time!
Swords and lances,
Tender glances,
Love and laughter, war and rhyme,
Made the wide world all romances,
Life a song, a wedding chime!

Ho, sad Sir, I match the Present
With your dusty,
Rusty
Time!
Knight and peasant,
Cross and crescent,
These have passed, but Life's old chime
Rings the same, now sad, now pleasant—
Tears, love, laughter, joy and crime.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

IN THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A lady who was wounded in the Chatsworth disaster was in the rear car with her husband when the accident occurred. A short time after they left Persia a party of six young people entered, and in order that they might have seats together the lady and her husband removed to the far end of the car. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young man and his bride, who took the places so kindly given up, were both instantly killed a few hours later. The lady says that she thinks the young people belonged to a choir of concert singers, and were now off for recreation and rest. They were all very merry, and sang and laughed and told stories—anticipating the pleasures of the journey—until late in the night. Nearly every one in the car except the joyful party was quiet, when some one requested the young bride to sing "Sweet hour of prayer." At first there was a tremor in the sweet voice, but it grew stronger as she proceeded. When—

> "In seasons of distress and grief,
> My soul has often found relief,"

rang out clear and firm, other voices instinctively joined in the old familiar song. People awakened out of their sleep, sat upright or leaned forward to catch the plaintive words that trembled upon the pure, young lips.

As the train sped on in the darkness, far down the track the gleam of the death-dealing fire appeared, but the voices that swelled forth in a glad burst of song—

"Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee."

faltered not at the danger into which the train, laden with its precious train of human souls, was unconsciously plunging.

Faster sped the chariot of death down the grade, and sweeter, more triumphant, welled the song,

"There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven."

Ah! if the singers had only known it, the way was already in sight, and perhaps,

"All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given";

would have been more of a sigh than a song.

Then, with only an inch of time between them and the life beyond —even when brave M'Clintock, steady at his post, was giving his last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine that had never failed him before, the sweet singers sang their farewell earth-song, sang to thei God, who, even in this dark hour, still kept the everlasting arms around about and underneath them:

"Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God! to thee."

As if in answer to the prayer they breathed, with the glad refrain still echoing through the air, the crash came, the life-work of each was finished.

"So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,"

was not ended on earth, for right into the very jaws of death rushed the screaming engines, and then, like a bolt of Jove, the cars crashed through each other, killing and crushing as the foot grinds the worm. It took but a moment to pile that heap of splintered timbers, and broken bones, and bleeding flesh; but death was there, just as certainly, surrounded by all that tends to make it terrible, and among the mangled corpses lay the six singers, not in their dreams, but in reality, nearer their God than ever before.

Inquiry elicited the fact that these merry young people had a right to be joyful, for they were all servants of the blessed Master, and could have completed the song as they went down into the valley of death:

"Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee."

—Belle V. Chisholm, in *Presbyterian Observer.*

WHEN THE RAIN COMES DOWN.

What are the sights that the robin sees
When the rain comes down on the dark green trees
And on leaf and needle, on branch and bole,
The globules trickle, and pause, and roll,
When the rain comes down on the trees?

These are the sights that the robin sees
When the rain comes down on the dark green trees,
And from leaf and needle, from branch and bough
The diamond drops come filtering through
When the rain comes down on the trees.

The wind-flower hanging a pearl-rimmed head
Where the wet moss covers its stony bed
While the cowslip lifteth its gleaming cup
Some share of the hurrying drops to sup
When the rain comes down on the trees.

And the lambs close thronged by the dark-stemmed plane
With ears low-dropped, in the long green lane,
While there by the brink of the whispering rill,
The dog-tooth violet drinks its fill
Of the rain that comes down on the trees.

And the king-bird trailing his strong-barred wings
While out in the clearing a sparrow sings;
And the robin's mate turns his eyes' bright rim
On the sward that wide-spread dark vans skim
While the rain comes down on the trees.

And here in the orchard—a shaft all gold—
An oriole slipping from hold to hold
Whose swift wings spill from the pink-lipped bloom
A something half rain-drop and half perfume
While the rain comes down on the trees.

Such are the sights that the robin sees
While the rain comes down on the dark green trees
And hill and valley, and plain and wold,
Are wrapped in the thin gray glittering fold
Of the rain that comes down on the trees.

—*Selected.*

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tarr, } *Editors.*

The University.

1893
Is dead ! Now may we see
In college lore
A happy 1894 !

"That there's the Parliament Building," recently remarked one 'knowing' artisan to his mate, as he pointed to our hall of learning.

In Political Science Class.—Professor: "Was it not a primitive form of exchange when Jacob wrought seven years for his wife?"

Logic is a very thorough study. Owing to unceasing perseverance, it now transpires that there are no white blackbirds in existence.

Phonographic Testimony:—

"Auch je !"—*Eby.*
"Fiddle."—*Nimmo.*
"Glad to hear it."—*Pocock.*
"Boys, O gentlemen !"—*Kennedy.*
"Unexcelled advertising privileges."—*Cameron.*
"Æsthetic in its subjective aspect."—*Stillwell, Priest & Co.*

We are very glad to note the increasing welfare of our old friend, Edwin Seldon. He is now engaged in pastoral work in the city of Denver, Colorado. The prospects are good and the present results very encouraging. May happiness abide with Seldon !

At the last meeting of the Mathematical Society, held just before vacation, S. R. Tarr, '95, presided. Wm. Findlay, '96, read a paper on "Squaring the Circle;" and George Menge, '96, discussed Non-Euclidean Geometry, dwelling more especially upon Lobatchewsky. There was a good attendance, and considerable interest was manifested in the programme and work of the promising young society.

Mr. Ralph Trotter was ordained to the pastorate of the Lindsay Baptist Church on the evening of Dec. 2nd. His examination on Christian Doctrine and Church Polity was very creditable to himself and highly satisfactory to the ordaining Council. Mr. Trotter has already won for himself a large place in the love and sympathy of the people to whom he has been called to minister, and we predict for him success in his new field of labor.

Why is the Gas Company like a class in English? Because it 'scans the meter.' But the 'feet' are of a different kind, so the class lacks the company's enthusiasm for hexameters.

Ye Daintie Ditties.

I.

'Tis a pity
That our ditty
Is not pretty; is not witty.
'Tis a pity
That it's just a plain and undesigning ditty.

Song of the Senior:—

"Ah me! Ah me!
How I long to see
My graduating day!
Faster,
Time! oh, drop that scythe!
Travel, gallop,—be alive!
Let me write myself B.A.,
McMaster!

The class of '96 heartily welcomes back to the University one of her former brightest and most promising members, Peter Mode. Peter has spent a delightful and beneficial summer in the West, at Hartney, Manitoba, with his friend, Rev. D. McArthur. He relates some interesting incidents about the 'Wild West,' especially of his hunting adventures. Although we as a class shall not enjoy his company as a mate, yet we wish him every success among his new associates. He will find '97 a jolly and diligent lot of students.

On the evening of Dec. 19th, 1893, the Literary and Theological Society, with their friends, assembled in the Sunday-school hall of the Bloor St. Baptist Church. Representatives from 'Varsity, Knox, Victoria and Wycliffe were in attendance. Moulton, too, contributed a goodly number. The occasion was a lecture on the World's Fair, by the Rev. Dr. Withrow. President Cameron, '94, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with a few fitting remarks. The Exposition was excellently illustrated by the stereopticon views of Mr. F. B. Whittemore, and both he and the entertaining lecturer of the evening were tendered a very hearty vote of thanks, moved by H. C. Priest, '94, and seconded by W. S. McAlpine, '95, which was endorsed and applauded by the whole audience.

Oh Grip! Grip! Away! away! I didn't summon thee (for a chill damp air pervades the study as I put the exclamation marks after his name). Away! and I will send thee a marked copy. "Take thy beak" —. What in the world could have made him vanish so quickly! Now am I brave. Now will I revile him. The caress of the tarantula cannot be compared with the blandishments of my departed guest. He does not confine his attentions to Toronto, but is within calling distance

at any point on the earth's surface—whisht! Our fellow-student, Whidden, has not escaped. Having gone to Kingston to preach for the holidays, he was there waylaid by the insidious monster, and has been confined to the Hospital. Regrets are expressed on every side. The greeting is—"How is Whidden?" We are all glad to learn that he is now much better, and have no doubt that with his indomitable pluck he will soon conquer his enemy and be back in our midst. (Is here now.—Ed.)

The boys whose homes are west of Toronto are loyal to the University. Without an exception they remained for the Christmas dinner and Founder's Day. They are also a jolly crowd. About 7.45 on the morning of Dec. 23rd, a goodly number of them, armed with valises and umbrellas, made their exit from the halls of McMaster, not to return for the long period of ten days. They were happy, for they had done faithful work during the term they had just passed through, and were looking forward to the pleasure of seeing home again and to the festivities, entertainments and general good cheer of the Christmastide. At 8.30 the 8.20 train pulled out of the Union Station. The journey was a pleasant one, songs were sung, jokes were cracked, peals of laughter rang through the car and the news-agent kept a respectful distance. At Guelph six of the boys changed cars for the county of Bruce. All the boys took their stand on the station platform, gave the College "yell" and sang College songs with much expression and beautiful intonation. Business was not suspended in the city, but many hundreds gathered about, and the train did not pull out until the boys ceased to sing. In due time the boys reached home and spent as jolly a time as they ever did. Now they have returned, recuperated and prepared for a hard pull during the coming term.

On Friday evening, the 22nd ult., the welcome, eagerly-anticipated Christmas dinner took place. This dinner is an old institution; it has been tried and tested; and now it becomes a tradition, jealously guarded, earnestly fostered. About 130 guests sat down at the richly-bedecked tables. Dr. J. P. McIntyre, students' president, was chairman, and near him sat Chancellor Rand and the members of the Faculty; Rev. David Hutchinson, of Brantford; Mr. Ernest Langley, '94, Toronto University; Mr. George Scott, '96, Toronto University; Mr. W. J. Goble, and other invited guests. And now—

> "They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
> Quaff immortality and joy."

Wit and good humour were the order of the evening. It is safe to assert that there were many firm links wrought that night in the bonds of sympathy and loyalty between students and Faculty; student and student; undergrads and *Alma Mater*. After the collation had received its due and worthy share of attention and interest, Chairman McIntyre rang his bell right manfully, arose, and delivered a happy and humorous introduction to the speeches of the evening. Then he called upon H. C. Priest, '94, as a proposer of the toast: "To McMaster University and Chancellor Rand." Mr. Priest's speech was characterized

by that telling earnestness of effort which is ever the result of true eloquence. The Chancellor, in responding, thanked the audience for their hearty recognition of the work and worth of McMaster; he was grateful to Mr. Priest for his kind encomiums, but would emphasize the invaluable aid of his coadjutors, men who with singleness of purpose and sympathetic co-operation, had striven and were striving to make their final aim the thorough welfare of their students. Regarding the future, and the prospects for the new Arts building—the time of prophecy is past; the time of fruition is surely at hand. The Chancellor concluded with the expression of his good wishes for the students, and was enthusiastically applauded. The second toast, "To the Faculty" was proposed by H. P. Whidden, B.A., in an excellent speech, and responded to by Prof. M. S. Clark, B.A., in one proportionately humerous. J. K. Cresswell, '94, proposed "The Theological Department,' responded to by the chairman, in the absence of the Rev. George Cross, B.A. "The Ladies" found a doughty champion in Harry A. Porter, '94. "The Literary and Theological Society" was proposed by J. C. Sycamore, '96; Woodstock College and its Faculty," by J. H. Cameron, '97. To the toast: "The Seniors and Juniors," Messrs. Leonard A. Therrien, '94, and W. S. McAlpine, '95, responded in speeches laudatory of their respective years. Messrs. A. R. Darroch, '96, and George Sneyd, '97, did likewise for the sophomores and freshmen. The McMaster University Monthly was extolled by its untiring business-manager, C. J. Cameron, '94. "Our Sister Universities" received 'poetic justice' at the hands of Ralph W. Trotter; which toast was responded to by Mr. Ernest Langley, of Toronto University, in a fraternal spirit. As a fitting conclusion, O. G. Langford, '95, proposed the health of the steward and matron, Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard, and their helpers, in an appreciative manner.

After recess, together with numerous newly-arrived guests, who had braved the inclement weather, the company assembled in the University Chapel to celebrate Founder's Day. The presence of a large number of ladies added new lustre to the scene already rendered fascinating by the picturesque decoration. Whether it was that the stormy winds outside were propitious to the quiet and serene enjoyment of the sheltered guests within, or from whatever reason; certain it is that Founder's Day, 1893, was, in its kind, the highest degree of success to which we have attained. Amongst the new comers were Revs. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., and W. H. Cline, B.A., B.D., Messrs. H. S. Robertson, B.A., and R. D. George, from the Faculty of Woodstock College, Mr. James Short McMaster, and many others. After a verse of a hymn had been sung, Chancellor Rand read from the Scriptures, and Rev. Dr Thomas offered the invocation. The trio, composed of Messrs. Whidden, Wallace, and Therrien, then sang a Christmas hymn in artistic style. The Chancellor, as chairman, made a few suitable remarks in welcome of the large audience, after which he called upon Messrs. B. W. N. Grigg, '94, and O. G. Langford, '95, to read their respective sonnets, composed especially for the occasion. The feature of the evening, Rev. David Hutchinson's powerful address upon "Educational Expectations"

now followed. After referring eulogistically to the wisdom and munificence of the late Senator McMaster, he proceeded with his subject. First, he treated of educational expectations as viewed from the professors' standpoint, and upheld as their reasonable expectations : (1) that the denomination will cherish its educational institutions, and (2) that it will patronize its own institutions. Then considering the subject from the standpoint of the denomination, he deemed two expectations justifiable and important : (1) that our colleges will afford a continual supply of well-trained men for our pulpits ; (2) that, furthermore, there will come an ever-increasing number of intellectual men and women, fitted for all the departments of our Canadian life.

After a recess of thirty minutes, spent in delightful social intercourse, the Literary and Theological Society assumed control of the proceedings, President Cameron in the chair. The Misses Millichamp and Holmes, of Moulton College, gave a vocal duet ; B. W. N. Grigg, '94, delivered two recitations from "The Merchant of Venice" ; the quartette followed with "The Land o' the Leal" ; W. J. Thorold, '95, rendered the speech of "Rienzi to the Romans." The Glee Club ended the programme with a Christmas carol, after which the Chancellor dismissed the gathering. Founder's Day—"another and the same!"

Our Chancellor contributes a very interesting sketch of psychological import and value to *The Canadian Magazine* this month. We are pleased to note also the recent appearance of three poems : one on "Love and Music," in the *Toronto Saturday Night*, by B. W. N. Grigg, '94 ; and two others from the pen of G. H. Clarke, '95 : "Gifts," in *The Baptist Reporter ;* and "Skater and Wolves" (rondeau), in *The Canadian Magazine.* That our own Monthly is highly appreciated from a literary standpoint, is evident from the abundance of congratulatory notes constantly arriving from readers and subscribers. From the North-West and the South-West of our continent we hear the spoken delight of McDonald, a Woodstock graduate ; and Seldon, late of '95. Coming nearer home, the valiant Bert Merrill sends us cheer and greetings, while from two of the continents of the Western Hemisphere, words of goodwill speed to the well-loved Monthly. But the Monthly is modest ; it files the missives contentedly, and is happy in its friends' appreciation. Thanks ! Encouragement is substantial help.

Time for another reverie ! Room for a reverie, room ! So droop, O head ; and close, O eyes, in placid drowsiness. What see we far adown the dimly-shining vista of long ago ? *The Tempest :*—A night—one night—as black as pitch or Tarr the junior. 'Tis the more remarkable, since the feline element seems also of a gloomy hue. Dead silence reigns, except for the raining. Furthermore, the cat is blind. Yes, indeed, it is quite dark. *Twelfth Night, or what you won't :*—Eleven nights have passed. This is the legal successor. Low and plaintive moanings begin ; sorrowful, sighing, heart-broken wailings, like the ghost of an Irish Banshee reading the *Empire's* editorials on Home Rule. Oh, so sad ! Presently, as the noble poet feelingly expresses it, "On the roof the wailing died away," only to be followed by the

resonant, determined reverberations of a deep bass voice indicative of revived courage and newly-awakened hope. You believe it is a cat? By the dog, Athenians, that barks a responsive chorus below, perhaps you're right! *Measure for Measure*:—Aha! Dost see yon curtain softly pulled aside? No, of course, you don't, nor do the performing orchestra now warranted twenty-three members in sound health and with lusty lungs. But again—the mysterious curtain—up flies the window, but no traditional bootjack is hurled forth, not at all. That would be *Love's Labours Lost*, as well as the bootjack. Our student victims know better than that, for they organize a rival company on the spot, and before long the inspiring notes of the tin horn and the persistent adjurations to Mac to Boom On, convince the *Comedy of Errors* outside that their ta'ent is wasted and unappreciated, that all their *Ado* is *About Nothing*, and that they had better swallow their voices and their jealousy, to depart in disgust for Mr. Pritchard's premises. And now, "meseemes," the heroes unlight their lamp, shake hands tearfully and sympathetically, and re-seek their hard-earned couches, the one muttering:—"Praise be to Therrien's yell and the tin horn!" the other, softly:—"*Veni, Vidi, Vici!*"

Gladly we chronicle the return of our friend J. H. Mullholland to McMaster. A worthy accession provokes exultation, so we welcome him heartily back.

Moulton College.

Those of our number who were not on their homeward way before the evening of Dec. 22nd, had an opportunity of enjoying the exercises of Founder's Day at McMaster University, and none of those present regretted the somewhat unpleasant journey when they were once in the midst of the pleasures of the evening.

On Dec. 15th, our faculty was at home to the students and friends of Moulton. Outside the College walls an ice-storm was raging; but, in spite of the unfavourable weather, the parlours were well filled with guests. Enjoyable musical selections were given, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

A glance into the rooms of many of the girls reveals the fact that Santa Claus has not forgotten them during his annual visit. Many of the dainty and pretty knick-knacks which ornament the rooms have evidently never undergone the wear and tear of school life. Quaint calendars for the new year adorn the walls, and nearly everybody greets you with the cordial invitation, "Come in, and see my Christmas presents."

Moulton students are widely renowned for cheerfulness and contentment. Who ever heard them complain even of their time-worn

walking limits? And now-a-days all is one smile of content, and in answer to the question of the day: "What sort of vacation did you have?" the questioner receives a hearty "Splendid!" which makes the heart rejoice. Anybody homesick? Oh, well, we won't ask too many questions.

QUITE a large party attended the lecture given under the auspices of the Literary and Theological Society of McMaster, and all who were present heartily enjoyed the lecture by Dr. Withrow and the accompanying lime-light views. The White City seemed to be before us, and the peep at its wonders was all the more interesting and refreshing coming in the midst of those tiresome facts—examinations.

ONE of Moulton's friends, Mr. D. E. Thomson, came not long since to give us a "Glimpse of Naples." The programme of the evening opened with an instrumental selection by Miss Helmer, after which Mr. Thomson gave us the promised glimpse at the beautiful city and the olive-skinned Neapolitans. The sunshine of Italy is not always brought home by travellers, but we could see flashes of its brightness in this talk. Mr. Thomson predicted that the coming woman will travel, and reminded us of the trite saying, "See Naples and die." From Naples we were taken to Pompeii, and told of the wonders of that excavated city. Many of us left the chapel with a strengthened desire to travel and witness the beauties of sunny Italy ourselves.

MOULTONITES are disgusted with the conduct of the weather. During the latter part of the term, when Rosedale expeditions were the order of the day, it snowed and it froze and it blew. When there were receptions to be attended it iced, and made matters generally delightful for the pedestrian. But we grumbled not. Our minds were filled with anticipations of holiday skating and sleighing and general good times. But it thawed and it rained, and the only possible way of obtaining a cutter ride was to take it in two feet of mud. Now all has changed again. Once more we are immersed in all-engrossing studies, and now it is snowing away merrily, but as a disconsolate Utopian remarked: "It's *snow* use now,"—and the chorus gave vent to a general groan.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE end of the month will bring to us tidings of our successes in classes; realizing this, the boys are bending their energies to the task awaiting them in the examinations.

"If I fail, I fail, but it most be *working*," is the only consolation for the sluggish student in these busy days.

THE long-expected visitor, Jack Frost, has come with force enough to gratify the desire of the average skater. The lawn is being prepared for flooding, and we hope to enjoy its glassy surface a few days

hence. The Hocky Club has been organized again, and has undertaken the management of the rink. The boys are determined that they shall succeed this winter in the skating line.

THE visit paid us by Mr. Mellick, in the interests of Manitoba missions, was a season of cheer to us all. The ministerial student looks with earnest gaze on the far-off West, and wishes his condition were such that he could give them assistance immediately. A number of the students are from the North-West, and they regard Mr. Mellick in the light of an old friend. May God speed him on his mission.

WE were favoured with a diversion from the regular programme in the Philomathic Society, in the shape of a charade conducted by the boys. Laughter was indulged in almost to excess, but the brevity of the programme prevented any disastrous results. The Excelsior Society is doing good work; well-arranged programmes and spicy articles from the *Maple Leaf*, bear testimony of the efficiency of the members.

MR. R. D. GEORGE, commander-in-chief of the battalions arrayed three times every day to attack the rations provided for them in the dining-room, issued an edict a few mornings ago to the effect, that in three minutes after the ringing of the gong all must be seated at the tables. As the average boy is tempted to lie abed as long as possible, there is a hurrying and scurrying, buttoning of coats and vests, all the way from the remotest corner of the building to the dining-room.

GRIP, grippier, grippiest. Who has suffered most? "I have, I am sure," and the victim of that despot sets about substantiating his claim to that honour. Grip has given us a call, and some of the boys will remember him for some time to come. Our matron diets the victims according to the usual custom of treating sick folk, so there is little inducement to remain closeted longer than is necessary to acquire a steady step to conduct the victim to the dining-room.

WE have the privilege of recording an event in the history of our College, which we hope may be passed down through the generations to occupy the school in the future. In time past it has been the editor's custom to relate the visits of Lieutenant-Governors, Chancellors, Ex-Principals, Governor-Generals, etc., but these are of small import in comparison with the visitor we now have in our midst. The fact that it is a female adds interest. She has been with us for more than a week, though the teachers and students have been ignorant of her presence, nevertheless, she is walking up and down the halls, visiting the rooms, holding sweet converse with the boys, and shedding radiance and sunlight wherever she goes. "Who is she?" we inquire. Well, our visitor is no less a person than Euterpe, the goddess of lyrical poetry. Nobody knows when she came, and how she obtained entrance is a problem which even the mathematical teacher is at a loss to solve; it remains a fact, however, that she is here and two

thirds of the boys have been inspired to attempt writing poetry. Of course, our worthy English master is delighted. We did hear it hinted that he let her ladyship in through the window, and by way of encouraging the boys, he has been dwelling more on the musical beauties of the selections. What the future may bring forth we cannot say, but we have a dim vision of a volume of poems entitled "Reminiscences of Woodstock College," by miscellanous authors, which would make old Wm. Shakespeare turn green with envy.

An interesting programme was given in the dining-room hall on the evening of December 1st, on behalf of the distressed congregation at Goble's Corners. The chapel hall, although a commodious room, was considered to be too small to accommodate the goodly gathering we expected to see. Immediately after tea was disposed of the committee on managements was given charge, and in a few minutes the usually well-arranged dining-room was converted into a comfortable assembly hall.

The chair was occupied by the Principal, and the following programme was rendered :—

Invocation, ... Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A.
Chorus, . . Down by the Sea, . . Students.
Selection, . . Nellie Waltz, . . College Orchestra.
Debate, "Resolved, That Woman's Sphere is the Home."
Affirmative, . . . W. F. Spidle, Miss M. Lockhart.
Negative, ... E. C. Elliot, Miss Huggart.
Selection, . . Dream Faces. . . College Orchestra.
" . . . Anvil Chorus, . . . Students.
" . . . . . Orchestra.

Paper, by the combined editorial staff of the *Oracle* and *Maple-Leaf*, in two divisions, read by T. A. P. Frost, and S. E. Grigg.

Refreshments and social intercourse followed the programme; after which the happy audience departed. The discussion on the debate was ended in favour of the affirmative side. The editors are deserving of much credit for the able manner in which the papers were prepared.

For a long time there was quite a little talk about an "Orchestra" in the school, and the result is that we have now a very fine Orchestra of ten pieces. After some delay we succeeded in getting music from the "other side," and now the halls resound with some of "The Keystone Orchestra" selections. Although rapid progress is being made, it is not expected that we shall make a tour of the continent much before next summer.

Grande Ligne.

Teacher—"What is the plural of mouse?" Student (thoughtfully)—"Rats."

The ghost of Xmas Exams has come and gone again. The usual results followed. Some are sorry and some are not.

"Where is the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
'I love music?'
If such there be, go make him well."

Evidently Santa Claus has not forgotten all his geography. That he knows where Grande Ligne is was evidenced by his leaving here many pleasing little articles, too numerous to name. Even Grande Ligne boys and girls know how to appreciate his generosity, and his visits are always looked forward to with pleasant expectation.

For some years real estate has been at a stand-still in Grande Ligne. As, however, building operations have commenced on two large new blocks, a boom is anticipated for the coming summer. The "Hotel de Windsor" also has received a fresh coat of paint and undergone other extensive repairs, so that guests will be much pleased with its more attractive and comfortable accommodation.

Another very valuable addition has lately been made to our library. An old friend of the Mission, Mr. C. S. J. Phillips, of Montreal, has just made us a donation of "Sir John Lubbock's 'One Hundred Books,'" comprising the most valuable classics of ancient and modern literature. They make a very cheery corner in the library, and we are indeed pleased to receive them.

The past term has been marked by an unusual amount of sickness. Saddest of all, we have to record the death of Paul Parent from scarlet fever. He was a general favorite with students and teachers. His death, the first death of a student in the school during its history of 56 years, has cast a gloom over the whole institution. His parents have our sincerest sympathy in their deep affliction.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

(EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR)

M. S. CLARK, MANAGING EDITOR

VOL. III. | FEBRUARY, 1894 | No. 5.

John Torrance ..... M. S. Clark 193
Recognition (Poem) ..... R. 201
A Song of the Harp (Poem) ..... I. Sinclair 202
At a German University. II. ..... W. S. W. McLay .. 203

STUDENTS' QUARTER

Orchard Thieves (Poem) ..... A. S. 208
Some Canadian Poets ..... E. P. W. 208
Skater and Wolves (Rondeau) ..... G. H. Clarke 212
A Plea for Phonography ..... E. A. 212
The Forest (Poem) ..... A. F. Hammett ... 214
Regulus' Farewell ..... W. J. Thorold 215
Editorial Notes 224
Here and There 227
College News 229

Publishing Committee

M. S. Clark, J. H. Farmer | D. K. Clark, O. E. Kendall, A. R. Park | Miss M. S. Daniels, Miss E. M. Botterill

H. E. Stillwell, B. W. N. Grigg, Miss M. E. Dryden — *Committee on Students' Quarter*

O. G. Langford, G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tarr — *Here and There, Subscription and College News*

J. B. Paterson, *Advertising Dept.*
C. J. Cameron, *Business Manager*

TORONTO
DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS
1894

Annual subscription ONE DOLLAR

Single Numbers TWENTY CENTS

To Students.

I shall be much pleased to take your order for

An OVERCOAT

A FINE BLACK SUIT

A TWEED SUIT

A PAIR OF PANTS

Or any other thing in our line, and will guarantee to please you

In FIT, FINISH and FIGURE.

I also keep a nice assorted stock of Hats New, Nobby and Cheap.

W. C. SENIOR,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts.

1921

J. Torrance

193

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1894.

JOHN TORRANCE.

It is now over twelve years since the subject of this sketch passed away from his work on earth, to be forever with the Lord and Master whom he had long and ardently loved and so faithfully served. Few, however, of his many friends throughout the Province have yet forgotten or are likely soon to forget the story of his life and the peculiarly sad circumstances of his last sickness and of his death. They will remember, too, the cry of sorrow and disappointment that went up from every Baptist heart in our land at the loss of one whose ripe scholarship, clear and profound knowledge of Bible truth and whole-hearted consecration to the work of studying and interpreting the Holy Scriptures, seemed to give the fullest promise of a long life of usefulness and of great spiritual power and blessing in the church of Jesus Christ.

John Torrance, like so many others who have fought long and bravely for Baptist principles in Canada, and as no one who knew his heart and was familiar with his voice need be told, was of Scottish parentage. He was born in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, on the 7th of December, 1838, but nine of the ten years of his life in Scotland were passed in Glasgow. Being a bright, intelligent lad, he saw and learned, even in those few early years, enough about the land of hills and heather to make him remem-

ber her all through life with feelings of affection and patriotic pride. In the year 1848, the family immigrated to Canada, and found their first home in the New World in the city of Toronto. Here John, their only child, became a pupil of the Model School, and applied himself so diligently to his lessons and so pleased his teachers by his intelligence and progress that, on his leaving the school, they awarded him as a prize the privilege of free tuition in the City Grammar School, a privilege of which he was not, however, able to take advantage.

After a residence of three or four years in Toronto, the family moved to the Township of Reach, Ontario County, where they lived for the next three years, during which period young Torrance was sent for some months to the school in Borillia, near Port Perry. They now removed to a farm near Fenelon Falls, Victoria. Here in the Township of Verulum, about five miles from the Falls, John Torrance, now seventeen years of age, began to teach in a Public School, in which occupation he continued until circumstances led him to devote his life to the work of preaching the gospel.

Some time before this, the late Robert Graham of Fenelon had moved from Smith Township, Peterborough, to what is known as the "Blythe Farm," in Fenelon. Mr. Graham had been brought to Christ under the preaching of the saintly John Gilmour, was one of the earliest Baptists in that section, and one whose own heart yearned to see his fellowmen brought to the knowledge of the truth. Soon after coming to Fenelon, he started a weekly prayer meeting at which John Torrance became a regular and earnest attendant, and before long found the Saviour. As he soon showed some ability in speaking, Bro. Graham encouraged him to take frequent part in the meetings. The result was that Mr. Torrance acquired considerable ease and even fluency in public speaking, and was often found on the Sabbath day preaching the gospel to pastorless churches in the vicinity. But Bro. Graham's influence did not stop here. He had many long and serious talks with the young school-teacher on the doctrines of Scripture, and among other important matters, directed his thoughts to that of believer's baptism and discussed with him fully the teaching of the New Testament on this question. From what we know of Bro. Torrance's honesty

and seriousness, we may feel assured that he studied this subject thoroughly and prayerfully until his own mind had reached a clear and settled conviction of what was his duty. He decided to follow the Lord in his own appointed way, and was baptized by Rev. A. McIntyre in Sturgeon Lake, not far from the Blythe Farm above mentioned. His father and mother also became soon afterwards members of the Baptist church through the labors of Bro. Graham and himself. For the facts of this paragraph, we are indebted to Bro. Henry Graham, J. P., of Kinmount, son of the brother above referred to, who has kindly taken special pains to verify every particular. Like the disciples in primitive days, Mr. Torrance had sought to improve the gifts that the Lord had given him. His pulpit efforts were so encouraging and so well received that it was soon evident to himself and to his brethren that he had been chosen and endowed of God for the great work of preaching the gospel. In 1860 he was called and duly ordained to the pastoral care of the Baptist churches of Woodville and the West Line of Brock, where he continued to labor for a year and nine months. His sermons, we are told, were already marked by that familiarity with the Scriptures and that independence and maturity of thought which served to render his preaching so instructive and impressive in after years. The blessing of God attended his work, and the influence of this first pastorate is felt in those churches to this day. In later years he frequently preached in Fenelon Falls, when visiting his parents, and on such occasions he was greeted by large congregations who listened to his discourses with pleasure and profit.

In the fall of 1861, Mr. Torrance, feeling strongly the need of further study, resigned his charge and set out for Woodstock to enrol himself as a student of the Canadian Literary Institute. By practising strict economy, and by preaching almost every Sabbath, he succeeded in remaining in his classes for three years. Knowing the value of the limited time his slender means would allow him, he entered upon his work in the Institute with such zeal and determination as rendered success in his studies a matter of course. He was particularly fond of English studies; he cultivated a taste for good literature and made every effort to acquire ease and correctness in composition and speaking. We

have heard him speak with animation of his work in science. That he was regarded as one of the best students of those days is attested by the fact that he was afterwards, for many years, one of the examiners of the graduating classes.

As already intimated he preached a great deal during his residence in Woodstock. He supplied regularly for some months at Burlington, also for the Woodstock church, and occasionally for the brethren in Mount Elgin. The esteem in which he was held by the latter may be gathered from the fact that, on one occasion, Mr. E. A. Bodwell, a large-hearted brother and enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Torrance, hearing of his circumstances at college, hitched up his sleigh, and making the tour of the members, secured a big load of provisions which he drove to Woodstock and presented to Mr. Torrance as an expression of good will from himself and his brethren.

At last, however, Mr. Torrance felt that circumstances would not permit him to continue his studies any further for the present. He accepted a call to become the pastor of the Mount Elgin church, and entered upon his duties on the 7th of August, 1864. The installation services took place on the following Wednesday. Dr. Fyfe preached the sermon, Elder Thos. Baldwin giving the charge to the young pastor, and Elder Topping that to the church. Three years of happy relations between pastor and people now followed. Elder Torrance's genial disposition, his kindness to all, and especially his deep interest in the young people made him a general favorite. His exposition of Scripture on the Sabbath-day, and his earnest, heart-searching appeals to the unconverted could not fail to do good. The members of the church were stirred up to new spiritual life and more earnest study of God's word, and many souls were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

In the summer of 1867, Mr. Torrance tendered his resignation of this charge, much to the regret, not only of the members of the church but of the people generally, from whom, after his settlement on his next field of labor, he received many expressions of esteem and confidence. He now spent a few months in collecting funds for the Institute at Woodstock, travelling on this mission over a great part of Western Ontario, and making the acquaintance of numerous churches and pastors.

The churches in Cheltenham and Edmonton were at this time vacant through the departure of Mr. John Crawford to assist Dr. Fyfe in ministerial training at Woodstock. On one of his collecting tours, Mr. Torrance visited and preached in these two churches where he was not entirely unknown ; for not long before he had had a lively controversy in the Canadian Baptist with Mr. Crawford on the propriety and scripturalness of women taking part in the devotional meetings of the church. The latter had subsequently met his opponent at Woodstock, made his acquaintance, and brought back a high opinion of Mr. Torrance's ability, and his genial and winning manner. The people now saw and heard for themselves, and the result was a hearty call to him to become their pastor. Mr. Torrance had already, in Mount Elgin, resolved to take a University course, and now on receiving a call from those two churches, he accepted on the understanding that he should be permitted to begin his stu lies whenever he felt prepared to do so. He entered upon the duties of his new field on the first of January 1868, and as he did not begin his college work until the fall of 1869, the brethren had the benefit of his full time and energy, without interruption, for over a year and a half. It was, indeed, a period of great blessing to the churches. They listened to a series of the most earnest and impressive sermons, the clearest and most helpful Scripture teaching they had ever heard, and their previous pastors had all been strong men. The same blessed results followed as on the previous field : a revival of spiritual life and a marked growth of scripture knowledge in the church, followed by greater loyalty to the truth and consecration of life to Christ. Many of the congregation, who had listened for years unmoved to the words of life, were now convicted of sin and brought to the Saviour. Some of these form to-day the strength of both churches, and the names of others are familiar in many departments of our denominational work. Through the inspiration of their pastor's own devoted and consistent life, his labors on their behalf in the pulpit, prayer-meeting and Sunday school, these young disciples became strong in faith and in fidelity to the cause of Christ. Mr. Torrance practised what he preached, and that too every day of the week, commending the gospel by his daily walk and conversation. But he was no long-faced Puri-

tain. Visitors to the parsonage found him always happy, often indeed merry, and anxious to make others happy. He was fond of having his young members about him, and never were young people more attached or more loyal to their spiritual father. Few, indeed, were the cases of discipline in those days, for none thought of persisting, out of mere personal preference, in any course of conduct which their pastor held to be unscriptural or hurtful to the cause of Christ. No wonder these were years on which Bro. Torrance's memory loved to linger, that ties of affection were then formed which could never be broken, that during his illness he longed to have some of these brethren about him and that he desired, when his soul had winged its way to be with Christ, that his mortal remains should be laid in the little cemetery of the village which had been the scene of his best and happiest days.

In the autumn of 1869, Mr. Torrance began his studies in University College. Many things combined to make this no easy undertaking. The distance from the nearest railway would in itself have proved a serious obstacle except for the kindness and devotion of the late deacon Learment of Edmonton, who drove his pastor to and from the station during the whole period of his course. Mr. Torrance was a thorough and conscientious student. He rarely missed a lecture; he made every effort to keep up in all class exercises, and particularly to read all the prescribed work. He procured every text-book and did not rest satisfied until all had been carefully read and reviewed. Such a student could not fail to attract the attention and win the admiration of his professors. The President of the University, the late Dr. McCaul, was particularly kind to him and showed a lively interest both in his studies and in his church work. Mr. Torrance, on his part, could see much in Dr. McCaul that commanded his admiration, his great scholarship, his refined but cordial manner, the elegance of his addresses and the impressiveness of his strong personality on convocation days, and above all, the profound reverence with which the venerable President would, on all such occasions, speak of the holy religion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Four years soon pass, even at College, and through the blessing of God nothing occurred to break our brother's course.

He passed all his examinations without a single star, and at University Convocation in June 1873, he received the degree of B.A., with a silver medal in Metaphysics and the prize in Oriental Languages. The long-cherished desire of his heart was now more than realized. It had cost him years of toil and anxiety, and no one knows what self-denial, but at last the goal had been won, and won with honor. If he felt a thrill of pride and joy that day, no one had ever a better right to it.

For four months or more, the brethren in Cheltenham and Edmonton had their beloved pastor to themselves again, with all his added earnestness and power. But now, much to their sorrow, there came a call from the Baptist Church in Yorkville to come and help them, a call which Mr. Torrance thought it wise to accept. So attached had the people he was leaving become to himself and to his pastoral methods, that for a time, it could scarcely be expected that any one else would obtain a patient hearing. His interest in his old flock never failed, however, and they found his advice and influence of great service in their efforts to secure a successor to their liking.

The church in Yorkville was a wider and more important field of labor. The people were intelligent and earnest Bible students, who had for several years been sitting at the feet of one of the ablest teachers in the denomination. It was not every pastor who could take up Dr. Pyper's work and carry it on to the satisfaction of the church. But Mr. Torrance was well equipped for such an undertaking, and enjoyed from the first the fullest esteem and confidence of his people. They were edified by his preaching, and their hearts were gladdened from time to time by accessions to their number, through conversions and baptism. Every thing pointed to a long and happy pastorate, when, after a residence in Yorkville of a little over two years, Mr. Torrance received a call which some of his intimate friends had led him to expect. He had, moreover, begun to feel a strong desire to become a teacher once more, and when after the death of Prof. Yule, Dr. Fyfe and Prof. Crawford united in urging him to come to Woodstock and take up the work of their departed colleague, he saw in it the answer to his prayers and decided to go.

The years that now followed were for the most part years

of earnest, useful and happy work. Prof. Torrance was a man of high scholarly attainments. In the course of many years of faithful pastoral service, he had read widely and thought profoundly on all thological questions, on all of which, too, he had clearly defined views of his own. He had trained himself to think closely and logically. He was alert and keen in debate, and could see as many sides to a question as most men. He made the most thorough preparation for his lectures, and having strong and settled convictions as the result of deep meditation and a long and rich Christian experience, his expositions of Scripture were given with the calmness and positiveness of one who had perfect confidence in the soundness of his conclusions. We need not be surprised that his influence upon the students was powerful, and that the impressions they received from his lectures were deep and ineffaceable. On the death of Dr. Fyfe in 1878, Prof. Torrance was appointed Principal of the Theological Department, and subsequently on Prof. Wells's retirement, took charge of the whole college. The responsible duties of this position he continued to discharge with eminent satisfaction until in 1881, he was nominated to the chair of New Testament Interpretation in the new Baptist College in Toronto.

Towards the close of 1880, his health broke down. It is probable, as has been said, that the long strain of mental and physical exertion had gradually impaired his constitution. He was in the habit of working very late, for in addition to his class work, there was a voluminous correspondence to attend to. This, together with the care and anxiety of his responsible position, made such demands upon his energies that gradually his strength was exhausted and he was compelled to lay aside his work. He rallied, however, met his classes again after the Christmas holidays, and in spite of constant weakness, carried a strong graduating class to the end of the year. But in the following May, after preaching in the Baptist church, he was again prostrated, took to his bed and rapidly sank until little hopes were entertained of his recovery. After a time he so far recovered, however, that he felt strong enough to go to Muskoka, where he hoped the cool, pure air from the lakes would bring back his lost strength. He only succeeded in getting as far as Bobcaygeon, where, unable to proceed any farther, he was taken to the

house of a relative. There at noon, on the 3rd of August, 1881, not far from where he had found the Saviour whom he had so faithfully served, surrounded by his sorrowing family and friends, and as he still held the hand of his only boy, his redeemed spirit departed to be with Christ.

He had not yet seen his 43rd birthday. Like Prof. Yule and Principal McGregor, he was called away in the very prime of manhood. Who can measure the loss our churches have sustained through the early death of these eminently gifted servants of God whom the Holy Spirit had through years of training thus fitted for doing most efficient work in His Kingdom? O what strength and inspiration, what wisdom and sanctifying power would have emanated from these consecrated souls, had it pleased our Heavenly Father to let them labor on among us in the vigor and earnestness of healthful life! We know not why God did not permit his people to reap the fulness of the blessing which such life, if prolonged, could not have failed to bring, but as we think of the glorious results that might have followed, one sad question forces itself upon us. Were these lives not too pure, too good to be continued down here? Did we by our own zeal and fidelity in the Master's service, by our love for them and our fervent prayers for God's blessing on their ministry produce the environment in which alone God could work out his purposes concerning these his chosen vessels? He has put eminently qualified and godly men in their places. Let us, brethren, see to it that no unbelief or unfaithfulness on our part shall hinder the work which God by his Spirit can perform through their instrumentality.

M. S. Clark.

RECOGNITION.

Yes! when within the heavenly homes shall meet
Souls whose communings touch the earth-lived years,
Some wingëd word set free, like carrier dove,
Some glance or tone, shall bear its message fleet,
And wake in one glad moment sweetest tears,
As blissful rain, from long pent hearts of love.

R.

A SONG OF THE HARP.

In the land where the roses fade, I heard
  The sound of a wind-harp's fitful playing,
As its quivering strings were thrilled and stirred
  By the breezes over it straying.

At dawn of the morning a zephyr came,
  Soft as a sigh, and perfume laden,
It had kissed the sweet wild flowers as it flew
  Till it seemed like a breath from Eden.

It touched the wind-harp's slender strings
  And I heard, oh I heard the angels' singing,
And I heard the rush of their glancing wings
  In the harp's low fitful ringing.

And a rushing wind from the west swept by,
  A child of the air and the stormy ocean ;
And the song of the harp rose clear and high
  As it swayed to the wind's wild motion.

I felt the north-wind's icy breath,
  And the harp-strings wailed like an orphan's crying,
As they told of a grief that was dark as death,
  And a pain that was worse than dying.

And I know when the winds of the loved home land
  On those living strings are playing,
The angels will hush their songs to hear
  What the harp is singing and saying.

I. Sinclair.

Brandon, Man.

AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

II.

In my first article on this subject I said that the spirit of learning, far from dying out, was as strong in Germany to-day as it ever was, and to prove the statement, if indeed that were at all necessary, I gave the names of some of the distinguished scholars at the University of Leipsic, whose work has won the admiration and gratitude of students and learned men the world over. Of all these the most interesting to me was Professor Sievers, the well known specialist in phonetics and philology, and consequently I chose him to refer to in detail. But the others and many of their confrères are interesting too, and therefore I am going to devote this article to a sketch of one or two of these and of their work.

The Professor of English is Dr. Wülcker, and as I had more to do with him than with any of the others whom I am about to describe, I shall write about him first. Though a scholar of no mean ability, he cannot be considered a man of genius. He has done a considerable amount of useful work in the editing of Anglo-Saxon and Early English prose and poetry, but this did not require genius so much as patience, industry, aptitude for details and accurate knowledge. These qualities Prof. Wülcker undoubtedly does possess in a very high degree, and it is upon the very good use he has made of them in what may be called the mechanical side of the study of English, that his reputation among scholars will rest. Among other things he has re-edited and enlarged Grein's "Treasury of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," a work of great magnitude and one requiring the very qualities of accuracy and painstaking perseverance with which nature has endowed him. It is to Wülcker also that scholars owe the probably correct solution of the interesting question as to how the so called "Vercelli Book" came to be in Italy. He made a visit to the monastery at Vercelli and learned that in early times there had been a library in connection with it, to which travellers, in return for the hospitality shown them, often made contributions in the shape of manuscripts and collections of poems. From this

he concluded that some monk or traveller from England had carried to Italy the collection of Anglo-Saxon poems now known as the "Codex Vercellensis," and had made a gift of it to this library at Vercelli, in the dusty recesses of which it was found in the year 1832. This supposition seemed so probable that scholars have accepted it as the solution of the hitherto perplexing question. Some day it may be that Prof. Wülcker's popular reputation will rest more upon this shrewd guess than upon his laborious works.

But now let me describe the professor from a nearer view and consider his personality as exhibited in the study and classroom. Wishing to hear some of his lectures, I called upon him at his residence to introduce myself and obtain formal permission to attend his *Seminar*. Two callers were there before me, one of whom was an American who had just taken his degree. Happy mortal! Having to wait some minutes in the study before being shown into the reception-room, I could not help casting a glance or two upon the objects in the room. A student's "den" must always have charms for the true student and what, after all, is a professor's study but the most delightful of student's "dens"? The particular one in which I found myself on this occasion was not to any great extent different from others of its kind. Of course there were many book-shelves and upon them were many English books. If their owner has read them all, as in all probability he has, he has come into touch with more of our literature than most Englishmen or Americans. Every period of English literature from its earliest beginnings down to the present day was represented. The works of the standard novelists of this century were particularly in evidence and generally in complete editions. Nor were the fiction writers of to-day forgotten. The works of these latter are published for German readers of English in the well-known Tauchnitz edition, and the presence of a couple of hundred of these volumes indicated the professor's interest in the works of contemporary writers, while their looks proved that they were on the shelves not for mere ornament but for use. It struck me at the time that few could be more *au courant* of latter-day literature than Prof. Wülcker.

There were two other things in the room that appeared to me peculiarly characteristic of him who is the presiding genius

of the spot. One of these was a framed photograph of an Anglo-Saxon manuscript, and the other an old-fashioned study-chair. Of beauty the former had little and of comfort the latter had less. An ardent enthusiasm for the language of our remote ancestors might invest the manuscript with beauty, but no one, even in his wildest flights of fancy, could delude himself that he even found comfort in that wonderfully constructed chair. It is high-seated and low-backed; it is stiff and straight and angular, and its look seems to wish to ward you off by telling you that it is hard and uncomfortable to sit upon. For its owner and occupant it may be entwined with memories that make it dear to him; nay, it must be, for what else was there about it to attract any one to it or to make up for its complete lack of the large, comfortable, inviting look that the study-chair should always have? Absolutely nothing, and therefore it must be some human interest attaching to it that gives it worth and attractiveness.

While I was musing over what this romantic interest might be and trying to form a mental picture of the professor from the objects with which he surrounds himself, the door opened and I was called in to the reception-room. A tall, sparely-built man of about fifty years of age arose to receive me and invited me to take a seat on a sofa near him. His grayish hair and whiskers, the lines on his face and his whole manner and appearance gave the impression of the hard and incessant student, in which regard he differed from Prof. Sievers, who appeared the cultured gentleman rather than the laborious student. It is hardly necessary to say that he wore the inevitable glasses. I say inevitable, for it seems to me that the large majority of German students have weak eyes and wear glasses; in some cases they go so far as to wear two pairs at one time. There are exceptions to the general rule, but Prof. Wülcker is not one of them.

In his conversation with me he spoke slowly and languidly, as if to talk were a burden to him. This is his natural manner of speech and not one adopted for the occasion; for in all his lectures he spoke in precisely the same way. He can speak English fairly well, but would not do so with me, I suppose in order to test my ability to appreciate his lectures. However, we got along very well, and the result of the whole conversation was that I was given permission to attend his *Seminar*. After

a few more words I left, and on going out met another American acquaintance coming to call. That made the fourth caller in half an hour It is evident that a German professor's *Sprechstunde* is no time of leisure.

A few days afterwards I attended Prof. Wülcker's *Seminar*. It was supposed to begin at five o'clock in the afternoon and last until seven, but in reality it never began until a quarter past five and rarely extended beyond a quarter to seven. It is always understood in Leipsic that, unless stated to the contrary, lectures never begin before the quarter after the hour, this being necessary in order to give the students time to get from one building to another. It is worthy of note that lectures are given on six days of the week, and that the earliest is given at seven in the morning and the last from eight to nine in the evening, during the summer heat such an arrangement has its advantages, as I proved to my satisfaction in this case. A *Seminar* is quite distinct from either a lecture or a class, the difference being in the changed relations of professor and student. In a lecture the professor talks and the students listen; in a class there is an interchange of questions and answers; in a *Seminar* things are reversed, for there the professor for the most part listens while the students do the talking. Perhaps I shall best make this distinction clear by giving a description of the way in which the English *Seminar* at Leipsic is conducted.

The meeting-place is an ordinary class-room, in which, however, a long table takes the place of the professor's desk. Of the score or so in attendance the majority sit around this table, the remainder occupying the seats immediately in the rear. When the professor enters, all present arise and remain standing until he has taken his seat at the table. This custom is not universal in German universities, the exception in this case being due, perhaps, to the fact of its being an *English Seminar*, and therefore to a desire to follow the English custom in this respect. Let the reader suppose that the work to be done is, as was really the case when I was present, the translation of the professor's own Middle English Reader, and that a new extract is to be begun. The professor's *Famulus* has arranged with some one to open the subject, and without waiting to be called upon the one appointed proceeds to do so. First he gives a short introductory

account of the extract, in which he makes particular reference to the various manuscripts extant, their dates and the dialect or dialects in which they may have been written. Should this account be incorrect or wanting in any essential details, the professor interposes to make the necessary corrections and additions; though if any of the students feel competent to do so, they have the right to point out and correct the mistakes. The introduction being completed, the student reads some twenty or thirty lines in the original, his mistakes in pronunciation, if they be not too many, being corrected by the professor as he reads. Then he translates the passage into German, after which he makes what annotations he considers necessary. Interesting points in philology and dialectal differences are considered particularly worthy of comment. Woe be to the annotator who refers to anything mentioned in the notes appended to the Reader, or to any details of grammar which the class could reasonably be expected to know. It will be quietly, but none the less forcibly, intimated to him that he is not to waste the time of the class over trifles; that he is to give information and not a mere repetition of something already given in the notes. After such a rebuke the student first recovers his breath and then goes on with his work, very gingerly it may be taken for granted. When a student has proceeded as far as his preparation will allow him, he gives over the task of carrying on the translation, etc., to one of the many ready and anxious to do so. And thus it goes on until the time is up, the student lecturing and the professor emending or adding to what is said.

Such is the German Seminar. The system is admirable; it develops accuracy, independence and originality in the students better, perhaps, than any other system. I should like to tell my readers something of Wundt, the professor of philosophy, of Guthe, the Hebrew historian, of Socin, the Hebrew and Arabic scholar, and others, but space will not permit at present.

Speaking generally, and speaking from an admittedly limited experience, I should say that German professors are mines of information in their particular branches, but that outside of those they are but dilettanti. In special knowledge they are perhaps peerless; in general culture weak. They need more of their own Goethe's universality to give them comprehensive views.

So much of the professors. The interesting student must be left for another time.

W. S. W. McLay.

London, England, Dec. 30, 1893.

Students' Quarter.

ORCHARD THIEVES.

The orchard trees glance sidewise oft,
  They cannot now be sober,
Like blushing maids upon their arms,
  Hang apples in October.

Alack! alas! the bright-eyed birds
  Are rivals for their kisses,
From rosy red to dappled white
  Turn quick the frightened misses.

And if Jack Frost but saunter by
  Their hearts are straightway smitten,
Cold tear-drops start upon their cheeks,
  They're hopelessly frost-bitten.

Or autumn winds blow fierce and high,
  The orchard bends and cowers,
And all the silly maids take flight
  In red and golden showers.

The orchard trees sigh day and night
  Their leaves like tears a-falling,
And "stop! stop thieves! you've stolen summer,"
  They mournfully are calling.

A. S.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

In view of the growing interest now taken in Canadian poets, a few facts may not be out of place concerning the lives of several of those whose successful verse has already given them outstanding positions in the ranks of our authors. Among these is William Wilfred Campbell, whose reputation as a poet was established by the appearance of his "Lake Lyrics," and

who has won for himself fresh laurels by his recently published volume, entitled, "The Dread Voyage," which contains many strong and original poems. Though he has shown his power as a word-painter in many beautiful descriptive poems, his genius is not content to rest here, but loves to dwell also on the emotions, the passions, and the tragedy of human life. Such poems as "The Mother," "Lazarus," "The Last Ride," are characteristic examples of his power in depicting the strongest and deepest feelings of the heart.

In appearance he is described as being tall and fair, with the vivid and slightly sunken eye that so often accompanies strong powers of imagination.

* * * * * * *

Archibald Lampman, another of our young and rising poets, is a true son of Canada, dating the settlement of his forefathers in the land to pioneer days,—two hundred and fifty years ago. He was born in 1861 in the little post village of Morpeth, on Lake Erie. His father was a clergyman, and during Lampman's childhood removed to Gore's Landing, a beautiful and peaceful village on Rice Lake. The surroundings afforded ample opportunity for the study of nature, and doubtless had a share in developing the genius of the poet. In 1876 he was sent to Trinity College, Port Hope, and afterwards entered Trinity College, Toronto. His student career was brilliant with scholarships and honors, and after taking his degree he taught for a time in the Orangeville High School. Within a year, however, he received an appointment in the Civil Service Department at Ottawa, which he still holds. His first printed poems appeared in the College paper which he edited while at Port Hope. He is a frequent contributor to the "Week" and the "Century Magazine." The first published volume of his poems was "Among the Millet," which established his genius beyond question, and placed him in the foremost rank of Canadian poets.

He excels in sonnet-writing, and all his poems are characterized by great delicacy of touch, and perfection of style, while they are also rich in coloring and instinct with truth.

* * * * * * *

Prominent among the women writers of Canada is Miss

Machar, better known as "Fidelis," who for years has been a constant and valued contributor of both prose and verse to our leading periodicals. Her summer home is a beautiful spot among the Thousand Islands, her winter residence in historic Kingston, —surroundings not unfavorable to the production of her graceful lyrics and stirring patriotic songs. Her time is divided between literary and philanthropic interests, and she says of herself, "I am happy enough to be one of the women who have no history to speak of outside my work." No separate collection of her poems has yet been made for publication, but her friends and admirers are pleased to learn that this is soon to be done.

* * * * * * *

Though little is known about the life of the gifted Isabella Valancey Crawford, who died in Toronto about six years ago, that little is of pathetic interest. She was a young and ambitious woman, and had published one little volume, entitled, "Old Spooks's Pass Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems." The dearest hopes of her life were centered in this, and when it fell unnoticed from the press, awaking not the slightest interest, the despair of unrecognized genius laid hold of her and death soon cut short a life that held the promise of a brilliant future.

But the meed of praise that should have been hers while living, has been accorded in full measure since her death, and critics have found her "Malcolm's Katie" (a Canadian Idyll) to be full of strong and original conception, and glowing imagination,—a work of undoubted genius.

* * * * * * *

Among the several noteworthy French-Canadian poets, the name of Louis Fréchette is perhaps the best known. He was born at Lévis in the Province of Quebec, in 1839. He was educated at Nicolet College, an institution which has sent forth not a few distinguished men, and afterwards took degrees at Laval, McGill, and Queen's Universities.

He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864, but the worship of the Muses has always had more attraction for him than legal disputations. His first volume of poems, "Mes Loisirs," was published in Quebec in 1863, and attracted much attention and favorable criticism. Afterwards he resided

for a few years in Chicago, where he published a French journal, entitled, L'Amérique, and wrote "La Voix d'un Exilé," a poem intensely patriotic in tone.

Returning to Quebec, he resumed his professional career, married and made his home in Montreal. He still continues his literary labors, and in 1880 had the honor of being laureated by the French Academy for writing the finest French poems of the year, the "Fleurs Boréales" and "Les Oiseaux de Neige."

* * * * * * *

The captain of Canadian song, Charles Douglas Roberts, who will undoubtedly take his place in the ranks of world-poets also, spent his early years in Westmoreland, New Brunswick, the land of dykes, and tides and grassy flats. At the age of nineteen he graduated at the University of Fredericton, and afterwards taught in the Grammar-school at Chatham, N. B. He was a singularly successful teacher, winning the affection of his pupils and inspiring them with his own love for literature. During his stay here, he published his first volume of poems—Orion. When only twenty-two years of age he became the editor of the "Week," but finding himself hampered in the expression of his political views, he returned to his native province, and in 1885 was appointed to the chair of Modern Literature in King's College, Windsor, N. S. This position he has held ever since, but has been able in the midst of its cares and duties, to develop his poetic gift, in strains continually finer and loftier.

His second volume, "In Divers Tones," appeared in 1887, and gave evidence of the wide range of the author's power in its variety of subjects and style of treatment. It contained poems strictly classical in subject and workmanship, poems whose ringing patriotism stirred every heart, and poems vividly descriptive of Acadian scenery.

Very recently his latest and greatest poem, "Ave," has been published. This, written in memory of Shelley, the poet to whom above all others he owes his inspiration, proves him to be no unworthy follower of the author of "Adonais," and raises in our hearts well-grounded expectations of still greater things from the future of this young and gifted man.

E. P. W.

SKATER AND WOLVES.

RONDEAU.

Swifter the flight! Far, far, and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
And all the earth is ghostly pale,
While the young skater, strong and hale,
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—
He laughs and sobs within the gale,
On, anywhere! He must not die,—
Swifter the flight!

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

In The Canadian Magazine.

A PLEA FOR PHONOGRAPHY.

One of the most note-worthy features of the days in which we live is perhaps to be found in the spirit of progress and reform that seems everywhere to be entering our colleges. This spirit is to be seen under various aspects, but perhaps no phase of it will be more heartily greeted than that which seems bent on the widening and improving of the different courses of study. To-day with the optional courses of study, any man can find his sphere; and may we not also say, that in the many factors employed, any course of mental training and discipline may be enjoyed?

There is, however, one feature that we should very much like to see more fully entering into our work, than it does at

the present time, viz., the study of Phonography. There are, as we think, many and good reasons why this should take rank with our other subjects, and we think that these reasons need only to be stated to commend themselves to one and all. In the first place, we suppose that all are ready to admit the worth of any system that shall enable us more easily and expeditiously to commit to paper either our own thoughts or those of others. The days in which we live are of all days the most busy, and any means that will give to us the best result, with the minimum amount of time and labor, needs, we are sure, but to be mentioned to meet with universal acceptance.

But to state our reasons. We claim in the first place, that since the value of Phonography is admitted, and the advisability of acquiring it heartily endorsed, the best time to do so is during the early years of one's collegiate course. The mind has already received considerable training and having acquired tenacity, and being not yet burdened by more advanced work, it is in a condition to receive impressions and retain knowledge which, in after years, will prove of the greatest use in acquiring yet wider learning. Nor indeed is its value as a factor in education to be overlooked. If education be not so much accumulation as development, anything that will serve the end in view, and aid in the pursuit of our object, is to be welcomed; and on this account we claim a hearing for Phonography. The acquirement of it will afford, we claim, in a very high degree the same mental discipline as the study of a new language, and it has moreover this feature to commend it, that it is eminently practical.

But then again consider the immense advantage it affords the student, whatever course of study he may chose! With what facility he can make a synopsis of anything he reads! How much information may be brought from lectures in the condensed characters of Phonography! How many sermons may live in his memory with all their old time force and vigor, recalled by a small slip of paper jotted with shorthand notes.

But its great, and, it seems to us, its chief advantage is the immense aid it renders in composition. For instance, how much useful information may be easily retained! How many quotations preserved for future reference and use! And with the

advantages thus gained, may we not suppose that more writing will be done?

But yet another result of the study of Phonography is to be seen. One great fault in ordinary composition is the indefinite manner in which the thought finds utterance. With the necessary attention to the smallest matters which the successful study of shorthand demands, will come that alertness and mental conciseness without which even the most useful phases of thought and suggestion may fail of their object. Then too, as this means an improvement in our manner of thinking, it also means improvement in our style of writing, and so all stiff, formal methods of expressing our ideas will give way before the incoming of a more free, easy, racy style.

With these last points before us it seems scarcely necessary to say more, for surely these speak for themselves. We therefore trust that the day is not far distant when we shall add to the already thorough course of study pursued in our colleges this last and so useful study of Phonography. E. A.

Woodstock College.

THE FOREST.

In what majestic splendor art thou drest,
As wave thy towering plumes o'er hill and dale!
How strange and weird-like is the mystic tale,
In murmuring sounds deep-heaving from thy breast!

A realm of glory is thy garb of green,
But O what gloom there lurks beneath its shade
At dead of night, or just within the glade
At even, what a calm, a rest serene!

But soon the varying tints shall deck thee o'er
With transient beauty; mingling joy and pain,
We view the matchless scene so swift to wane.

Though oft renewed thou hast thy sure decline:
By woodman's stroke and wreathing flames apace,
Thou too with all the great must yield thy place.

A. F. Hammett.

REGULUS' FAREWELL.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

CHARACTERS:

REGULUS . . .	The Roman General.
VIRGINIA	His wife.
CAPELLA . . .	Her sister.
MARCIUS	Lieutenant to General.

SCENE: In house of Regulus, a few miles from Rome.

Capella—[*Entering room*]—I wonder where Virginia is. I have searched for her all the afternoon, through the house, in the garden, down by the brook she calls her silver stream, her favorite resting place. But I am unable to find my sister. It cannot be that she has gone to the city, for Rome is too far away. [*Looking out window.*] And it is late: the hills are radiant only upon their western slopes. [*Sitting at table.*] To-day Regulus was to return from Carthage. Perhaps even now he is marching along the streets beneath some arch of triumph, greeted by the cheers of myriad Romans. [*Rising.*] And when he comes my loved Marcius will come to me. But I must not let him know that he is loved. Astrologers tell us some bodies attract other bodies—and I believe that's true. How well I remember that first day we met! The army was just about to embark. And Marcius seemed so regretful at parting from me. But I—I did not care, at least not very much. Yet I seemed to feel a little golden arrow nestle into my heart—and I think Cupid was the archer. I do wish this old world could wag along without any wars, or else that Marcius weren't a soldier—just a prince or king or emperor or something of that sort. [*Listening.*] That sounds like my sister's footstep. Yes, it surely is. [*Listens again and calls.*] Virginia! Virginia!

[*Enter Virginia.*]

Virginia.—O Capella, how slowly this long day has passed!

Cap.—Why, my sister, where have you been?

Vir.—Up in the tower, looking for some sign of my husband's coming.

Cap.—And is there none?

Vir.—None—except an ominous shadow that darkens my

mind. I fear it is cast by some disaster, already overtaken my lord, or waiting for him in the near future.

Cap.—No, Virginia, that cannot be. Regulus will surely come.

Vir.—But I have watched for him all these hours, until the winding road is familiar to me as our mother's name. Each cloud of dust rolling onward raised my hopes. I thought it was the galloping of his cavalry. But I was disappointed a score of times. And each cloud seemed to make the shadow darker still.

Cap.—Did you see or hear nothing ?

Vir.—Only once. Shading my eyes from the setting sun and looking towards the city I thought I heard the noise of a great tumult come floating on the evening breeze.

Cap.—Then, Virginia, we may know that Regulus is come. Only what you heard was the ringing clamour of many cheers as your husband and Rome's idol marched in triumph or rode in conqueror's chariot.

Vir.—I wish I could think so, Capella.

Cap.—And you may, my sister. Let the heart be bright, even as yonder roseate cloud coloring the west and hanging just beyond the Capitol.

Vir.—You are truly a daughter of sweetest consolation.—[*Kisses her*].

Cap.—Listen !

Vir.—What is it, Capella ?

Cap.—I thought I heard the clatter of hoofs.

Vir.—Perhaps a messenger.

Cap.—Perhaps the General himself.

Vir.—How glad I should be !

Cap.—Here he comes.

[*Enter Marcius, with extra sword*].

Vir.—Good morrow, Marcius.

Cap.—Welcome.

Vir.—What news ? [*Hands her a letter.*]

Mar.—Regulus is in Rome.

Cap.—I knew it. [*Vir. opens letter and reads.*]

Mar.—[*Placing sword on table*] — This is the General's sword. He bade me bring it to his home.

Cap.—He has laid aside his armour ?

Mar.—Yes, and is addressing the Senate.

Cap.—That is well.

Vir.—[*Aside*]—Good !

Cap.—Virginia, Regulus is now wearing the Senatorial robes —so surely the dove of peace has spread her wings above your villa.

Vir.—It gives me great happiness to think so, Capella. (*Taking up sword.*] For I would rather see this used as an ornament than as a weapon. But is it not beautiful ? [*Pointing to hilt.*] Look, here is the pearl I gave my lover when he won his first battle.

Cap.—A jewel indeed, my sister—and white as the giver's heart.

Vir.—And lovingly he has cherished both.

Cap.—But what news does your letter bring ?

Vir.—Most pleasant. Listen ! [*Waves Marcius aside, and reads aloud.*]

"Regulus to Virginia :

"Most noble wife, greeting :

"I will return to our home to-day, shortly after the setting of the sun.

"Farewell, for a few hours.

"Regulus."

Cap.—And now, Virginia, let all shadows be banished.

Vir.—From both our lives, my sister. For Regulus promised me that after this war he would settle down in Rome and devote his life to the affairs of the city. [*Going out.*] I will return very soon. [*Exit.*]

Mar.—Capella.

Cap.—Yes.

Mar.—Do you remember that first time we met ?

Cap.—Let me see—I think I do.

Mar.—The army was just about to embark for Egypt.

Cap.—What a grand thing it must be to be a soldier !

Mar.—Since that bright day we have been together on river and in grove many hours, and I have been through many wars.

Cap.—What a glorious thing it must be to go to war ! [*Aside*] But I wish—

Mar.—And since then, Capella, whether on Roman or for-

eign shore, by march or siege, in camp or battle, I have never ceased to think of you as my heart's joy. [*She glances at him and then away.*] And—I love you Capella. Tell me, do you not sometimes think kindly of me?

Cap.—[*Looking down.*]—You should not ask me such a question.

Mar.—[*Looking away, slightly dejected and perplexed.*]—I do not understand.

Cap.—No—[*Looking up to him and smiling*]—You do not seem to understand. [*Both silent a moment. Then he looks into her eyes and sees the smiles.*] Marcius, I love you. [*Takes his hand. He kisses her.*]

Mar.—My own.

Cap.—But tell me, Marcius, when did you first begin to love me?

Mar.—The first time I saw you, Capella.

Cap.—Oh, now—

Mar.—It is true. Those sparkling brown eyes of yours led me a happy captive.

Cap.—And where did you learn to say such pretty things?

Mar.—Worshipping at your shrine.

Cap.—Oh, Marcius!

Mar.—It is most true. You come of a beautiful family. Whether in the temples of the Nile, the cottages of the Jordan, the bazaars of the Euphrates or the palaces of the Tiber, I have never beheld a girl or woman of such charming beauty as—Virginia,—

Cap.—Oh!

Mar.—Except Capella.

Cap.—You dear. But here is my sister.

Mar.—Let us tell her.

Cap.—No, not just now. She is troubled. Let us wait until to-morrow.

[*Enter Virginia.*]

Vir.—Marcius, to the tower. And see if lord Regulus is coming.

[*Exit Marcius.*]

Cap.—Have you been watching for him, Virginia?

Vir.—Yes, and I think I saw him. Afar along the road I

could distinguish a horse that seemed to gallop like his favorite Arabian.

Cap.—Then had we better light the tapers.

Vir.—Yes. [*They do so.*]

Cap.—Listen!

Vir.—What is it, Capella?

Cap.—Marcius is returning quickly.

Vir.—That means good news.

[*Enter Marcius.*]

Mar.—The General is already hastening through the garden A moment more and he will be in your presence.

Cap.—It is well.

Vir.—Thank you, good Marcius.

Mar.—Here he comes.

[*Enter Regulus.*]

Regulus.—Virginia!

Vir.—O my husband! [*Kisses her.*]

Reg.—[*To Cap.*]—Our sister is well, I hope.

Cap.—Excellent well.

Vir.—Regulus.

Reg.—Virginia—[*To Mar. and Cap.*]—Leave us friends.

[*Exit Marcius and Capella.*]

Vir.—And now, Regulus, we shall have many years of happiness together.

Reg.—I fear it cannot be, Virginia.

Vir.—Why so? You promised to live in Italy after this war.

Reg.—But in this war I was—conquered.

Vir.—Conquered!

Reg.—Yes. I, the victor of a hundred battles—I, whose brow has been crowned with a thousand laurels—I, who with the sword of Rome helped to rule the world—I am now the prisoner of Carthage. That base ignoble city overcame our army by the aid of Xanthippus, the Spartan general.

Vir.—Oh, horrible!

Reg.—And in a little while this—[*Touching sword*]—must be surrendered. To-night I return.

Vir.—Surely it cannot be!

Reg.—Yes. The ambassadors and guards are waiting for

me in the garden. Yes, this very night, I say farewell to Rome, to my native land, farewell to home, farewell to Virginia.

Vir.—O Regulus, no, no, no!

Reg.—I am compelled to go. My conquerors sent me as an ambassador to Rome to sue for terms of peace. I swore that if not successful in obtaining their request I would return.

Vir.—And did you not succeed?

Reg.—No. To-day I stood before the people, patricians and plebeians, and advised them to pursue with exterminating vengeance Carthage and the Carthaginians!

Vir.—Though you knew that meant you must return, though you knew that meant death to you.

Reg.—Though I knew that meant death to me.

Vir.—Then why did you do it, my husband?

Reg.—For the honour of Rome.

Vir.—O Regulus, break your plighted oath and remain with me. Do not the Carthaginians see what a hard decision you are forced to make?

Reg.—Yes, they do. It was that made them hope I would advise my country to consent to terms of peace.

Vir.—Then do they not pity you, when by returning you will be so utterly at their mercy?

Reg.—Pity me!

Vir.—Why not?

Reg.—Virginia, you are a woman and have never seen the face of a foe contorted with the greed of blood and fierce revenge. Pity me? Yes—as a cat pities the mouse bleeding beneath its paws. Pity me? Yes—as a serpent pities the bird trembling beneath its fangs. Pity me? Yes—as an eagle pities the squirrel struggling beneath its talons. Pity me? Yes—as a tiger pities the human babe torn and dying beneath its claws. Pity me? Yes—as a demon pities the mortal writhing beneath the heel upon his neck. Pity me? Oh, how they do pity me! Ask for justice—they would answer me with the lash. Ask for mercy—they would answer me with a spear thrust.

Vir.—Then, Regulus, again I entreat of you, I implore you, break your plighted oath and remain at home.

Reg.—Virginia, but a few hours ago all the assembled senators of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request.

Vir.—Then, hear us both, my husband!

Reg.—[*Aside.*] What shall I do? I cannot leave her. No, I cannot. O gods, how I love her! But yet I must go. I have sworn to return—and never, never shall a pledge of Regulus be broken. I tremble to tell her. [*Going towards her*] Virginia—

Vir.—You will stay, Regulus?

Reg.—Love bids me remain at home, but honour commands me to return.

Vir.—I cannot give you up, my husband.

Reg.—Virginia, to-night I must say farewell.

Vir.—Oh, no!

Reg.—I am compelled to go. Yes, to-night, even before the tapers have burned much deeper down, I must put on the prisoner's chains and start away for Carthage.

Vir.—And so you leave me, leave me forever. Regulus, years ago this ring [*raising her hand*] you gave me on our betrothal morning as a pledge of your love. But now that must have changed. You have ceased to love me. To-night you turn away, and leave me, leave me to live, to die—alone! Therefore [*removing it*] I return your ring [*hands it to him*] and will not take it back again until you can prove you love me still.

[*Enter Marcius.*]

Mar.—My lord, the Carthaginian ambassadors are waiting. They have entered the house.

Reg.—Let them wait.

Mar.—Their chief is growing insolent.

Reg.—What did the fellow say?

Mar.—He bade me tell my master—

Reg.—What, Marcius?

Mar.—It is dangerous to keep a Cathaginian waiting.

Reg.—Ah, ha, ha! And then he curls the lip and strides the hall. I despise the puppy prince. Go, tell him so. Ah, ha! A Carthaginian—name for a slave of cowardice, a devotee of torture, a paragon of treachery!

Mar.—But, my lord, the ambassadors will tell me—

Reg.—Regulus has sworn to return.

Mar.—They claim it.

Reg.—And it is true. I will return. Tell them I am com-

ing, but at my pleasure. [*Mar. starts to go out.*] Marcius! [*He turns.*] A letter, Marcius—I will write it. [*Sits at table and writes.*]

Vir.—[*Aside.*] I was wrong.

Reg.—This to my mother. [*Hands him letter and writes again.*]

Vir.—[*Aside*]. My husband is right.

Reg.—This to the consul. [*Hands him another letter.*] Send them at once. [*Exit Marcius.*]

Vir.—[*Aside.*] He should—return. Oh! [*Going towards him.*] Regulus, I did you wrong. Forgive me. [*He kisses her. She raises her hand, which he takes.*]

Reg.—Virginia, my love for honour proves my love for you. Let this ring [*putting it on*] be more than a pledge to you now. Let it be a sign that my love is eternal as the northern star.

Vir.—It will be this, Regulus, from this hour.

Reg.—For I love you more than any words can tell.

Vir.—As I do you, my noble husband.

[*Enter Marcius.*]

Mar.—My lord. the Carthaginian ambassadors bid me say they will wait no longer.

Reg.—Tell them I am coming now. [*Exit Marcius.*] Virginia, I must go. So—farewell.

Vir.—Farewell, my husband. [*They embrace.*]

Reg.—Farewell, forever. [*Kisses her and goes.*]

Vir.—A moment, Regulus, a moment! [*They speak together.*]

Reg—I hear them calling for me. Farewell, Virginia, farewell. [*Goes.*]

Vir.—[*Aside.*] Oh, I cannot live without him! I'll follow him. Yes, follow him! [*Quickly takes dagger from armour standing in room, and conceals it in her robes.*] A moment, Regulus, a moment more!

Reg.—Virginia—

Vir.—Will follow her husband.

Reg.—How? What do you mean?

Vir.—Regulus dies for the honour of Rome. [*Raises her head for him to kiss her.*] Farewell.

Reg.—[*Kisses her.*] Farewell.

Vir.—And Virginia dies for Regulus. [*Stabs herself, staggers and falls.*]

Reg.—Marcius! O my wife, Virginia, my love! [*Enter Marcius.*] Bid Capella bring some wine! Lose not a moment! [*Exit Marcius.*] Virginia, [*kneels beside her*] Virginia, speak to me, answer me! But I fear it can never be again. There is no sound—nothing, save the deathly silence as of many graves. Oh, thou wast a faithful wife to me, a pure woman, a noble friend. But now thou art gone. Thy pulse has ceased to beat and thy chaste breast to throb. O gods, she's dead!

[*Enter Marcius and Capella.*]

Cap.—Here's wine, Regulus!

Reg.—Aside, aside! She's dead. Virginia's dead [*kisses her brow*] and this is her corse—what else has the world in it for me now? Her purpled corse—slain by Carthage! Woe to the city that caused the shedding of this costly blood!

Therefore another oath. 'Twas in this room our youthful vows were whispered. Hear me ye walls that echoed to the clanging of the first coat of mail Virginia buckled on, hear me ye gods that hurl your thunderbolts at traitors, hear me! Once again I swear, but this time it is to dedicate myself—body, soul and all—to vengeance. Carthage shall be crushed, crushed by Rome!

What strange influence is this that comes upon me as I kneel? I seem to feel the spirit of Virginia near, hovering above me as an inspiration to noble deeds as in the years gone by. I'll come to thee soon, my love—oh, so soon! For this very hour I return to my Carthaginian dungeon and from that foul cell I shall return to thee.

Yes, Carthage, [*rising*] to glut thy coward eyes I know this throat shall bleed. But the ruby drops hot with anger shall melt my hated chains. And I shall be free—free with oath unbroken, honour unstained! Oh, splendid freedom!

And for thy kindness Rome shall pay thee back! The queen of the Seven Hills shall reward thee with a gift of myriad swords. But she shall hold the hilts, and thou into the false hearts of thy citizens shalt receive the blades! [*Taking up his sword.*] This it is that won the Punic war—this, the hero of every battle. Where is the limit to thy matchless power?

Before thee rulers fall down and tremble, armies falter and nations with eager knees own thy boundless sway! Bestower of crowns, breaker of sceptres, upholder of thrones, thou art king of the land, monarch of the sea, emperor of the world!

In thy flash I see a welcome vision. O Carthage, thou art doomed! To-night mine eyes pierce the future. I see thy haughty ships burning in their harbour, the flag of Rome floating on thy walls, her eagles glittering on thy citadel. I hear her legions tramping up thy crimson streets—men and matrons, maidens and children, crying for help, shrieking for mercy. Proud city, thou art conquered! I see a blood-red glare—it is the flames licking upward on thy gilded palaces! I hear a ponderous crash—it is the tumbling of thy temple domes! O fated city, the curse of God is on thee, thy star has set forever! To destroy thee with omnipotent vengeance the very heavens join with hell! And thou art fallen, Carthage—fallen to an eternal grave!

W. J. Thorold.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Errata.—In the first of the editorial notes in our January number, the word Howard, occurring twice, should read Harvard in both places. For an interesting notice of the volume there referred to, see last number (9) of *The Week*.

La Légende d'un Peuple, by Louis Fréchette, is a volume of intensely patriotic poetry on subjects of thrilling interest to every French Canadian. These poems all bear the stamp of the author's genius for stirring narrative in highly finished poetic form. That such poetry and sentiments are popular with his countrymen is proved by the fact of his venturing the publication of so large a volume. While we should like to see more of our Canadian poets seek their themes and inspiration in the memorable scenes of early colonial life, and throw their best energies and talents into just such work as Fréchette has given us, still we cannot help regretting the spirit of bitter hostility to much that is dear to the hearts of the majority of Canadians which pervades this volume of his poems. Unless the people of Quebec can forget such sentiments by learning to admire and love our free Canadian institutions and the spirit of evangelical Christianity on which they rest, a great united Canadian nation is practically impossible.

A HANDSOMELY printed Latin letter and song have been received from the young men of Aberdeen University, Scotland, containing a friendly salutation to all young men pursuing studies at the various universities of the world. This famous Scottish school of learning is about to celebrate with due solemnity the 400th anniversity of its foundation, and intimates that letters from sister universities expressive of their interest, goodwill and fellowship will be received with pleasure.

THE managers of the MCMASTER MONTHLY have still on hand a number of bound volumes of the magazine, which they will supply at reasonable rates to any who may wish to procure them. Each volume contains, besides much other interesting reading, eight portraits and biographical sketches of prominent Canadian Baptists. All our friends who wish their children to know something of our early history, and of the men who have done so much to make our churches and institutions what they now are, would do well to place these beautiful and attractive books within their reach, either at home or in the Sunday School library. The information these books contain can be found nowhere else. Please write at once to Messrs. Clarke and Tarr, McMaster Hall.

"BEAUTIFUL JOE," a prize story of domestic animal life, by a Canadian lady, Miss Marshall Saunders, daughter of Rev. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, which was recently issued in Philadelphia, by the A. B. P. Society, is receiving most favorable notice from the press everywhere. It is the autobiography of a remarkably intelligent dog, named Beautiful Joe, a dog, in fact, with keen moral perception and acute powers of observation. After cruel experiences in early life, he lights on brighter days in the home of a good minister, Mr. Morris, and his family, where the varied incidents of the home life afford Joe many good opportunities of giving us, in the most charming style, his views of the claims upon our sympathies of the lower animals generally, and of household pets more particularly. That these have greater capabilities and endowments more closely allied to our own faculties of reason and moral perception than is commonly supposed, the authoress takes for granted throughout the book, and justly so. Moreover, that the habit of treating our domestic animals, not as mere unfeeling brutes, but as intelligent creatures, keenly sensitive to pain and suffering, and gratefully responsive to care and kindness, cannot fail to exert a most elevating influence upon our own moral natures, is a fact that Joe's narrative proves beyond all doubt. "Beautiful Joe" should be in every Sunday School library, for every boy and girl will want to read it, and even older people will enjoy its perusal. It would

be well for our erring and selfish world if all would lay carefully to heart and honestly carry out in daily intercourse the clear and simple principles of practical ethics which Joe's humble and beautiful life so charmingly exemplifies.

The natural scientist, as might be supposed, has no reverence for the ancient form of words. To him they are but tools and apparatus to be adapted to the work in hand. The new "Standard Dictionary," a worthy peer of "Webster's," contains some startling innovations in chemical nomenclature. As these changes have been made on the recommendation of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, no doubt they will be widely adopted. Sulphur has become sulfur, and chlorine must now be written without an e. Oxid, iodid, sulfid, etc., are now the approved forms. In *Nature*, Dec. 14th, a uniform system of names for physical phenomena is proposed. For instance, the passage of electricity through a body is now known as *conduction*, the amount as *conductance*, and the degree in one body compared with another as *conductivity*. The proposal is always to employ the suffix *tion* for the phenomenon, *ance* for its amount, and *ivity* for its specific degree. Some of the series would run friction, frictance, frictivity: solution, solutance, solutivity. Such a word as heatance looks strange, but it is a strangeness due entirely to unfamiliarity.

---

*BIRD SONG.—SUNG BY MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND.

COMPOSED BY TAUBERT.

"Vöglein! was singst im Wald du so laut?
Warum? Warum?
Rufst du den Bräutigam, rufst du die Braut?
Warum? Warum?"
"Ich bin nicht Bräutigam, nicht Braut,
Doch singe ich im Walde laut,
Weiss nicht, warum ich singe."

"Vöglein! ist's Herzchen dir so voll?
Wovon? Wovon?
Dass es von Liedern überquoll?
Wovon? Wovon?"
"Mein Herz ist voll und doch nicht schwer,
Mein Herz ist leicht und doch nicht leer;
Weiss nicht, ich muss nun einmal singen."

"Vöglein! was singst die Tage entlang?
Wozu? Wozu?
Lauscht eines auch auf deinen Gesang?
Wozu? Wozu?"
"Ich singe mir mein Leben lang,
Nicht dies und das ist mein Gesang,
Weiss nicht, ich muss nun einmal singen."

—*Chronotype.*

*The above beautiful song is taken from a Montreal *Witness* of Jan. 1851.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

Toronto University is to do herself honor in the coming Greek Play of Antigone; already seats are being taken, and great are the general expectations. McMaster men are looking forward with confidence as for the event of the season.

McMaster Monthly begs to propose an Inter-Collegiate Press Association for Canada. Many and great would be the advantages gained by the confraternity of college journals, if some association were formed for mutual assistance and co-operation. Exchange editors, let us hear from you!——The *McGill Fortnightly* has not reached us for some time; we miss its cheery presence. *Manitoba College Journal* is also irregular in its visits, which we regret.——Of about forty exchanges upon our table "*The Bema*" has the most attractive and tasteful cover.——Quite an improvement is noticeable in "*The O. A. C. Review*," better paper, better presswork, better articles. *King's College Record* undertakes to chastise the *University Monthly* for blasphemy. One of the notes under "De Omnibus rebus," certainly is deserving of severe criticism. We regret also to see a similar "slip" in "*Queen's University Journal.*" We cannot be too jealous of the tone of our College papers —— *The Varsity* is greatly improved, not only in the attractiveness of the cover and quality of the paper, but in the literary and scientific contents. All Canadian colleges will rejoice at this step in advance by *Old Varsity*. Some one writes in the last issue advocating the manly art of boxing. After the recent brutal exhibition between the great champions—a legitimate and certain outcome of this noble (?) art — surely the gentlemen of Toronto University have no time or place for this degrading pastime.——The kindly words of the *Transylvanian* reach us all the way from Kentucky. ——The *Sibyl* is a gem of journalistic art. The Ladies' College of Elmira, N.Y., has reason to be proud of so exquisite a production; it strikes us as being nearly perfect. The prize essay on "Lew Wallace" is well done, and should find a place in one of the larger magazines. "In Vespero" is a very musical poem, space alone forbids our quoting it in full. We clip the following:—

NOW AND THEN.

I said good-bye. The door was closed;
  How could I know that all was o'er?
That with a vision of that face,
  The sun would greet me, never more!

I said good-bye, nor did I know
  The lengthening shadow of that word
Would stretch across my life, until
  It merged in night's vast shadow-herd.

Helen M. Chase.

The *Canadian Magazine* for February surpasses all previous efforts in Canadian magazine literature. Special attention is called to

"The American Indian: What and Whence," and "The Schools of the Olden Time," the latter is particularly readable. Chancellor Rand, of McMaster, and Miss Blanche Bishop, of Moulton College, each contribute excellent poems.——*Knox College Monthly* and the *Methodist Quarterly* have each articles on "The Calling System." Interesting indeed are the results of a comparison of methods of the two denominations, and it is surprising how much of Baptist Polity creeps in, in spite of Disciplines and Presbyteries. Two articles on "The Atonement" in the *Quarterly* will repay careful reading.——*The Methodist Magazine* is unusually interesting; we have not space to commend all that deserves commendation. "Tent Life in Palestine" and "Zurich and its Memories" are able articles, finely illustrated. We quote the following:—

EQUIPOISE.

Just when we think we've fixed the golden mean—
The diamond point, on which to balance fair
Life, and life's lofty issues—weighing there,
With practical precision, close and keen,
Thought, motive, word, and deed, there comes between
Some wayward circumstance, some jostling care,
Some temper's fret, some mood's unwise despair,
To mar the equilibrium, unforeseen
And spoil our nice adjustment! Happy he
Whose soul's calm equipoise can know no jar,
Because the unwavering Hand that holds the scales,
Is the same Hand that weighed each steadfast star—
Is the same Hand that on the sacred tree
Bore for his sake, the anguish of the nails!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

SMALL mistakes sometimes tell large tales. That which to the ignorant appears like learning, easily shows itself as ignorance to the learned. "If I didn't pronounce Rio Grande in the Spanish way," said a sciolist, "my friends would think I didn't know any better." "Well," answered the scholar, who was advocating the Anglicized pronunciation for Americans, "you *don't* know any better." And so with a very large proportion of those who would seem sufficiently literate and cultivated to write for the press. They would impress the editors with their facility in the marks of professional accomplishment. They would not send "a manuscript," but an MSS, or an M.S.S., or an MS.S., or even an MM.S, or Mms. It is almost as rare to find such writers sending an MS. as "a manuscript." And, again, it is not uncommon to find handsomely printed books, pamphlets, circulars, etc., by, or about, an L.L.D. One "S" or one "M" too many, or one surplus period, is a small mistake with a large significance. Upon what principle are such abbreviations constructed? How much is there to know about such symbols? Evidently they are dangerous tools in the hands of the inexpert. No one can expect to use them safely, and to carve a writer's fortune with them, unless he is willing to study out what such signs stand for, and how. Success is not to be attained in literature or scholarship, any more than in any other walk of life, by relying upon seeming to know what one does not know. H. CLAY TRUMBULL, in *S. S. Times.*

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. Clarke, S. R. Tark, } *Editors.*

The University.

An excellent prescription
For the malady of "blues."
Is: "Pay up your subscription,
And read the College News."

Universal College cry: "Mail in yet?"

Is Kant cantankerous? The punster can't recant.

Freshman Latin: "Bene, benior, benissimus."

Ye jaunty junior: "Oh, boys, the deaf and dumb mutes are coming."

A Sunday morning's private breakfast: Sodas and Lake Ontario bacteria.

A question in theology: "Got your systematic up yet?"

Freshie to soph: "Is it right to study Old Testament English on Sundays?"

The football team and executive are contemplating the photographic mania.

Rev. H. J. Haviland, B.A., B.Th., of Jerseyville, was a welcome visitor to the University, recently.

A former student of the University, Miss Bertha L. Johnson, of Batavia, N.Y., paid us a much appeciated visit lately.

Walter Daniel, '95, succeeds to the office of University press representative, vice G. H. Clarke, '95, resigned.

We have recently been treated to an excellent talk on "Etiquette," by the chairman of the Executive. And now the average freshman's enjoyment of his meals is marred by the bitter self-emanating suggestion: "Am I holding my fork as though it were a hoe-handle?"

We are glad to announce the favourable decision of the Senate regarding the question of gowns, which are hereafter to be worn among us.

Prof. A. B. Willmott, M.A., B. Sc, read a masterly paper at the Canadian Institute on Saturday, the 3rd inst., dealing with the relation between the organic and inorganic realms.

Language Professor (meeting student in the corridor)—"Prose, this morning, isn't it?"

Student (interpreting as "Frosty morning, isn't it?")—"Yes, but it's getting warmer and is quite dry."

Contemplation ensues as to the advisability of bringing up the matter of undergraduate civility before the Faculty.

'95's ANNUAL dinner approacheth! The president looketh concerned; the treasurer anxious; the members important; the matron cheerful; '94, '96 and '97 curious. Let them wait! What concept is adequate?

To-morrow is only a dream, no doubt,
But the dream comes true to the most devout.

"A LITTLE adversity worketh wondrously in winning a man to live excellent well." So saith S——, as he gazes ruefully upon his new photographs, wherein appear not even the most indifferent indications of that fondly-cherished finger-smoother.

THE Mathematical Society convened in room 8, on the 30th ult., at 4.30 p.m., S. R. Tarr, '95, presiding. There was a fair attendance and the following excellent programme was received with relish: A paper on "Conic Sections," by Miss McKay, '94; "Pre-Euclidean Geometry," by W. J Pady, '97; "Trisection of the Angle," by J. W. Russell, '95, historical and illustrative.

EXCERPTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE:—

"Is it proper for a young man to walk down Yonge St., with his hands encased in his trousers' pockets?"—*Diogenes.*

No! Nor for an old man, nor down any other street, nor with his hands in any other person's pockets.

"Should not the freshmen be hustled?"—*Soph.*

Unless you pine for broken head,
With large and blackish eye,
And wish to spend a month in bed,
We prithee, do not try!

MIRABILE DICTU:—

"Don't care a fig!"
"It makes me *tired.*"—*Thorold.*
"That's so, for a fact."——*Kendall.*
"Well, sir, it was great!"—*Trotter.*
"Hurrah, boys, shoot on goal!"—*Brown.*
"We all know what Freeman's waiting for."—*Stobo.*
"You are plisd to be facetious, Mist' Stobo."—*Baghdasarian.*
"Literary copiousness in the stead of logical cogency."
"Mr. er, ah, em,—oh, Harry, there, at the end of the table."
—*McIntyre.*

CHORUS: CLASS SONG OF '95:—

"Oh, '95 is the crowd for me!
We agree,
Don't you see?
For in '95,
Together we strive, together we thrive,
And together at the goal of success we arrive,—
Then faster, ever faster,
Cheer,—'95, McMaster!"

Problem for the Sophomores:—I am going down Yonge Street with a velocity of twenty feet per second and acceleration two-forty. With awful suddenness I impinge directly on an object with a mass of at least two hundred pounds. The force at the instant of impact is tremendous. "Action and reaction" prove equal and opposite—I bound in one direction, she in another. Also, various bundles fly in all directions, eventually falling to the earth with acceleration thirty-two —I hear a voice hoarse with wrath exclaim—"Young man! I'll excuse you when you pick up my parcels!" Find with what acceleration I disappear round the corner?

We regard the *esprit de corps* of the University student in respect to his literary society as an essential feature of scholastic life. Along this line our experience has not been inconsiderable. These very college societies have made for our country men,—popular and useful public men. Let us be assured that members of our Alma Mater have long since discovered veins of development from these strata unheeded in their life, and making rich their energies.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are the component parts of the "Tennysonian" Society of our University. We meet every other Friday evening, alternately with the "Literary and Scientific Society." We meet for enjoyment and mental profit. Quite proper! The band of officers managing the affairs of the "Tennysonian" this term are: A. N. Marshall, President; George H. Sneyd, Vice-President; A. G. Baker, Sec.-Treasurer; H. H. Newman and A. S. Darroch, Editors of the *Argosy*; E. P. Churchill, A. S. Farmer, Councillors. We anticipate much prosperity this term.

After repeated and severe attacks of influenza the Theological Society—child of tender age and anxious watching—has definitely decided to live. It is not merely to exist; it will *live*. No longer the laboured breathing and the painful movement of its infant limbs, but a genuine crow and kicking of heels. True, it has until recently passed most of its little life in a crib; yet, having in some way got on the floor, it has learned to creep. May we not reasonably hope that very soon it will soon be seen walking with strength and vigour, though ever with becoming seriousness and dignity. Let the following speak for itself: Friday evening, 2nd February, 1894, meeting called to order by Vice-President R. Trotter. After preliminaries the following officers were elected:—President, A. P. Kennedy; Vice-President, J. P. McIntyre, M.D.; Sec.-Treasurer, H. P. Whidden, B.A.; Councillors, A. F. Hammett, and R. Trotter. Strong and telling speeches were made by the members elected officers. Important discussion followed on matters of vital interest. Society adjourned, to meet February 16th.

A Voice from Afar.—"It was my privilege to be present at the ordination of a McMaster student, Mr. E. Seldon, in Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Denver, Colorado. There was a large representation from the city churches and from some of the neighbouring towns. The council kindly invited the writer to sit with them. Mr. Seldon's testimony as to his conversion and call to the

ministry was clear, concise and satisfactory. His statement as to his belief of Christian doctrine was most acceptable to the council. The church was completely filled at the ordination service, which was solemn and devotional. The examination of the candidate was unique, I was about to say, but was at least a pattern for other councils to follow. If there was a crank present, he kept his crankiness to himself. If anyone had a hobby, he left it outside. The wise, the learned and the astute were modest. I believe God would be more highly honoured if all ordination examinations were such as this. We are highly pleased to see our old college friend looking so well, although he had such ill-health when he left McMaster University. We believe he has many years before him, in which to bring honour and glory unto the church. He has made many sincere friends in this city, and the work of the Lord is prospering in his hands."—*Frank Hunter.*

Ye Daintie Ditties.

II.

CHAMELEON-LIKE.

(An Undergrad's Experience.)

I saw her one bright e'en,—
But she and—he—were two,
I couldn't stand the scene,
Cupid interposed a screen
Which—really—made—the world—seem—very *blue.*

Soon a friend I had induced,
(To bring it to a head)
To have me introduced :—
It brought—chaos—to the head,
For I begged to be excused,
And was—very—very—*red.*

She has changed me deepest *green,*
And once, alas, quite *black,*—
But now she reigns, my queen !
How *white* I must have been
As I waited for—the little—whisper—back.

Immediately after dinner on the 23rd of January, Archie Baker strode majestically through the halls, ringing a hand-bell. The sounds burst upon the ears of some who were still engaged in storing away comestibles, and some who were strolling leisurely up-stairs. The annual auction of reading-room matter was about to be held. The reading-room committee had made full arrangements, and at the proper time Mr. A. P. Kennedy mounted the auction stand. His voice could be heard in all parts of the building and his intonations were exquisite. He touched the pockets of his hearers so deeply, that many periodicals were sold for nearly twice their market value. The sale was the most successful held in the history of the University.

A MEETING of the Classical Society took place on Friday, the 2nd inst. A hearty response was given by many of the students of the University to the invitation extended to them by the Society to be present. A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the Hon. Pres., Prof. Campbell, as he rose to read an article on the Platonic Theory of Education as presented in the "Republics." The paper was delivered in a most eloquent manner, and proved of the greatest instruction to all students of Greek customs and thought. We are glad to see the Society has so many friends, and we are assured that it will exert a much needed influence upon the minds of those who attend its sessions.

ON Monday evening, January 29th, the resident students had the pleasure of listening to one who was and is an out-and-out college man. Graduated from Cornell in '86, John R. Mott has since been identified with College Y. M. C. A. work. As Travelling Secretary for America, he has come into closest touch with college men from San Francisco to Halifax, from Texas to Manitoba; and he is loved by them too. After supper we repaired to the Chapel room, where with deepest interest we heard his message—a message made doubly dear because of its own import and the intensity of him who gave it. His words on "Service in the Kingdom," students being peculiarly responsible, we cannot soon forget. And then his invitation to McMaster to be represented at the great Student Volunteer Convention, to be held in Detroit from Feb. 28th to Mar. 4th, was received with expressed approval on the part of those present. Mott has gone; but he will be remembered because of what he *is*, and because of what he *does*.

OUR last Fyfe Missionary day was an unusually interesting and profitable one. After a short season of prayer and praise, followed by business, J. H. Cameron, '97, read an excellent paper on "Recent Missionary News." Then followed a most instructive and inspiring address by Mr. W. Spencer Walton, a missionary of the Cape General Mission, South Africa. His subject was "The Fullness of the Spirit." Evidently his own soul was aflame with pentecostal blessing. The following are a few aphorisms which should be helpful to every Christian student:—"The greatest unused power in the world is the Holy Spirit. The missionary is no good without the Holy Spirit. If you don't know this power, stop at home until you do! Not the power of knowledge, but the 'power of God' is what the heathen wants. Go ahead looking to your experience for your peace, and you will be like a weather-cock: but go on with Christ, and your peace will be lasting. What God loves most in us is that we should trust Him. God keeps not His hidden things from us. After great blessings come great testings. We, like Peter, will not deny Jesus if we know His pentecostal power. There are some Christians whom the devil would no more oppose than he would oppose one of his own angels in hell. Do you know why? Because they don't oppose him. When we give ourselves up to God He is sure to touch some soft spot before unknown to us, as that weed, pride or dress, or those diamonds. No use of your talking about the Holy Ghost unless you are willing to lose even your right

hand for Jesus' sake. Lay yourselves not only before God, but open to Him. There must be subjection to God in the details of life. Just rest it that we are to leave our trust just where we first placed it. Trust the Lord to keep you trusting." A helpful discussion followed Mr. Walton's address. The afternoon was spent in prayer for colleges. A large number from Moulton Ladies' College were present. The meeting was informal and hearty. Chancellor Rand, who was in the chair, read letters from former students, Principals of sister colleges, and other friends of the University, expressing their kindly interest in the work of the different branches of McMaster. Dr. Goodspeed, Miss Fitch, M.A., Principal of Moulton College; Dr. Welton and Rev. John Trotter delivered short addresses. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid closed the meeting with prayer and the benediction.

On the evening of Feb. 12th the Literary and Theological Society met for the election of officers for the coming term. The following officers were chosen :—President, Harry A. Porter, '94; Vice-Presidents, A. N. Marshall, '96, A. P. Kennedy; Secretary-Treasurer, G. R. McFaul, '95; Councillors, Messrs. Whidden, B.A.; Mitchell, '94; Kennedy; McKechnie, '97; editors of *The Student*, G. H. Clarke, '95, (chief); Messrs. Wallace, '96, and Kennedy (associates). The Literary and Theological Society plays a prominent part in the life of McMaster. It is one of the happy events of the fortnight to which the fellows always look forward with pleasure. It is controlled solely by the students, in a peculiar sense we feel that it is our own, and that we are bound in the light of such a fact to stand by it and help it in all its endeavours to develop literary taste, quicken the intellect, broaden our mental vision, cultivate power and propriety in public speech, deepen our love for the beautiful and true; in a word, to make us noble, useful, all-round men. The past term has been one of remarkable success. Mr. C. J. Cameron, '94, as President, with a strong body-guard of shrewd and able officials, has done his part most efficiently. The programmes have been excellent in tone, instructive, as well as interesting in character, and most enthusiastically entered into by all the members of the Society. As a Society we are very grateful to Prof. McKay for the kind service he has rendered with his stereopticon. The views have consisted in scenes from the leading plays of Shakespeare, scenes from the World's Fair, landscape scenes, as well as not a few pointed cartoons of local interest, contributing much to the amusement of all present. We are confident that the new staff of officers will do good work. The President, Mr. H. A. Porter, '94, and all the other officers have the sympathy, love and good-will of all the fellows. While he stands at the helm, may every member of the Society do *his* part in helping along this department of our work. We bespeak for the President and officers the hearty co-operation and sympathy of all the students. With "Forward" as our watchword, may the work of this term be marked by even more gratifying results than that of the last.

Moulton College.

"What's that?" inquired one girl of another as a dim echo of college melodies floated along the hall.

"Yeller Fever," responded the second with a groan, "and it's spreading."

Overheard by a Moultonite. Toronto small boy, pointing to the classic halls of McMaster:—"Mamma, is that the place where they make soap?" Wonder if he meant soft soap?

Sing a song of holidays,
A chorus loud I beg,
After the Christmas turkey,
All hail the Easter egg.

During the last week one of our number has gone out from us in sorrow to bid the last farewell to her father. Very deep sympathy is felt for her in her sore trouble, and her companions constantly remember to commit her to the care of her Heavenly Father.

Many of the girls are availing themselves of the privilege of attending Mr. Wallace's Bible class on Sunday afternoons. A deepening interest in Bible study is becoming apparent in Moulton, and Mr. Wallace's thorough and interesting teaching is supplying a Sunday afternoon want long felt by many of our number.

Were you ever in a whirlwind, a tornado, or a railway accident? Did you ever hear screams of agony, shrieks of delight, and howls of despair? Were you ever mixed up in the traces with wildly plunging horses, or a witness of a run on a bank? If you ever were, you may have a dim idea of a mail delivery at Moulton, and if you have survived all the others, you may possibly indulge a faint hope of surviving *that*, and coming out the proud possessor of the corner of an envelope.

Friday evening, the 26th, the first year English class, under the direction of Miss Bishop, gave a fine rendering of "Evangeline." Evidently the work of the term on that poem was thorough and well spent, for the various papers read were well written, and appreciated by the audience. Readings from the poem were also given, and the evening closed with a hearty vote of thanks for the enjoyable programme, which must have cost the class no little work and trouble to arrange and present.

The last session of the mission circle was a very interesting one. The usual plan of having a speaker from outside was varied, and instead, the programme was given by the members. The evening was devoted to enlarging our information regarding the mission work among the Indians. An interesting sketch of the work and its progress was given, and a letter from Mr. Prince was read.

QUITE a large party from Moulton availed themselves of the opportunity for hearing Bishop Vincent, of Chautauqua, on the evening of the 29th. *Those girls* were much interested in "That Boy," his joys and sorrows, trials and successes. It was a very pleasant surprise to us the next morning when the Bishop, coming to call upon a friend in our Faculty, consented to speak to us all for a few minutes in the chapel. The genial, earnest, inspiring words of this friend of all young people came home to every heart, making the best that is in us respond, and stimulating anew our purest aims. We believe that we shall be better and happier girls for this visit of Bishop Vincent.

THE annual Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed among us in the usual way. In the morning a deeply interesting prayer-meeting was held in the chapel. Very helpful words were spoken by Miss Fitch and by Mrs. Holman, one of our former teachers. An hour was filled with prayer and praise. A thought present in all minds was the new and solemn remembrance that Moulton has now one more of her number praying for her in the presence of the King. In the afternoon the union meeting with McMaster took place, and was largely appreciated. The helpful influence of the many prayers which ascended for Moulton is widely felt among the students.

OUR rink has been in an extremely delicate condition for the last few weeks. The latest diagnosis has located water in the upper story, every possible remedy has been tried, but so far in vain. It is sad to see our old firm friend in such a broken-up condition and growing so thin. In order to prevent unnecessary agitation, and at the same time with a faint hope of salutary effects, a spray treatment with the garden sprinkler has been tried. So far, however, the strength of the patient has not improved, and a despairing friend addresses it as follows:—

Rink of the Present, sadly we hail thee.
Navigable as a lake or a sea,
Skaters' ambitions of exercise joyous,
Melting, dissolving, vanish like thee.

Rink of the Future, gladly we hail thee.
Hid in thy bosom visions of fun,
But haste thee! oh! haste thee! or sad is the story,
Winter and skaters alike will be "done."

THERE is one class in the week where we have a chance to see and hear what Moulton students can do in a body. This is Miss Smart's mammoth Wednesday chorus class. For forty-five minutes the echoes of the college are awakened in a startling manner. Early in the year there is generally a great deal of fun caused by the arrangement of the singers according to the parts sung. Everybody is expected to come along and lend a voice, no matter what the quality of said voice may be: and it seems to be a matter of indifference to many whether first soprano or alto parts fall to their lot. The first trial of a chorus is always an exciting time, but the difficulties are soon conquered, and

then comes a period of smooth sailing. Somebody recently characterized our new cantata as "a quick succession of celestials and infernos." Let the sceptics wait and see.

Many students have attended Moulton for a time and have passed on—their places to be filled by others, but only once before this year has any of our number been taken from us by death. Marian Hobson mingled with the First Year classes for a time last term. Then a long absence ensued, and we learned that she was very ill. But until the opening of the New Year her health had so much improved that great hopes were entertained for her recovery. From that time she grew weaker, and those who were with her knew she could not live. On the day of her death, the 15th of January, Mr. Hobson was reading to her from the twenty-third Psalm; coming to the words, "Thou preparest a table," he stopped, not thinking them appropriate, but Marian added, "Thou preparest a new birthday for me." And so it was, for two days after, her seventeenth birthday, she spent in another world. The memorial services were held on that day, and a number from Moulton attended. Her life amongst us was very brief, but as we look back upon it now, we cannot but note the pure, sweet influence she had upon those around her.

Woodstock College.

We were glad to have a visit recently from Rev. J. Roberts, late of Port Arthur, and his wife, formerly Miss Griffin. Both were once students here, and still feel the keenest interest in all that pertains to the success of the College.

The boys in the senior Manual Training class have undertaken to build a small steam engine, and are now working at it very enthusiastically in the hope of having it finished by the close of the school year. A case of specimens of work done by the boys in the different years of the course was lately sent to St. Thomas, where it will be put up on exhibition.

(Scene: Bible class—Lesson: Paul's journey and shipwreck.) Prof. McC.—"You must remember that vessels were not so well equipped for sailing in those days as now. The mariner's compass, for example, was unknown then" Student.—"Excuse me, sir, but they had compasses in Paul's time" (hastily turning over the leaves of his Bible). "Here it is in the last chapter of Acts, 'And from Syracuse they fetched a compass and sailed to Rhegium.'"

On the evening of the 12th ult., our English master delivered an address on Shakespeare before the Philomathic Society. He unfolded for us the beauties of some of that author's best selections, and concluded by quoting a number of his choicest sayings. All felt that their minds had been very much enriched. Many of our students are ardent lovers of Shakespeare, and expect the pleasure of another address before the end of the term.

THE election of officers for the societies took place on the 5th ult. Candidates were plentiful, and excitement ran high. The following were elected for the term:

PHILOMATHIC.

President	F. Elliott.
Vice-President	L. Thomas.
Secretary-Treasurer	D. E. Welch.
Marshall	O. Kendall.

EXCELSIOR.

President	J. P. McLennan.
Vice-President	T. J. Wright.
Secretary-Treasurer	G. Campbell.
Marshall	C. Stone.

We doubt not the societies will give good account of themselves this term.

WE were glad to welcome about fourteen new boys into our school at the beginning of the present term. The College gave its customary welcome to them on the evening of the 10th ult. Messrs. Spidle and Thomas, on behalf of the old boys, conferred upon them the freedom of the school. Messrs. Tighe and Blair responded for the new boys, and convinced all that we have, in this new accession, fellows who will be loyal to the College. These are happy occasions for us. It is the installation into the places left vacant by the departing students.

THE phonograph man visited the school a few days ago. His introduction, spoken amidst the breathless silence of the boys, was a demand to know why the lady students had not been permitted to attend also. Alas! alas! we could not tell. When he had regained his equanimity, he proceeded to unfold the mysteries of the phonograph. The subject was not new to some, but those who had never seen a phonograph were well pleased to learn something of its construction and operation.

WOODSTOCK is being greatly blessed by the presence of our brethren, Moore and Whyte, who are labouring in the First Baptist Church. The College has not been overlooked, but has received showers of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Although tired in the work, these brethren felt they must pay a visit to their old College home, and they did so, and we have been edified and quickened by the sweet songs of Brother Whyte, and the earnest talks from Brother Moore on the subject of soul-saving; one being on "What not to do," and the other on "The right methods of doing what should be done." One gladdening feature is that some other homes have been made happy as well as our College home over some of the boys having found the Saviour. The meetings have been largely attended, the Gospel faithfully preached and sweetly sung, and many precious souls have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, while the spiritual life of

the Christians of all denominations has been quickened. We wish our brethren every needed blessing, and pray God to crown their efforts with success.

THERE are but few games in which there are not to be found some expert players at Woodstock College. Past history supports this statement, and the present speaks with no uncertain sound. Now it is hockey. The College boasts of a hockey team that knows of no defeat. On the 20th, a match between the bank-clerks and students was played on the mill-pond. The bank-clerks were strong, heavy men, sure of victory, but were sadly disappointed. They chased the puck as a boy, with stick in hand, would chase a butterfly, who, on arriving at the spot to make a blow, would have the satisfaction of seeing it take its flight elsewhere. When time was called, three cheers for the bank-clerks followed the announcement of 6 to 0 in favour of the College. On the 27th, a return match was played in the rink, and the representative men of the town were chosen to win back the laurel. A strongly contested game was played, witnessed by several hundreds, who joined heartily in cheering the victors, the game being 6 to 2 in favour of the College:

Hon. President, . . .	D. K. Clarke, B. A.
President, ...	J. A. McDonald.
Captain, ...	H. Finkle.
Sec.-Treas., ...	G. D. Edwards.
Goal, ...	H. A. Smith.
Point, ...	H. Finkle.
C. Point, ...	G. D. Edwards.
Forwards, ...	J. A. McDonald, W. H. Stroud, L. C. Huggart, F. B. Matthews.

GRANDE LIGNE.

As we have now plenty of room within the College, buildings our outside students have moved in, and "Hotel de Windsor" will be without College guests for the rest of the year.

MRS. A. E. MASSÉ'S Musicale, which was postponed from last December, took place on January 12th. The evening was entirely devoted to selections from the compositions of Schubert. These, along with the Essay on the Life of Schubert, by Mrs. Massé, were highly appreciated by all.

OUR pastor, Rev. M. B. Parent, has the sincere sympathy of us all in the loss of his little daughter from the fever.

WE are pleased to report that Miss Lily Rossier, who has been suffering from the fever, is rapidly recovering, and that no new cases have appeared.

Our Hockey Club, which was organized under such favourable circumstances, has come to sudden grief. On account of the fever nearly all of its experts have gone home.

Some of the boys are now busily practising music for the Public Debate. Judging from the sounds that come from the music room, and from other stray notes that we hear now and then, we would agree that Shakespeare truly said, "Music hath charms to soothe a savage ....." We forget the rest of the quotation, but nevertheless, as Solomon says, "We ought to grin and bear it," for as is said in yet another place again, "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

When so many of the students left us, some of us naturally thought that our work would be lightened somewhat. The teachers, however, evidently do not think that fewer students should mean less work, for the pressure seems rather to increase upon those of us who are left here.

Early last Tuesday morning, Mr. A. Massé picked out ten of his best men to take part in an ice expedition down to the river. In the forenoon, work was very slow, in fact so slow that the boys let their saws freeze to the ice. At two o'clock dinner was ready, the boys took their seats, and did justice to the baked beans and pork, which was washed down with a drink of *tea*, something new for them. After dinner, however, the boys commenced work with renewed zeal and soon finished their tasks. They then had the liberty of walking home. The next day, however, the result was felt in general, even Mr. Massé, who did nothing but the planning, complained of a sore back. We are, however, happy to say that there were no accidents as in previous years, excepting that the baked beans caused somewhat of a bad feeling among the boys.

Two very prosperous Literary Societies have been organized in the school since Christmas, one English, the other French. In spite of the friendship between the members of both societies, there still arises a spirit of rivalry, which tends to our improvement. We are all very well pleased with our progress. So much so, that we intend to give a public debate in English next Friday, having for its subject, "Resolved, that the pen wields a greater influence than the public platform."

Affirmative.	*Negative.*
Mr. Alb. Rossier,	Mr. J. Thompson,
" J. Schutt,	" F. W. Therrien.

The officers for both societies are as follows :

French.—Mr. L. Fredette, *President ;* Mr. P. Nicol, *Vice-Pres. ;* Mr. A. Lavigne, *Secretary ;* Mr. W. Gilmette, *Treasurer ;* Prof. G. N. Massé, *Critic ;* Mr. H. Anclair, *Marshal.* English.—Mr. J. Thompson, *President ;* Mr. F. Therrien, *Vice-Pres. :* Mr. J. Schutt, *Sec.-Treas. ;* E. Norman, B.A., *Critic :* Mr. Alb. Rossier, *Marshal.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

(EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR)

M. S. CLARK, MANAGING EDITOR

VOL. III. | MARCH, 1894 | No. 6

J. P. McEwen ..... E. W. DADSON 241
Address by late Prof. Torrance 247
A Sermon for Preachers ..... M. S. C. 251
The Tent We Dwell In *(Poem)* .... BLANCHE BISHOP ... 253
Shall our Pastors Read the Scriptures in the Original Languages? ..... P. K. DAYFOOT 254
Concerning the Life of Man *(Poem)*. J. H. FARMER 256

STUDENTS' QUARTER

The Coming of Love *(Poem)* ..... X. 257
Black Beauty in a Coal Mine ..... E. P. 257
Discordant *(Poem)* ..... B. E. 260
Triolet—The Tell-Tale Eyes ..... G. H. C. 260
The Squaring of the Circle ..... W. FINDLAY 261
Destiny *(Poem)* ..... RADLOF 265
"No Royal Road to Learning" ..... JENNIE MCLAURIN . 266
The Fate of the Fatalist ..... L. A. THERRIEN ... 269
EDITORIAL NOTES 270
HERE AND THERE 273
COLLEGE NEWS 276

Publishing Committee

M. S. CLARK, J. H. FARMER | D. K. CLARK, O. E. KENDALL, A. R. PARK | MISS M. S. DANIELS, MISS E. M. BOTTERILL

H. E. STILLWELL, B. W. N. GRIGG, MISS M. E. DRYDEN — *Committee on Students' Quarter*

O. G. LANGFORD, G. H. CLARKE, S. R. TARR — *Here and There, Subscription and College News*

J. B. PATERSON, *Advertising Dept.*
C. J. CAMERON, *Business Manager*

TORONTO

Annual subscription ONE DOLLAR | DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS 1894 | Single Numbers TWENTY CENTS

To Students.

I shall be much pleased to take your order for

An OVERCOAT

A FINE BLACK SUIT

A TWEED SUIT

A PAIR OF PANTS

Or any other thing in our line, and will guarantee to please you

In FIT, FINISH and FIGURE.

I also keep a nice assorted stock of Hats New, Nobby and Cheap.

W. C. SENIOR,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts.

2401

REV J P. McEWEN,

SUPERINTENDENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

24

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MARCH, 1894.

J. P. McEWEN.

Brethren Fyfe and McPhail devoted a large portion of their early ministry to evangelistic work. Upon one of their tours in the region of Dalesville Mr. — McEwen and his wife were brought to the knowledge of the truth. There was nothing at all remarkable in this circumstance of course. The devoted evangelists in their work of faith saw many such conversions as they pressed their way in and about the newly opening country. Conversions were expected, and through prayer and faithful preaching and work they failed not to accompany the labor of these men. What is now recorded is merely a sample of their work. It may be taken as a sample indicating also its far-reaching character. The conversion insisted upon in their preaching was from sin unto righteousness, a submission to the will of God entire and complete. The convert was not supposed to go on in the same old way as ever. He was supposed to take on new life and become an active disciple, engaging heartily in the word and work of Him through whom his salvation came. Mr. McEwen's parents thus instructed did not fail in attention to this particular ministry, with the result that, sons and nephews, six who came under their influence, were devoted to the work of the Christian ministry.

Mr. McEwen's parents removed from Quebec in 1854 and

settled in Kincardine township, which was at that time without roads or clearing, and there the young man went the round of that tuition which has proved so valuable in its results upon Canadian ministerial life. Before his fourteenth year he was at home in all the details of Canadian pioneer life. In chopping, logging, rail-splitting, etc., he took his place with the men, and knew well, even at that early age, that success in the life set before him depended upon his ability to endure hardness.

The country where his youth was spent developed very rapidly. In a remarkably short time the wilderness was subdued, and broad clearings standing with ripened grain gladdened the hearts of those who a little while ago had swung the axe in the midst of the limitless forest. The improvements which were late in coming to the earlier settled regions were not long in bringing advantages to this community. Schools sprang up with very adequate teaching facilities, and in due course the Grammar School in the town of Kincardine. Whenever he could be spared from farm duties, young McEwen availed himself of what advantages were within his reach, and from the training thus received he was enabled, in his eighteenth year, to enter the teacher's profession. During the farm life of our brother and throughout his efforts to obtain an education, God was manifestly at work upon his spiritual nature. His home influences were of the best, leading him to a thoughtful consideration of divine things. It was not, however, till his fourteenth year that any definite impression was made. At that time Dr. Wilson, well known for his successful conduct of evangelistic work, was carrying on a series of meetings at Tiverton. Many souls were brought into the fold. The work had a powerful influence throughout the neighborhood. Thirty years ago in Baptist preaching very much was made of sin, its attitude manward and Godward, and the hopelessness of the sinner's state. These were the themes dwelt upon on the occasion of which we now write, and with peculiar effectiveness the sad truth was declared. Those who remember Dr. Wilson will recall his energy of voice and gesture, and his terrible earnestness when dealing with the sinner's lost condition. At the Tiverton meetings strong men cried aloud over their guiltiness before God, and sought forgiveness with passionate anxiety. Young McEwen, among others,

was visited by the Spirit of God. The character of the Holy One appeared to him, and his own vileness in contrast so dismayed him that he suffered agonies of contrition such as but few experience. He said nothing to any one of his heart experience but sighed and wept in secret, carrying his burden of guilt for two long years, and all this time doing what he thought might be done towards getting release from his terrible burden. He made the Bible his constant companion, and availed himself of such other literature as he thought might be helpful. He attended all the religious meetings within reach, often walking miles in the hope that he might hear something that would bring deliverance. There came no light however, and the conviction was gradually settling upon him that either he was outside the pale of God's elect or that he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. This dark experience was not without the knowledge that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of sinners, and that qualification for the Saviour's mercy he knew he very manifestly possessed. But he possessed also a heart so hard and a will so unbending! If he could only be softened in some way! And then he strove for weary months to beget within himself a feeling such as he thought ought to be there, hoping that if he could but succeed in that endeavor he might have something upon which to base his plea for God's mercy. But the months passed on, and no light came. Then the fancy occurred that his convictions of sin were not deep-seated enough, and his failure to get relief through the process of blackening his already dark conviction was signal of course. At last in utter hopelessness he gave up the struggle, and told the Lord that if ever he might taste of His salvation, it must come as a free gift to a poor hell-deserving sinner. He could do nothing more, and that finished the two years' agony. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," never came more sweetly upon human ears, and his soul went out in gratitude and love as he then realized the substitution of Christ.

Strange it may seem, but Mr. McEwen's conviction of duty in the matter of preaching the gospel developed long before his conversion took place. During his school days and farm work, the thought did not leave him. After his conversion, naturally the conviction of duty intensified; but on account of poor health

and perhaps timidity, or by reason of another course in life which was mapped out for him, it was resisted. It was arranged that he should be the farmer and succeed to the responsibilities of the homestead, consequently he tried to give up his thought of preaching. He ceased all special preparation for that work, neglected to exercise his gifts and endeavored to settle himself at the work which was chosen for him. There was controversy, however. God would not leave him alone. Everything outwardly pointed to the farm. Everything within directed to the pulpit. After much thought and prayer for God's guidance, he decided for the pulpit, and went to Woodstock College in Jan., 1868, where he completed a five years' course in literary training and theology. Nothing very eventful characterized Mr. McEwen's college course. He was throughout a good man, faithful and beloved. He did conscientious and successful student work. He won the respect of teachers and students alike. His Christian influence was very wholesome, and many knew more of the Saviour by being brought into contact with his upright, faithful and unassuming life.

Leaving College in '73, Mr. McEwen was ordained pastor of the Osgoode church, in which position he remained, faithfully prosecuting his ministry for six years. He speaks of his first pastorate in terms of the highest affection for the Osgoode brethren. His work had its happy, as also its discouraging features. For the first eighteen months he labored without any apparent results as far as conversions are concerned, yet through this period of darkness he was comforted by the cheery encouragement of those to whom he ministered. Then for a long while he lay sick and was nigh unto death. He was so dispirited through ill-health and apparent want of success, that he tendered his resignation; but his people, who estimated his work more justly than he did, would not hear a word of it. So beloved was he, that the church was well content to take what service his enfeebled condition would permit him to render. He could preach one sermon a Sunday, and God blessed him and his work abundantly. The church prospered, and when he left it after six years' service, it was with intense gratitude to God, that he had been able to accomplish so much in the presence of conditions that seemed unfavorable to any kind of success.

After the Osgoode pastorate, Mr. McEwen accepted the call of the Owen Sound church, and here, through the blessing of God, he was enabled to do noble service, not only for the church in that place, but also for the Baptists in all that region round about. Upon his arrival, he found a very small congregation, numbering thirty or forty souls, with no building in which to worship, and weak in all save faith and a desire to see the prosperity of Zion. When he left Owen Sound, after seven years' labor, the church was self-supporting, with a commodious building and with an assured position of influence in the town. During that seven years, Mr. McEwen gave much thought and time to the condition of Baptist interests in all that northern district. The many weak churches in the Association received much of his counsel. He visited them, preached for them, helped them through their difficulties, set them in the way of obtaining preaching services, spent much time upon the uncertain roads, travelling the long distances between them, and, in short, laying the foundation of the Association as it now exists, and at the same time preparing himself for the position which, in the providence of God, he was in after years to occupy. The Home Missionary Superintendent received special training for his work during his Owen Sound pastorate.

Mr. McEwen's next pastorate was in Stratford. Here he did substantial work. The beautiful church in that town was erected during his term of service, and many were brought to the Lord through his preaching. D. A. McGregor, of beautiful memory, was his predecessor in Stratford, and Mr. McEwen immediately recognized that pleasant and fruitful service was in store for him, ready to his hand, through the fidelity in word and work of the brother beloved, whom God so early sent to his rest. He took up the work where Bro. McGregor left it, and with the same spirit and earnestness carried it on to success. Bro. McEwen was allowed to remain in Stratford for three years only, happy in his ministry and abundantly blessed.

At the Ottawa Convention, the Home Mission Board called him to the work of the Superintendency, for which he had unconsciously been in training during his Owen Sound pastorate. How he has conducted that work for the four years past, is known to all the churches. Solid progress has been

made, numerically and financially. He has discovered sound principles and wise methods. His dealing with the many intricate and sometimes delicate situations which missionaries and mission fields frequently involve, has ever been characterized by patience, kindness and justice; and these, together with a genius for the development of the home mission idea, make him more and more appreciated in the special service which the Mission Board has laid upon him.

Aside from God's Spirit and the Scriptures, Mr. McEwen owes whatever power may characterize his life to the godly mother influence of the home—this he looks back upon with special tenderness—to the study of Andrew Fuller's works, and to the strong and steady life of that incomparable teacher, Dr. Fyfe. Happy the student who encounters the living personality of a great man as his chief educative force. There can be no greatness apart from goodness and sincerity, and of Dr. Fyfe, Mr. McEwen says, "He was sincerity itself, and hated with perfect hatred whatever savored of crookedness or wire-pulling. Next to God's eye, I should dread that of Dr. Fyfe upon anything mean or crooked in my heart or life."

Mr. McEwen is a sound preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As he goes from church to church, he may be depended upon to give no uncertain sound. He will be faithful to his message and his Saviour, and wherever his voice is heard, as though it were the set purpose of his life, the preaching will ring out clearly, "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He will reason of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. With simple and powerful earnestness and demonstration of the Spirit, has this Gospel ever fallen from his lips. And in all his labor, let it not be forgotten, our brother has endured affliction that not many have been called upon to suffer. From infancy it has been with him a continual struggle to live. Of late years his health has very materially improved, so that now, with comparative comfort, he can accomplish the work which his position demands. May God spare him long to serve the churches, is the prayer of us all.

E. W. Dadson.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT WOODSTOCK COLLEGE TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1880 BY THE LATE PROF. TORRANCE.

My dear brethren, it is for me to give you a few parting words of advice and well-wishing on behalf of myself and of my colleagues in both departments.

First, let me remind you that, though you have been here for so many years—some seven or eight—you have only been acquiring habits of study, the success and profit of which will depend upon their persistent and continuous use from this day forth. Your long course here has not been so much an accumulation of knowledge as a learning how to gain it. I therefore desire to impress upon your minds, that you will need to study throughout your entire lifetime if you would turn to advantage your collegiate course. Is this a blue lookout for the future after so many years of hard study here? To the dunce and to the half educated it would be; but not to you, brethren, who are leaving a respectable record behind you of work well done, and who have completed such a liberal course that you shall never need to feel ashamed of it when placed in comparison with the best ministerial courses in the Dominion. Study, real, genuine, close study, has become a source of pleasure to you, I trust, as well as of profit. Some people talk of the pleasures of home, some of the pleasures of cosmopolitanism; some of the pleasures of friendship, and others of the pleasures of travel; but over and above all, excepting the pleasures of home, I place the pleasures of study. As to other pleasures, excepting these, we may say in the language of Burns:

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
> Or like the snow-fall in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever;
> Or like the borealis race
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form
> Evanishing amid the storm."

But the pleasures of home and of study are sacred and sublime.

Perhaps you are ready to ask, What shall we study? The Book of books—your *Hebrew* Bible, and your *Greek* New Testament. Your great business in life is to make yourselves expounders, teachers, and evangelists of the Word of life. These you can only become by a devout, prayerful study of the Spirit's own words. I trust we have led you across the threshold of exegesis, the only true method of obtaining a proper understanding of Bible truth. Of course this includes the proper use of all related lights, their concentration upon the one object—the Bible. This opens up a wide range of study, taking in all departments of knowledge which in any way, near or remote, stand related to the Bible. Thus the minister, while he makes the Bible his text book, brings under tribute almost every subject of interest in the whole range of human study.

I think I hear you say, This will make an immense draft upon our time. True; but this is not an insurmountable obstacle. One of the professed aims of this college is to teach habits of regularity,—a matter of the utmost importance to every one who wishes to succeed in life, whatever his calling may be. To the careless observer the stars seem to be scattered about in space in hopeless confusion, while in fact all are arranged in systems, and each one is moving with the greatest precision according to fixed laws. Nature's productions at first sight appear mixed up at random, while in reality the organic and inorganic kingdoms are capable of the most perfect classifications. There is order everywhere around us, and nothing is so beneficial to man, and especially to the student, as order. Six days of the week will generally be at your disposal, each of which has twenty-four hours. Spend eight of these each day in sound thorough-going sleep. Let this be a sacred duty, and see that you attend to the two essential qualifications therefor—a good conscience, and a good stomach. Spend the second eight in devotion and study, and the last eight in the practical duties of the pastorate. These—the eight hours of sound sleep, the eight hours of devotion and study, the eight hours of practical work—will act and react upon each other to the perfection of each, and to the perfection of the grand work as a whole to which the Lord has called you.

But, in the second place, don't forget that all this systematic

study which I recommend is but a means to an end. What is that end? Let me convey it to your minds through the language of the apostle to the Colossians. Speaking of Christ in them the hope of glory, he says, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Brethren, what a glorious and solemn work! There is neither time nor occasion here for mere display. Study, by all means study, study the whole week, that you may be able to make the child and the most illiterate understand the precious truth on which you have been devoting your best energies. In working up a subject you may have to read much. You may have to wade through the technicalities of Systematic Theology, of Grammar and Lexicography, of Chemistry, of Geology, or of Astronomy, but don't, gentlemen, expose your lack of common sense, by attempting to drag with you on Sunday through all these, a man who has been plying a buck-saw all week for his bread and butter. It may be a very nice thing, once in a while, to gaze upon a hawk with outspread wings gracefully describing certain geometrical figures in the air, but it is desperately hard work on the neck, especially if we have to keep it up for any length of time. It will not be long till we begin to think of him as a very fine mark for a rifle ball. Study, we say again, but study to be simple, study to make plain, study that you may be understood by all. Give heed, brethren, to the plaintive request:

"Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled."

This, brethren, is the glory of genuine education, the highest recommendation of true learning, its enabling us to make difficult things simple. By all means study to be dignified in your bearing, for you handle the most dignified of all subjects; study to be graceful in your gesticulations, for you have the most fascinating of all stories to tell, where truth indeed is stranger than

fiction; study to be chaste in your language, for your subject is the very essence of purity itself; study to be effective, for the grandest issues of life are in your hands; but never forget that the surest way to accomplish all these is to be simple. Let your manner be natural, the outcome of down-right earnestness; and let your language be the sturdy Anglo-Saxon of the masses.

Finally, brethren, don't forget that about half your waking hours should be spent in attending to the practical duties of the pastorate. We don't want hermits, monks, nor mere book-worms. We don't want men to be mere walking encyclopedias. We have social as well as intellectual natures, and these should not be neglected; for of all the means we possess for the accomplishing of our great work—the winning of souls to Christ, and the fashioning of them into a Christ-like form—there is none more effective than the proper use of our social faculties.

Christ taught the people, and in his teaching never man spake like him. The common people heard him gladly, and gathering thousands hung upon his lips. Whence this marvellous power? I have no hesitancy in replying that it was largely due to the judicious exercise of the social element of his nature. He ate and drank with the masses; he graced their festive gatherings; he sympathized with them in all their wants and woes; he rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and wept with those who wept. He healed their diseases, he cast out their tormenting demons, and he raised their dead. No wonder, then, they hung upon his lips in thousands as he preached to them the coming kingdom. Brethren, do likewise as far as it lies in your power, and you will be better qualified thereby to spend the time allotted to devotion and study profitably, and so to preach more effectively, while your social magnetism will combine with your intellectual power to draw the people to hear with delight your divine messages.

And now, brethren, as you go forth to your life work, rest assured that in all your joys and sorrows you will have our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy, and for each of you let me say as I give you this token of wellwishing:

> "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
> The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
> The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

A SERMON FOR PREACHERS.

BY HONEST OLD GERMAN MICHAEL, ORD. CAPUZ., AUGSBURG, 1702.

(From the German.)

MOTTO—If a preacher will be true to his office and his conscience, he must be no dumb dog, but fearlessly speak the truth.

O rara avis! O a rare bird he is who will speak the truth, to gentlemen of high rank, especially, because no one ventures to declare it to them. Who then shall have the courage, if not the preacher? *Ne formides a facie eorum;* be not afraid of their countenance, even when they cast ugly side-glances at you, like a chained farmer's dog. *Ne formides;* just laugh at them, even when they shake their sticks at you, and call you an impertinent, ill-mannered peasant preacher. *Ne formides;* don't let one hair of your head turn white because of them; be faithful to your charge, and let people talk and dogs bark. *Ne timeas eos, neque metuas a facie eorum.* Cornelius a Lapide, commenting on this text, says that God desires by these words to give the prophet strength and courage to rebuke the evil doings of the shameless and sinful Israelites. Furthermore, says Cornelius, a zealous preacher must be well conditioned; in the first place, he must be *audax,* bold, no milksop, must not let himself be dismayed by any face of man. Secondly, he must be *fortis,* strong, no moss-rush, to be swayed to and fro by idle gossip. Thirdly, *constans,* steadfast; his words must give no uncertain sound, like those of time-serving politicians. *Quod dixi, dixi; quod scripsi, scripsi.* An honest man's as good as his word. Fourthly, he must be covered with the helmet of freedom; *debet esse liber,* says Cornelius; he must not let his mouth be stopped by bribes, feasts or any other favors. For *verbum Dei non est alligatum;* the word of God is not bound to presents or offices or anything else in the whole world.

But where shall we find such a preacher to-day? *Quis est hic et laudabimus eum?* Yes, I know one, but his head lies there at his feet. He was no other than the brave, intrepid preacher of repentance, John the Baptist, who said to Herod, *non licet tibi habere uxorem fratis tui.* O holy John, hold your tongue with such words as those. You ought to go at it more

gently with those fine gentlemen. You should turn a closed eye to their shortcomings. I should not wish to share tips with you this time. But John answers me, What do I care for all that? There is no one who will dare to say the truth to the king, and reprove him for his unholy life; therefore, it is for me as a preacher to do it, and I shall not stop to ask whether it may cost me my life or no. Alas! how would the world in our day treat so zealous a preacher, who would preach to all men without distinction, *non licet;* who would say to great gentlemen or potentates, *non licet, non licet,* it is not lawful for you to waste on some draggle-tail the affections that are due only to your lawful wife. *Non licet, non licet,* you stern doctors, lawyers and secretaries, it is not lawful for you to take bribes, not from one party merely, but often from both sides, to drag on cases for years and fill your purses with ill-gotten gain. It is not lawful for you, my miller, to take out of the best meal a portion for wife, child and servant. *Non licet,* shoemaker, by this means or that, to worry our good German leather and sell it for foreign material. *Non licet,* my good farmer, to wet your grain before going to market; *item,* always to make the tenth sheaf smaller than the rest, saying, its good enough for the parson.

Thus this good John preached the truth to all classes, but God help any preacher nowadays who should dare to copy his example. His reward would be no end of abuse rather than goblets of wine to cheer his sad heart.

There is a vast difference between a doctor and a cook. The cook prepares pleasant, tempting dishes for his master, so that he may eat with appetite; the doctor, on the other hand, makes up all manner of potions, pills and other mixtures repugnant to our nature, but good for our health, so that every sensible man must look upon the *medicus* as his friend. What then is a faithful preacher, a cook or a *medicus?* Shall he set before his patient all kinds of tempting viands to ruin his stomach, or shall he give him bitter, penetrating medicines which will strike to the roots of the disease? The preacher is a physician of souls, who singes and burns, cuts and probes, gives bitter, nauseous medicine, but always for the eternal good of his patient. He must do as St. Paul, the Apostle, did when he had delivered some sharp sermons to his Corinthian brethren. They were amazed and made wry faces at Paul, but he merely said to them, *non*

quaero quae vestra sunt, sed vos. That is to say, I seek neither praise nor favor from you, but the salvation of your souls. And so the preacher must stand firm, though he should make himself to be hated. Hence Paul wrote to the Galations, *Ergo inimicus factus sum, verum dicens vobis.* So then I have spoiled your soup for you, in that I told you the truth.

Therefore, my fellow-preacher, take a lesson from him how to speak the truth. Fear not, so long as you are faithful to your office and a true physician of souls, who purely and solely seek their eternal good. Remember that you are a *medicus*, and not a cook, even should your potions now and then prove to be rather bitter. M. S. C.

THE TENT WE DWELL IN.

Isa. xl. 22.

Woven of glimmering light in the flashing loom of creation,
Dipt in the mystical blue of infinite distance on distance,
Hollowed and spread east and west like a curtain of gauze blown horizon-ward,
Pinned to the circling earth by the thousand thews of the mountains,—
Lift up your eyes on high and behold the tent of our dwelling!

Sun after sun, like kings in a matchless ne'er-ending procession,
Daily pass o'er it, flinging down cloth of gold on its azure;
Nightly it softens and darkens to velvet, purple and dusky,
Powdered with glittering stars and sown with the golden planets,
While all its streaming folds with the sound of the four winds are shaken.

Lift up your eyes on high and behold this wonder of dwellings!
Gaze, till the raptured soul, like the mighty tides of the ocean,
Swells to its outmost bound and is one with all that it visions,—
One with the noontide splendor, and one with the starry spaces,
One with the Father Creator, who dwells here at home with His children.

Blanche Bishop.

In S. S. Times.

SHALL OUR PASTORS READ THE SCRIPTURES IN THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGES?

Certainly. Shall not the ambassador of the King of kings read his commission in the language in which it was first given? Shall not the expounder of God's law be able to read that law in the language in which the first heralds announced it? Shall not a Bible student go to the fountain of Bible knowledge instead of being at the mercy of every commentator, wise or otherwise? Shall not a preacher have access to the very best that can be found in the way of information as to his specialty? If Dr. Arnold thought it worth his while to learn German after he became head master of Rugby school, in order to get at original sources in his study of Roman history, surely we pastors can afford to learn Greek and Hebrew that we may read the springs of knowledge concerning the kingdom of heaven. Some one will ask, "What will be the benefit?" Much every way. There is a flavor about the original that cannot be imparted to the best of translations. No one but he who tries it can understand the fulness of meaning, often impossible to describe, that abides in a psalm read in the Hebrew. The writer never understood the Epistle to the Galatians till he ploughed through it with the Greek Testament.

Let a preacher, for instance, who must produce fresh sermons constantly, spend an hour each morning with his Greek Testament or Hebrew Bible, and he will find cropping up such a harvest of texts, or suggestions of discourses that his difficulty will be not where to find subjects, but how to use the many that present themselves. The late Dr. Castle is said to have left nearly one thousand outlines of unpreached sermons gathered in that way.

Again. Let the Sunday school lesson be read in the original before any "helps" are consulted, and the "quarterlies" will be like crutches to an agile man—of little use. There will be more suggestions than can be followed out in the brief time allotted to the class.

Then again there are books—Pusey's Minor Prophets, "Moses and his recent Critics," etc.—which ought to be read

by every pastor who would be abreast of his day. But these are sealed volumes to a man who knows nothing of Hebrew. There is no more delightful commentary on the New Testament than that of Meyer. But it is darkness to a man who cannot read his Greek Testament.

I can imagine but two possible objections. Some one may say, "There is no ordinary pastor who can hope to become expert in the use of the original tongues." This article is not written for experts. The duties of a pastor do not call for experts. Their place is in the professoriate; let them abide there. But there is no reason why any full graduate of Toronto Baptist College, for example, should not be able to read his Bible intelligently in the original, and follow understandingly any discussion in the various books and magazines that deal with textual difficulties.

Some other one may say, "It is too tedious and time-consuming a task, to thumb the dictionary and dig out the meaning." I appreciate that difficulty, but it can be surmounted. Get a vocabulary. The writer, by spending a half hour daily for five weeks, memorized five hundred Hebrew nouns and verbs and delivered himself, not from the use of the lexicon, entirely, but from any slavish dependence upon it. Aristotle said, "We learn to play on the harp by playing on the harp." So we learn to do any thing else by doing it. Prof. McLanahan, one of Dr. Harper's assistants at Chautauqua, told me that for one year he spent an hour every morning in sight reading of the Hebrew text, and he considered the time well spent. There may be some readers of this magazine who have gone into the pastorate without any knowledge of either Greek or Hebrew, and who feel that they would like to gain that knowledge. Let any such take up the study arranged by the Correspondence School of the American Institute of Sacred Literature. The instruction is thorough and the cost surprisingly small. Take two courses (40 lessons each) in either Greek or Hebrew. Then spend three weeks in Chautauqua, N.Y., face to face with the instructors, and by a most delightful process, a working knowledge of the "original" will be gained.

P. K. Dayfoot.

Strathroy, Jan. 8th, 1894.

CONCERNING THE LIFE OF MAN.

(From the Latin.)

Human life is filled with fightings,
Foes about, amid war's blightings
  All our days on earth are spent;
Battle ushers in each morning,
Sorrow hides each night's adorning,
  Chance with safety ever blent.

Still, amid all danger tearless,
In the shock of battle fearless,
  Mortal wounds I dread no more;
Hostile rage—I e'en invite it,
Public hate—with scorn I smite it,
  Mock the cannon's fiery roar.

See, from heaven's arching splendor,
Clothed in clouds, my great Defender,
  Ruler of the stars of light:
'Gainst the foes whose rage would rend me,
As I strive He doth defend me,
  For me undertakes the fight.

Bows and arrows He will shatter,
And, despite the hostile clatter,
  Give them to eternal fire;
Then I'll stand for ever fearless
And, through Him, a victor peerless
  Overcome the foemen's ire.

J. H. Farmer.

Students' Quarter.

THE COMING OF LOVE.

Now linger'd Love upon the wanton wind,
Wild Love, with glistening tresses tost and blown,
Laughing delightful music,—not alone,
For clear, soft voices floated far behind.

High sate great Jove in glory,—'round reclined
In joyous bowers 'neath his gleaming throne
The lesser gods,—their stately-sounding tone,
Made solemn echo, then came mute and blind,—

For Love's wild pæan now had stormed the sky,
And hush'd the hearers with a strange alarm,
Who thrill'd in sweet expectancy and charm,—

So, with the sound of rapture, Venus came
And, smiling at their awe, said: "Love am I!"
And all the gods laughed at the pleasant name.

X.

BLACK BEAUTY IN A COAL MINE.

"Ye's a beauty Polly! Ye are, I tell ye! Give me a kiss. That's nice. Another! another!"

Such were the amorous words of one of a pair of lovers early one morning. There was nothing very romantic about their surroundings; no birds atilt in the branches; no flowers, blushing crimson, for the sake of harmony with a maiden's cheeks; no murmering brooklet, or evening stillness such as you read of in "beautiful" books. Alas! they were not so comfortably situated. Lovers usually seek certain secluded places, but Billy and Polly were compelled by unyielding necessity to meet in a deep, dusty coal mine, more than two thousand feet from the surface. Billy, as you know, was a "pit laddie" of thirteen summers, quick as thought in every movement, with blue eyes,

a mass of tangled dark hair, small hands and feet, and a tongue —yes, a tongue of the most approved, or rather improved construction and capability. Polly, Billy's Polly, was a jet black mare of unusual beauty and sweetness of disposition, used for the purpose of hauling coal trams. It was Billy's duty to act as door-boy for Polly with whom he spent from ten to eleven hours of each day, under the supervision of an experienced man called a haulier. Coal-mining is indeed, in all its branches, a very dangerous occupation, particularly the part which fell to the lot of the haulier, the horse and the door-boy. This will easily be seen when we remember that a coal mine is nothing more or less than a network of narrow passages leading from the inner workings to the bottom of a deep shaft. The chief danger arises from "blocking" or collision with other trams off the track, or in passing one of the innumerable junctions or cross-roads. Some of the larger concerns put out a thousand tons of coal in ten hours. As each tram averages a ton, and each horse hauls two trams a "trip," this necessitates five hundred "trips" a day. Even in our own country, collisions are of frequent occurrence on streets and country roads during the day time. How much greater is the danger under ground, in those narrow passages, with only a single track, and no other illumination than a small oil lamp in a locked glass, liable to go out almost at any moment!

The greatest source of danger, however, is the great difference in grade which exists in nearly all of the mines. Some are very steep and long, necessitating the spragging of every wheel of the tram with round pieces of wood, allowed to pass through holes in the wheel and operating against the underside of the framework. The number of sprags, or stopped wheels, which is essential to the safety of all concerned, is left to the discretion of the man in charge. Should he be lacking in experience, or in ability to sprag whilst the wheels are turning, or should the sprags fall out on a down grade, both the boy and the horse are in great danger of being seriously injured, if not instantaneously killed.

Bearing in mind what has been said about the workings, and also the fact that it is the boy's duty to run before the horse and open the doors, the reader will be enabled to understand what follows.

One Friday morning, Billy entered the underground stable rather earlier than usual. His customary greeting consisted of three hearty slaps on Polly's shining neck, and some half-dozen mock kisses. I called them lovers a little while ago. In proof of this, let me say that whenever Billy's arms were thrown around Polly's neck, she would hold her head down to enable him to do so without lifting him off his feet; and no matter how long he continued smacking his lips—as close as possible without actually touching her nose,—she never became restless. Such treatment on Billy's part, for several months, to say nothing of extra attention, such as watering and feeding, could not but win Polly's affections entirely.

This particular Friday morning, as soon as some of the best corn had been put in a bag and strapped round Polly's neck, they started for the workings. The day wore on as usual until about noon, when a very sad accident happened.

As they were passing over a very steep part of the roadway, called the "big run," the haulier missed spragging, or the sprags fell out, no one can ever tell which. Billy, as usual, was before the horse. The man knowing what had happened, began shouting to the boy to run for his life. Hearing the shouting and the noise caused by the wheels as the speed increased, Billy understood the situation instantly. As he started to run, he clasped his lamp firmly. All depended on its tiny flame. If it should be extinguished, his chances of escape were not one in a thousand. No other lad in the mine could out-run him. However, the race under such circumstances is not to the strong. Would his lamp keep lighted? Was the road clear? These were the all important questions. God speed thee, lad! Hungry wolves, chasing a luckless traveller through some northern forest swamp, are nothing to the terror at thy heels. God have mercy! Swift-winged angel help, help! He is so young. His widowed mother has no one else to aid her in feeding her little ones. Help! help! Too late—too late! That shriek, that crash, tells all. Poor Billy! poor Billy! and Polly, poor Polly! Billy and Polly both crushed —bleeding—dead. No more kisses, no more caresses.

Three days later, we followed Billy's mortal remains to the graveyard. There beneath the great trees in a pleasantly situated spot, we laid them in their last resting place. Would it

have been sacrilege, think you, to have laid Polly beside him? Surely, no greater sacrilege or sin than to gather up her mangled body and send it in haste to the kennel. Ah, this is a cold, unfeeling world. It has little use for pit laddies or pit horses but to make dollars and cents.

E. P.

DISCORDANT.

In the broad field of God's planting,
Strong oaks their boughs toss high,
The verdant meadows boundless stretch,
Fair hills climb to the sky.

Swift brooks flow unrestrained to sea,
Soft clouds float light above,
Myriads of daisies fragrance shed
Of their Creator's love.

Sparkles of dew are infinite
Fresh showered o'er the earth;
And glorious light envelops all
From dawn its time of birth.

All things in nature may expand
In beautiful completeness;
Our characters through petty ills
Lose half their destined sweetness.

Moulton College. B. E.

TRIOLET—THE TELL-TALE EYES.

I look in her eyes,
Tho' she falters out, "No, sir!"
She cannot disguise
As I look in her eyes,
(However she tries,)
That she loves the proposer,—
I look in her eyes,
Tho' she falters out, "No, sir!"

G. H. C.

THE SQUARING OF THE CIRCLE.

This is a problem which I am sure is of interest to each of us. From earliest childhood we have heard it referred to as the problem of geometry. It has become a by-word in English literature. Another reason for its importance is the wonderful influence it has exerted in the development of the science of mathematics. This it has done both in directing the work of professional mathematicians and in stimulating amongst those ignorant of this queen of sciences the desire to enter upon its study. The place it has thus filled in stimulating, directing and preserving the science of mathematics cannot be estimated. China, India, Arabia, Egypt, Greece and Modern Europe have participated in its solution.

But some one asks "What is this problem?" It has three aspects. First, it is required to construct geometrically a square equal in area to a given circle. Or, again, to find geometrically a straight line equal in length to the circumference of a given circle. Notice that the solution of either of these gives the other, as it has been assumed from the dawn of geometrical investigation that the area of a circle is equal to that of a triangle with base equal to the circumference, and altitude equal to the radius. And thirdly, there has been inextricably interwoven with these two the problem of finding the numerical ratio of the circumference to the diameter, or as we should say, of computing π. It was observed, of course, that this was a constant quantity. Thus the problem is threefold. It comprises the quadrature of a circle, its rectification, and the computation of π.

In dealing with it, I do not propose to treat each of these separately, but to trace the historical development of the problem as a whole, believing that the course of thought taken by the whole race will give us the clue to the most natural way to present it to an individual.

The first trace we have of this problem comes from that nation which has supplied so much valuable material to the antiquary, from the Athens of the patriarchial age, Egypt. In a book known as the "Papyrus Rind," written by Ahmes somewhere between 1700 and 2000 years before Christ, there is given

a method of constructing a square equal in area to a given circle. Ahmes claims to have derived his material from a book written, at least, five hundred years before his time; this would carry us back to within twelve decades of the flood. The rule given in the "Papyrus Rind" is this: "Shorten the diameter by one-ninth, and upon this shortened line construct a square." In a circle of eighteen inches diameter this would give an error of only a little over a square inch. The value of π, dependant upon this formular is 3·1604.

We also know that the Babylonians considered this problem. Having noticed that by cutting off, in succession, arcs with their chords equal to the radius, the circle was divided into six equal arcs, they concluded that the length of the circumference was a little more than six times the length of the radius, that is, than three times that of the diameter. This ratio of one to three is also mentioned several times in the Old Testament.

This problem, which did so much for the development of mathematics in Greece, was carried across the Mediterranean by Anaxagoras about four hundred and thirty years before Christ. He is said to have discovered the quadrature while in prison; but, if he did, the work has not been preserved.

Among the Greeks, the first treatment of note is that of Antiphon, about thirty years later. He divided the circle into four equal arcs thus making a square. By subdividing the arcs, polygons with a greater and greater number of sides could be produced. These approach more and more closely in area to that of the circle. The method of calculating the area of such polygons had been developed by the school of Pythagoras over a century before this. Thus, he said, by continuing this process the required area would be found. This of course can give no more than an approximation, but it is an important step towards the accomplishing of the desired result.

Another valuable advance was made by Bryson, a contemporary of Antiphon. He employed the circumscribed polygon also. By this he introduced the use of maximum and minimum limits in approximations.

In Hippocrates this problem produced the science of crescents. The "lunes of Hippocrates" is still the name of an important theorem which he developed in trying to solve this Egyptian riddle.

Passing Euclid, who, as far as we know, did not attempt the solution, we reach the work of Archimedes, who lived from 287 to 212 B.C. He developed the method of Antiphon and Bryson, but started with the inscribed and circumscribed hexagons. The value he found for π was that it is less than $3\frac{1}{7}$ and greater than $3\frac{10}{71}$. The first of these has been used ever since as the most convenient, where very accurate work is not required.

With regard to the other nations, the work of the Hindus is the most worthy of notice. Before the Christian era they had attempted the converse problem, namely, to find a circle equal in area to a square. About five hundred years after Christ, they succeeded in finding a value for π more accurate than any then known. This was the value, so familiar to each of us, 3·1416. Another curious quantity used by them is $\sqrt{10}$.

The principle values used by the Chinese were 3 and $3\frac{7}{50}$.

The Arabians also studied this problem in all its different aspects. The greatest boon, however, that they conferred upon mathematics is that of preserving the results of the work of the Greek and Hindu mathematicians through the destructive dark ages.

Let us now return to Europe. Early Christianity did for mathematics that which it did for all other lines of science and of art. It paralyzed it. During the dark ages learning was forced to sleep amidst ruins and barbarians. It was effectually banished from European nations by the miasma of a paganized Christianity.

But, as has so often been the case, oppression laid the snare for its own downfall. From the crusades, instituted for the purpose of stimulating religious fanaticism, and of increasing the temporal power of a worldly religion, sprang the revival of learning. The intellectual life of Western Europe was awakened and the ancient civilization began to dispel the darkness of the middle ages. The ruins of Greece and of the despised Arabs opened their storehouses, and the seeds of science and art were planted among the nations of the west.

The study of this old problem came forward again as a stimulator and guide. Like the drops before a shower came the scattered attempts at its solution, made during the fifteenth century. The sixteenth found the storm in full sway. All over

Europe men were trying to render themselves famous by solving the problem which had defied the skill of the greatest mathematicians of past ages. The majority of those who participated in this were men having little or no knowledge of mathematics and actuated merely by a strong desire for distinction. The extravagance of their logic is surpassed only by their self-confidence.

In sharp contrast to these stand the efforts of a number of true mathematicians to obtain better approximations to the value of π. These, although unable to prove it, generally recognized that it was an incommensurable number. As we have already shown, the most accurate values discovered hitherto were that of Archimedes $3\frac{1}{7}$, and the Hindu approximation 3·1416.

In the first half of the sixteenth century, Peter Metius discovered a very important value, with which we are all familiar, $\frac{3}{1}\frac{5}{1}\frac{5}{3}$. This produces an error of three ten-millionths in a result. The famous mathematician Viéta added an important factor to the solution. He introduced the representation of the value of π by an infinite series. He obtained a value correct to ten decimal places.

He was soon surpassed by five decimals by a Netherlander, named Adrianus Romanus. To show the amount of work involved in this result I might mention that he used the circumscribed polygon having 1,073,741,824 sides.

Another very important name in this work is that of Ludolph Van Ceulen. This man procured a result correct to thirty-five decimal places, a value more exact than can ever be necessary in practical work.

All subsequent advance has been based upon the use of the differential and integral calculus which was invented by Newton and Leibnitz. This greatly facilitates the use of infinite series. Better and better formulæ have been evolved until now we possess this important quantity calculated to five hundred decimals.

There is one point of importance which should be dealt with before closing this imperfect treatment. It is the question of the insolvability of this problem. As has been mentioned, Newton and his contemporaries considered it to be impossible to obtain the quadrature or the rectification of the circle by Euclidean Geometry, but were unable to prove it. It was not until 1882

that mathematics had been sufficiently developed to produce such a proof. In June of that year Professor Lindemann, now of Kônigsberg, succeeded in rigorously proving "that it is impossible with a ruler and compass to construct a square equal in area to a given circle."

Thus for mathematicians the problem is disposed of. The ratio has been calculated ten times as exact as is necessary, and it has been proved that it is impossible to accomplish the quadrature or the rectification of a circle.

W. Findlay

DESTINY.

Soft stillness of June, the evening bright
As we wandered forth on that star-lit night.
Let me not think of her witching face!
I gazed in her eyes. At her look so sweet
I plucked her a pale sweet Marguerite.
O my Lilian, queen of grace!

'Mid the wild beauty of the grove,
I poured out my mad impassioned love.
Must I ne'er forget her sad sweet air?
It struck on my heart as the menacing bell
Strikes on the ear in its mournful knell.
O my God! my heart is bare.

For vain regrets and a heart that is reft
And broken vows are all that are left.
Oh, let me not think of her drooping head!
The faltering voice, the hopeless cry,
The question, but never the answer why,—
O my heart! forever dead.

Radlof

"NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING."

"Of that insignificant portion of my education which depended on schools almost no notice need be taken."

Although Carlyle in rendering for us the words of the mysterious Herr Teufelsdröckh gives voice to an extreme opinion, yet there is more truth than fiction in the words even when applied to more ordinary experiences than those of the celebrated German.

In one sense our student life embraces our threescore years and ten. We must ever be like children gathering pebbles on the shores of the "Ocean of Knowledge." "Live and Learn," and let us hope we shall not cease to learn when we cease to live.

But student life is generally conceived of as embracing those years spent in preparation for the active duties of life, although why our later years should be designated active any more than those spent in study can not be clearly seen, unless indeed a reference be made to the passivity of the student under the present system of education, where we find in him merely the "object of the act."

As has before been hinted, that part of my life spent in pursuing regular school courses is not worthy of notice, except as it supplies the shadows for my student career, those shadows which throw into high relief the lights which have fallen to my share. The first ten or eleven years of my student life were swallowed up in a thick darkness, the "war-clouds rolling dun," and now that I have escaped from that valley of humiliation I do not care to cast my glance back over it. Under that pall move the spectres of my childhood's years, with drawn faces and clenched fists, tortured forever by the demon tasks which "squeel and gibber" around them!

Something I owe to the "gerund-grinders" and "hide-bound pedants" who presided over my youthful endeavors in knowledge-seeking. They discovered to me how little I knew and where I could best go to remedy that defect, although perhaps I should have found that out for myself in time. Youth turns instinctively to books, feeling that in this vast silent company of great hearts and powerful brains, weakness will be met

and ignorance more than satisfied. Be that as it may, at school the discovery was made, in how many numberless directions men had opened for themselves paths into the realm of thought. In a word I discovered my ignorance and insignificance.

It would seem as if the happiest moments were those spent in following some side track far from curriculum courses, into fields which are a glorious New World to the happy student. Plunging into history, but avoiding dates as one would coral reefs, steering away from governmental complications as from quicksands, and grasping the human element in all its power and picturesqueness.

To be overwhelmed with curiosity concerning Augustus, Charlemagne or Alfred, to revere and admire St. Augustine, Erasmus or Richelieu, to half fear, half pity and wholly detest Cromwell and Marlborough, to live again the triumphs and defeats of the hapless Mary of Scotland, to drink with Lady Jane Grey life's bitter cup, to do all this is to walk unfettered in the light of history or the dusk of tradition, leaving behind the shadows of our hard, narrow and oftentime unpractical school education.

Is there anything more delightful than to cross the seas and haunt with Savonarola the streets of Florence, or mix and mingle in the party strife of Guelphs and Ghibellines. We conquer Spain with the Moors, we live again with Marie Antoinette, Marat or Charlotte Corday the lurid days of the French Revolution, we pray with Jeanne d'Arc in that holy atmosphere of dreams,and in doing this we not only gain pure enjoyment, but we realize the immensity of life, we come into touch with great and wonderful experiences till thought of self is lost in thought of others,

> "Till the individual withers and the world is more and more,"

till the horizon of our little world melting and expanding loses itself in ever widening circles.

The world of books we cannot exhaust, and the pleasure it offers is limitless as itself. *To be let loose,* as Ruskin suggests, *to browse at will* among good books is an endless source of enjoyment. To leave untouched what we do not like, to assimilate what we do like, though it may appear a somewhat lax method of reading, is yet in the end the happiest and most profitable.

We like to learn our limitations, to test and try ourselves, to feel our muscles growing strong and our hearts growing stout. Then knowledge-seeking becomes pleasure-seeking. Our "amusement will grow out of our work as the color petals out of a fruitful flower."

Outside the world of books is a world of men, beyond that a world of nature. Knowledge of this second world it is not always deemed best to seek, the search being attended with excitement and danger, but excitement is exciting, and danger has a charm of its own. But the proper study of mankind "is man," and to master a type of humanity is certainly more fascinating than to master a book of Euclid. The world of nature has ever been a favorite hunting ground for the student. Old mother earth has been so kind to us that it seems cruel for us, in this her old age, to go wandering among her cherished treasures with geologist's hammer and botanist's glass, peeping and prying into nooks and crannies never meant for cold steel and curious glass. But classify and tabulate as we will, we have not yet weighed the summer zephyrs nor set to words the skylark's morning hymn. To study nature, to learn the history of the grand old rocks, to trace the rivers through their winding beds, this is to find the lights of student life, and though it may not seem to be study, yet the mysteries of the stars, the rocks and the flowers are as great as the mystery of mathematics; and to know our friends, the "birds of the air" and the "beasts of the field," is as brain satisfying as to know "who chased who around the walls of what and where?"

In fact, to sum up, as long as the writer studied the regulation school book, "life seemed a blank and dreary waste," "sour marches of discontent" lay around the path. This state of affairs was no doubt the result of laziness and bad teaching. But when she moved out into a different world of books, history and fiction, prose or poetry, then she found the lights low-toned sometimes, high lights often.

Through books to men, through men to nature, through nature up to nature's God—what more could we desire? "Here are books and we have brains to read them, here is a whole earth and a whole heaven, and we have eyes to look upon them. Frisch zu, Bruder!"

JENNIE MCLAURIN.

THE FATE OF THE FATALIST.

In dungeon musty and obscure
There dwelt and toiled a hermit. Sure
Was he that man lives but to do
One thing, and then to die. This grew
Upon him till he came to feel
That *his* one task was to reveal
A word which would so pregnant be
With meaning, that all men would see,
In this great word, what mind could think
Or tongue express. To die, to sink
Away into oblivion
He knew he must when this was done.
And yet he toils; tenaciously pursues
This fate: to find that word. To choose
Not his. He works from night till morn,
From morn till night. The fates still scorn
His efforts. Not till many a day
And night has passed with slow delay,
Does he at last, in vision dim,
Conceive a little what to him
Was life, yet death in life—"O, come,"
He cries, "relieve, relieve me some!
Dread word reveal thyself! Be mine
And then let me be Death's or thine!"
And as in anguish thus he strove,
It came, and that one word was—"Love."

Love lives eternally; its breath
Infuses life to man, not death.
And so this hermit, spite his fears,
By love lives still and will for years.

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are informed by the financial committee that they have received some letters from the city and a few from outside containing amounts due for subscription to the MONTHLY, but not giving the names of the persons to be credited, these supposing their names were on the enclosed circular. Some will, for this reason, not find their labels as they expected. If they will write a card to Messrs. Clarke and Tarr, of McMaster University, the matter will be set right.

The first edition of "Beautiful Joe" and a good share of the second have been sold off since January 1. A Canadian edition, under the authoress's own copyright, will shortly be issued by the Standard Publishing Co. of this city. We bespeak for it a large and rapid sale, as it is in every way an excellent book.

The Missionary Conference held in this city on February 13, 14, 15 and 16, was one of the greatest series of gatherings which Toronto has ever seen. The attendance from the outside was surprisingly large, and it increased steadily until the closing evening, when three large buildings were packed long before the hour for opening. This gives some indication of the deep and widespread interest aroused.

When one enquires into the reasons for this exceptional interest, a partial answer is ready to hand in the array of names that appeared on the published programme. Drs. Gordon, Mackay and Pierson, with Mr. Hermann Warszawiak, form quite an exceptional quartette, not to mention other brethren who were listened to with delight and profit. But it was not great reputations or splendid oratory that drew the people in such throngs. To the writer's mind, the secret of the power so marvellously felt in these meetings is to be found mainly in three things :—

(1) *These men know by a very real experience the Gospel of the Grace of God.* Their words were the simplest utterances of what they most surely believed. They believe in Jesus as the sinner's substitute and risen Lord.

(2) *They honored the Word of God.* There was not a quiver of doubt as to its infallible authority. They have been devoted, laborious students of it.

(3) *They impressed one as "men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,"* and you knew that "they had proved their faith by their works." So

they spoke with authority. Moreover, they are men who have put into the hands of the Spirit for His use, highly disciplined powers.

And herein surely are lessons for all who seek in any sphere to minister to the Lord. The old Gospel, the unerring Word, the Divine Spirit—they furnish the highest equipment for Christian service.

We believe that hundreds of Christians in Toronto have been helped toward a truer consecration by the message of these brethren. Free-will offerings were received the last two evenings, which not only covered the $500 of expense incurred, but provided $1500 for different departments of missionary work.

Many of our readers are no doubt watching with keen interest all the various forces which are at the present hour working steadily and mightily for the spiritual enlightenment of our French Canadian countrymen and their liberation from the galling yoke of mediæval ecclesiasticism which they have too long been compelled to carry. Some of these forces, while working in a measure in the direction of soul liberty, will, we fear, have a strong tendency to drive men into more or less open hostility to all forms of religion. There are brave men and true, however, in the neighboring province, and their number is considerable, whose words and conduct cannot fail to convince the humblest peasant that their one great aim in denouncing the errors and superstition of the Romish system is love for the souls of their fellow-men and a burning desire that their beloved countrymen may receive the soul healing and cheering message of salvation, which has brought joy and blessing to their own hearts. To all who are specially interested in this phase of the great struggle for spiritual independence in Quebec, we earnestly recommend the regular perusal of the French Protestant weekly journal, *L'Aurore*, published in Montreal. It is an excellent paper, under the management of a committee of ministers and lay brethren whose ability and Christian character are a sufficient guarantee that its contents will be vigorous and healthy. There are appearing every week articles and reports written in the thick of the strife by men brought daily into direct contact with the evils of Romanism, and consequently giving information fresher, more interesting, and appealing more strongly to our sympathies than can be read elsewhere. Every *paid* subscription helps to strengthen the hands of the brethren down there, and as nearly all High School pupils and school teachers read French nowadays, there is no reason why *L'Aurore*, which gives weekly missionary news from all French Protestant churches, should not have a large circulation in Ontario.

The Psychology of Childhood.—Such is the title of a booklet of 94 pages, by Professor Tracy, of Toronto University, formerly Fellow in Psychology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass. The introduction, by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, says: "The author has here undertaken to present as concisely, yet as completely as possible, the results of the systematic study of childhood up to date." And at the close of the book reference is made to the remarkable number of 101 psychological works from which the dissertation of the author is, in part, compiled. But Prof. Tracy has also incorporated into the book the results of observation and experimentation by himself and by parents and friends upon infants and children; and especially, has he made, on his own account, important additions to our knowledge upon some of the most important topics. This is especially true of the chapter on Language, concerning which President Dewey, of Michigan University, has spoken recently in such high terms.

The object of the author is to describe and explain the rise and development of mental phenomena in the child-consciousness. It is a fresh and fruitful field of study, and the author has made one of the most important contributions to the subject, notwithstanding the fact that the printing press has been busy in offering psychological literature to the public within the last five years. "Sensation" is treated first, because it lies at the foundation of all mental development. A chapter follows on the emotions of fear, anger, surprise, astonishment, curiosity, æsthetic feelings, love, sympathy, jealousy. Then the intellect is studied, and then volition. The volume closes with an able and original chapter on the language of childhood, of interest to philologist and psychologist alike. We thank Professor Tracy for his book, and earnestly commend it to students within and without our walls, and not less to parents and teachers everywhere, so deeply interested in the mystery and potentiality of that helpless being who begins life "with no language but a cry."

The book is published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

HERE AND THERE.

THE following is the chorus of the Queen's Graduating class song:

REFRAIN.

(To be repeated in chorus; Polly, a generic term, to be changed in each man's mind to suit his own case.)

Happy as the blooming clams,
All the day!
For we're through our last exams.,
So they say;
With our hearts so light and jolly,
We have said farewell to Polly.

THEOLOGICAL students interested in pre- and post-millenial questions will find an interesting article by Dr. Laing, of Dundas, in the March number of the *Knox College Monthly*.

H. H. contributes to the *Portfolio* an article of considerable interest to students of "Faust." The original of Gœthe's great tragedy seems to have been a man regarded very jealously by the theologians of older days:—

"We know very little about the original Faustus. It appears, from mention made of him by various contemporary theologians, that he was born during the latter part of the fifteenth century, in the town of Knittlingen, in Würtemberg, and studied medicine at the University of Cracow, where, it is supposed, he received his doctor's degree. Afterwards he travelled for many years about Europe, practising his magic arts and deceiving (as Bergardi says): 'Verily a great number!' Of the man himself we know nothing more. Various accounts of the manner of his death, purporting to be true, remain, but they must all be regarded as apocryphal. Gast, the theologian, Abbot Tritheim and Luther, all write of him as a real person, and Melanchthon tells his story in this way:—

'I knew a man named Faustus, out of Kundling, a little town not far from my own home. When he studied at Cracow, he learnt magic, as it used to be actively taught there, when public lectures were read on the art. Afterwards he roamed about and talked of secret things. When he sought attention at Venice, he gave out that he would fly. The devil lifted him to some height, but then let him fall. Not many years ago this Johannes Faustus sat, on his last day, greatly troubled in a Würtemberg inn. The innkeeper asked him why he was so much troubled and unlike himself. Whereupon he replied to that village innkeeper:—'Do not be frightened to-night.' At midnight the house shook. As Faust had not risen next morning,

when it was already noon, the innkeeper went to his room and found him lying near the bed with his face twisted round. It was so the devil killed him. When he yet lived, he went about with a dog who was the devil.'"

θάλαττα

THE CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

(From Higginson's "High-water Marks.")

I stand upon the summit of my life
Behind the camp, the court, the field, the grove,
The battle and the burden : vast, afar,
Beyond these weary ways,—behold, the sea !
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness, and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the horizon dim,—
Cut loose the bark ; such voyage itself is rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care,
Eternity !—deliverance, promise, course !
Time-tried souls salute thee from the shore.

BROWNLEE BROWN.

A POEM, of great beauty, is contributed by T. B. A. A. to the *King's College Record*, entitled "The Gates of Ivorie." It is full of light, colour, and music. The following are some lines from it :—

WAY-FARER.

Grown old, and tired of dull realitie,
I'd fain go through the Gates of Ivorie
To Fairy-land
Where are those Gates of Ivorie ?
In mists that flee from sun-lit Morn ?
In dreams that pass ere Day is born ?
In fairy tales and legends old,
Of fruitless quests for goblin gold ?

* * * * * *

SEA-MAN.

When my sail flaps idly from side to side
In the waveless calm of even-tide,
And the fog-bank lifts from the far sea line
Where the sun-set rays incarnadine
The western sea, there slowly comes
A fair cloud-city with rose-capped domes.
Then I hear a sound as of chiming bells,
And so faintly, strangely, it falls and swells,
That it must be the call to Even-song
From minster belfries its streets among.

On the wind it dies, the fog shuts down,
And faded all is my cloud-land town.
Master—in truth I pity thee—
Are those your gates of Ivorie ?

CHILD.

No gates are there of ivory bright
Where that cloud-built city holds the light
Of the evening sun. Nor in ocean deep
Are they, for those are the Doors of Sleep,
Which yield, and open silently
To the dead committed to the sea.

The land you seek you knew long since
In the kingdom of Childhood, where you, a prince,
Held feudal sway right royallie.
There stand the Gates of Ivorie!
But now you may wander, yet all in vain,
To far countries and back again,
And never so much as see the sheen
Of the ivory tinting the clouds between
Sweet Fairy land and its heavens blue—
The land you long to journey to.

While I, whenever I stray along
Where the brook to the meadow sings its song,
Whene'er I forget the world about,
Have only to wish, and I am out
Upon the Elf-queen's fair highway,
Where road-side flowers lithe bodies sway,
And turn to see me going past,
And smiling, cheer me, till at last
I reach the walls of Elfin Town
No one to stop me—drawbridge down—
I cross and wander fearlesslie
In through the Gates of Ivorie.

SECOND year specialists in English will find an instructive paper on "the style of Mrs. Browning," in the February *Acadia Athanæum*. Here are two paragraphs :—

Her imagination knew no bounds, but soared away to the infinite. Her conception of the sublime was striking and vivid. It would be absurd to regret that certain characteristics of her poetry withhold it from the many and confine it to the few. It did not belong to the genius of Mrs. Browning to enter the doors of the humble and uneducated. To her belonged the power of stirring the utmost fountain of laughter and tears, of bringing music from the rough metal of every day life; of kindling those lights in human eyes, which glance from scholar to rustic, from peasant to king, with the smile of reconcilement and relationship. Yet the words of this woman, burning in tenderness, do not reach the strongly pulsing heart of common humanity!

MRS. BROWNING is essentially a Christian poet. Not in the sense of appreciating like Carlyle the loftiness of a Christian type of character, not in the sense of preaching like Wordsworth an august but abstract morality, but in the sense of finding like Cowper the whole hope of humanity bound up in Christ. It is difficult but possible to bear the reflection that many great female writers have rejected that gospel that has done more for woman than any other civilizing agency, but it is well that the greatest woman of all looks up in faith and love to that

eye that fell on Mary from the cross. The greatest woman of all! this is the verdict of an able critic, who, though acknowledging that he was not acquainted with all great female writers, yet states that he looked at Mrs. Browning as one looks towards the brow of a lofty mountain rising over the clouds, and crowned with ancient snows, and has an assurance, even though it rises amid lower hills, and the elevation of each has not been actually taken, that it is peerless.

H. M. B. '94.

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. Clarke, S. R Tarr, } *Editors.*

The University.

Motto for *March:*
"Right, left, right!"
But of that bereft,—
Motto for April:
"Write, write,—*left!*"

"As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips."—*Comus.*

Rev. W. W. Weeks, of Moncton, N.B., paid us a welcome visit during the last few days of February.

"Let me see," murmured the Professor of Logic, "what is the lesson for to-day about?" (A moment's interval.) "About thirty pages long, I see!"

Junior (teaching his S.S. class): "Now, Tommy, what kind of lights did the soldiers carry in Gethsemane?" Tommy: "Oh, I dunno,—*Israelites*, I guess!"

Scene: McMaster University lecture room; subject: The Life of Milton; student (reciting):—"His third wife was Elizabeth Minshull. After marrying her, he began 'Paradise Lost!'" Immediate uproar ensues.

The gradual recovery of our Chancellor has dispelled, to a great extent, the unavoidable gloom into which the University had been thrown. We are very glad to welcome him once more to his accustomed place amongst us.

"Take, if you must, my daily bread,
But give me a college gown," she said.
—W(h)ittier's *Barbara Freshette.*

In Constitutional History:—"Professor, don't they consider women as criminals and idiots, since they, together with the latter class, are denied the franchise?" Thus questioned our lady student. To her responded the professor, imperturbably: "Well, at any rate, Miss ————, they are *not*,—that is, not all of them!"

The Mathematical Society held its first open meeting on the evening of Tuesday, the 6th inst., vice-president J. W. Russell, '95, occupying the chair. The programme, which seemed to be appreciated by even the visiting members of that antithetical institution, the Classical Society, consisted of the following items: "The First Alexandrian School," Miss E. N. Newman, '97; "On Chance," S. R. Tarr, '95; "The Theory of Polarized Light," (with experiments), Prof. A. C. McKay, B.A.

The Second International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, met in Detroit, Feb. 28th to Mar. 4th. There were present 1,400 delegates from the colleges of the United States and Canada. Canada's delegation was nearly 200. McMaster had six of her students in attendance: Messrs. Mulholland, McHale, Nimmo, Cross, Telford and Stillwell. Of the characteristic features of the convention, we may name the following:—The enthusiasm of the student delegates; the large number of returned missionaries from all lands and all denominations; the character of the chief speakers, among whom were, J. Hudson Taylor, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Pierson, Robt. J. Speer, and others; the great amount of business done, and the business tact with which the convention was conducted; and, particularly, the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit.

On the evening of February 27th the graduating class in arts held the class gathering of the year. Mrs. A. R. McMaster had most kindly offered the use of her beautiful home and also acted as joint hostess with the class. A reception was held from 4.30 to 7 o'clock, to which a large number of guests were invited Following the reception came the class gathering proper, to which a few lady friends were invited. After dinner, short addresses were given by the president, W. W. McMaster, and representatives from other classes. The remainder of the evening was spent in a very friendly and informal manner, a varied programme being rendered. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. McMaster. —Extract from *The Globe*.

Sympathy in men for men is a virtue. Nothing awakens a brotherly affection in the individual soul so well as to participate not only in the brother's sorrows, but also in his joys. Mr. Lifeisasgrass goes afoot from Joiton to Sorroville. When he returns, ask him to tell his experience. Then two or three things will happen: your heart will throb a little faster, and your cheek tinge with a sympathetic colouring; or your eye glisten with tenderness; or perhance you will feel the tracing of tear paths down your cheeks. If these do not occur, you will find it necessary to learn some lessons of life.

Our Glee Club gave a concert recently to the 400 inmates of the Toronto Asylum. Every member of the Club, as he faced that thronged audience-room of sorrow, was allowed the chance to overflow his cup of sympathy; and there is little wonder that such hearty entertainment was given, when the heart felt it. W. S. McAlpine, '95, ably conducted the choruses. B. W. N. Grigg, '94, and H. P. Whidden, B.A., gave readings of highly appreciable merit; S. H. Usher and B.

W. Wallace, '96, with banjo and guitar, rendered music and songs of side splitting effect; and the Glee Club showed extraordinary vim. Jas. B. Paterson, '96, was chairman. (Ed. Note—The above was *not* written by a member of the audience.)

THE Class of '95 held their first annual dinner on the evening of St Valentine's Day. The representatives from the other years who sat down with the members of '95 pronounced it one of the best class gatherings that have been held in the history of McMaster. The menu was carefully arranged, and pleasant feelings thrilled the hearts of '95 as the oysters disappeared and conversation upon many and varied topics progressed. After the heartiest appetite had been fully satisfied, the following programme was rendered, in which all did honour to the Class of '95 :—Reading of Minutes, Walter Daniel; Chairman's Speech, W. S. McAlpine; Class Song (in part), composed by G. H. Clarke, solo and chorus; Class Poem, O. G. Langford; Class Oration, W. J. Thorold; The Past, Robt. Routledge; The Future, David Nimmo; Toast (Alma Mater), S. R. Tarr; Toast (Chancellor and Faculty), J. W. Russell; Toast (The Learned Professions), G. H. Clarke; Class Song (conclusion), solo and chorus; Toast (Other Classes), Frederick Eby; Response, A. P. Kennedy; Toast (The Ladies), G. R. McFaul; Toast (The University Societies), C. H. Schutt; Toast (Queen and Country), Walter Daniel. Such were the proceedings of that memorable evening.

IT was an animated discussion, for the Sophomores were in trouble. It was all on the question of their "annual social gathering." They insisted that it must be of a "unique" character, and clamoured for a sleigh-ride. Only one objection—and that a slight one—was raised: there was no snow. But '96 possesses a weather prophet. Owing to his keen foresight they were able to carry out their project, and on the evening of February 20th, at half-past seven, a very jolly party, in number about forty, started from the residence of Dr. Newman in two well-filled vans. For two hours they gave themselves up to enjoyment of the drive, while the air rang with echoes of "Boom on Mac." They then returned to Dr. Newman's, thankful not to have been capsized in the abundant snowdrifts, and on coming in, every loyal Sophomore donned his gown. Refreshments having been served, and voted quite as successful as the sleigh-ride, all joined in untangling the meshes of a "cob-web," or more properly speaking, a "cord-web," for the "cob-web party" was a feature of the evening. The honorary president, Miss Dryden, on behalf of the Sophomores, then welcomed the invited guests and also expressed the gratitude of the Class to Dr. and Mrs. Newman for their kind hospitality on that evening. Dr. McIntyre responded heartily on behalf of the guests An instrumental solo by Miss Starret was followed by amusing recitations from Misses Leehy and Whiteside, an instrumental solo by Miss Burke, and a song from Miss Millichamp. Mr. Darroch illustrated modern art in his rendering of "Hohenlinden," and Messrs. Wallace and Cohoe sang a "local" duet which was much appreciated. After an instrumental solo by Mr. H. H. Newman, the president, Mr. A. N. Marshall addressed a few parting words to Class

and guests, who now bade their host and hostess farewell, and took their leave, feeling that not only a pleasant evening had been spent, but that the spirit of class unity had been promoted, and, finally, tha

Whatever the wind or whatever the weather,
'96 would rise or would fall together !

Ye Daintie Ditties.

III.

A TIMELY WARNING.

The stars shivered overhead,
And the trees moaned drearily,
But a freshman wished that he were dead,
And sighed and wriggled wearily,—
As he lay for a night and half-a-day
Thinking of all that he should say
At the April exams. of McMaster !

At last he sank to fretful sleep,
And a nightmare came to him ;
Its blood was high, its cunning deep,
Its pedigree was lost in dim
Obscurity, but 'twas said it had
The Centaur's wildness—things looked bad
For the April exams. of McMaster !

"Write," said the spectre, "freshman, write
The Latin word that means 'an oak' !"
"Queer cuss !" he answered, trembling. "Right !
Now French for 'Has she a new cloak ?'"
"A-t-elle—." "I won't," replied the ghost,
"The marks *you* make won't be the most
At the April exams. of McMaster !"

"Now, freshman, listen ! What's the sine
Of A + B cos B + 10 ?"
"You *don't know* ? Well, repeat the line
Of Judah's kings, and Israel's then !"
"You don't know that ?"—with a wrathful glance,—
"My name, O youth, is the Ghost of a Chance,
And won't I lead you a pretty dance
At the April exams. of McMaster !"

The moral ? It is very plain :—
From constant worrying abstain,
Keep up with your work in the daily advance,
And you'll stand far more than the Ghost of a Chance.

Probably the Christians of Toronto have never had an opportunity of enjoying a richer spiritual feast than that afforded by the Foreign Missionary Conference, held last month in Association Hall. At least, this seems to be the almost unanimous verdict of those who attended all or nearly all its sessions. Of course such names as Drs. A. J. Gordon and A. T. Pierson are sufficient guarantees for a large attendance. Yet it was not merely the enthusiasm of crowded sessions, nor even the fine eloquence of famous speakers, that made an indelible impression upon the mind of the listener. It was the felt presence and evident working of the Holy Spirit. The gracious administrations of the third

Person of the Godhead, as present in the Church of Christ upon earth, was the doctrinal truth to which most prominence was given by the various speakers. One of the most interesting features of the Conference consisted in the thrilling addresses of Mr. Hermann Warszawiak, a converted Israelite, whose work among his kinsmen of New York city is arousing great interest among the Christians of America. The testimony of this Polish Jew to the saving grace of Jesus Christ directed the thought of the Conference to the matter of Christian missions among Jews. The question of Jewish evangelization seems to be rising on all sides. The hungering after a more satisfying religion that is prevalent of late years among this ancient people, is most remarkable. The romantic incidents of Mr. Warszawiak's life, and his firm convictions that God is about to receive the Jewish race once more into favour, made a profound impression upon all who heard. There were other well-known foreign missionary labourers present, whose earnest exhortations for increased missionary effort were well-nigh irresistible. We believe that the spiritual life of the churches of Toronto has been greatly stimulated by this Conference. We know that the spiritual life of our own students has been deepened, and that quite a number have been led to consecrate their lives to the foreign work.

THE Literary and Theological Society of McMaster is an inseparable and indispensable adjunct of the Institution. In its sessions many a student takes occasion to discover his possession of a mine of eloquence and the wealth thereof; the musical among us are afforded delightful opportunities and abundant enjoyment; the humorously inclined find free vent for their

> "Jest, and youthful jollity,
> Quips, and cranks . . . ."

But *the* cranks are rigorously excluded—the celerity and harmony of our business meetings testify to that fact. Our Society is indeed a rich pasture for literary men and musicians. Now it is imperative that we occasionally display a portion of this astonishing talent to the outside public and friends of the University. So, on the evening of Friday, March 9th, we held an open meeting. There assembled in the chapel a goodly throng of Toronto's citizens and fairest maidens, tasking our all-too-limited accommodation(words compounded by request,) to its utmost. Shortly after eight, ah ! happy sight, the president, Harry A. Porter, '94, arrayed in the *bona fide* McMaster gown, ascended the dais and assumed the chairman's role. After invocation by Rev. J. B. Kennedy, B.A., Mr. Porter rose and delivered the President's address. He extended a hearty welcome to the large and representative audience, with the more earnestness, since such an occasion as this was the only formal return that we as students could make for the kind hospitality shown us by so many individual friends during the year. He referred at some length to the extraordinary vitality and wonderful growth of the University which have characterized Dr. Rand's tenure of office. Truly, the animating impulse at the outset of this progress, and the sustaining force during the advancement, were visible in the unwearied efforts of our beloved Chancellor. Concluding his address with a happy reitera-

tion of welcome, he called on Miss Woolverton, '97, for a vocal solo, selected. Well-deserved applause greeted the fair performer. Miss Newman, '97, followed with a reading, "The Wife's Vigil," by Wilkinson. Her rendering was very sympathetic and appropriate. Then came the popular Glee Club, who sang right valorously, "Oh, hail us, ye free!" composed by Verdi. Selections from the "Student," read in admirable style by its Editor-in-chief, Mr. G. H. Clarke, were received with much éclat. Mr. Clarke displays a special aptitude for journalistic work, and this paper was one of his best efforts. The quartette rendered with good effect, "The moonlight sleeps upon the sea," and "A catastrophe," the latter brought down the house. Messrs. Thorold and Grigg, readers of whom the University is justly proud, then gratified us in a most effective manner. Mr. Thorold recited "The first settler's story," and Mr. Grigg showed the conception of a true artist in his rendering of "The chamber scene from Hamlet." Mr. R. Trotter, orator and optimist, displayed his abilities to good effect in his presentation of "The other side of it." Our Glee Club closed the programme by the popular French Canuck song, "Alouette." Thus we entertained our friends.

Wasn't it a brilliant night?
Laughter, happiness, delight!

'TWOULD be half an hour yet before the bell for lectures. Solemn silence reigned in the ladies' room. The lounge for once looked inviting; her eyes closed; soon she was in that delicious state of stupor when all that takes place around one sounds far, far away. She was not destined to remain so, long; there was a tiny scratching sound—not at all of a dreamy character—beneath her head. But it only lasts a moment—now it is gone—No! there it is again! It is something nibbling! Now there is a scramble! She opens her eyes—she sits up—the world is very real—was that a mouse? Oh, no—what foolishness! Her weary eyes close once more; she is dreaming of home. The little birds sing sweetly; the sun shines brightly, and the hammock swings lazily beneath the shady maples. How peaceful, how beautiful is all. Mercy! It *is* a mouse, and right across her face!! Oh, horror!!! The scene changes back to the ladies' room. For her the window-sill affords a refuge, but the mouse—where *did* that creature go?

MOULTON COLLEGE.

WE regret to state that our far-famed skating rink has gone to grass.

Excuse us for giving your mem'ry a jog,
But if you want articles send us a dog.

A PARTY of twenty-one Moultonites attended the open meeting of the Literary and Theological Society at McMaster University. The programme was an excellent one; the reading of the "Student" specially interested us.

During the recent illness of our Chancellor, there have been many anxious hearts and earnest prayers for him at Moulton. Dr. Rand's interest in the school is repaid on our part by a very affectionate interest in his welfare. Deep sympathy is felt for Mrs. Rand in her trial.

At a recent meeting of the Heliconian, Miss Gertrude Scarfe was elected President in the place of Miss McLaurin; and the editors of the paper energetically advocated a change of constitution, which would relieve them from the necessity of preparing two papers during the term.

Our Bible students are developing decided interest in profane literature; a recent assignment in the life of the Venerable Bede has set many of them to studying with praiseworthy, if somewhat mistaken zeal the well-known history of "Adam Bede."

A craze for photography rages at Moulton ever since we received from an enterprising artist the message: "You smile your sweetest, and I'll do the rest." We have nobly responded, and now everybody has a picture of everybody else. Mirrors are framed with them, and in some rooms it is impossible to move without causing a scattering of friendly faces.

Etiquette: "The only right way to eat pie is to begin at the crust."

A.—"Why, of course; otherwise who could see the point?"

B.—"What does it matter? To my taste everything lies in the crust, anyway."

C.—"Yes, but still let us always be prudent, proper and pie-ous."

Problem: What should be done with a table which exhibits such overwhelming pie-ty?

The coming graduates have already formally organized a class society. We have six members at present, and probably one more will be added to our number before the end of the year. Each member holds an office, but, there being so few of us, two of our members do the work of four. From the co-operation of these officers—President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Poet, Prophet, Historian and Orator—valuable results may be expected.

A deep interest has been manifested in the late Foreign Missionary Convention. Many of the meetings were attended by the students, and all were heartily enjoyed. Perhaps there is no subject which is more interesting to the school as a whole, then Foreign Missionary work. With an old Moulton girl on the field in India, we naturally find our interest centered there, yet none the less the work in all parts of the world as described at the convention has claimed our deep sympathy.

In our Tuesday evening prayer meeting not long ago, we had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. Mr. Weeks. He spoke to us on the christian work of women, and using the ministry of Mary for an example,

urged us all to break the alabaster boxes of our lives unreservedly for our Lord. His words found an echo in many hearts, and their helpful influence will go far into the future of the women who go out every year from Moulton.

On February 20th, in the midst of the dead silence of the evening study hour, the echoes were suddenly wakened and startled by the fearful strains of "Boom on Mac!" That well known yell is not particularly noted for melodious cadences, but it does make more noise than anything else as yet discovered. On this particular occasion we all knew that the strains proceeded from a sleighload of McMaster sophomores, so we hastily stopped our ears, but not without a gentle murmur of, "Girls, we're not in it."

The Heliconian Society recently held a very amusing debate. The resolution was that a good-natured, slovenly woman is preferable to a cross, tidy one. Affirmative—Misses Campbell and Bell; negative—Misses Dryden and Somerville. The debaters did nobly, and the audience applauded wildly. Perhaps the Society might be criticised for the levity with which it insisted on treating so weighty and important a subject as the choice of wives and mothers, but, on the whole, the order was good, and as much of the open debate as could be heard through the laughter was good also. The vote was nearly a tie, coming out with a very small majority for the cross, tidy woman; probably because novelty always attracts, and she is almost a stranger here.

We exceedingly regret to report Miss Jennie McLaurin's departure from Moulton. In her the Heliconian Society has lost a promising president, the Mission Circle an interested and earnest worker, and the editorial representatives of the *Heliconian* and McMaster Monthly the one gleam of sunshine which brightened their dark and desolate lot and saved them from despair. Miss McLaurin was universally and deservedly popular among all her schoolmates. We have been very anxious for her during her recent illness, and the announcement of her inability to return is looked upon as one of the worst pieces of news which has come to Moulton this year. We girls wish her a very hearty "God-speed," thank her for all she has been to us during her days here, and join in heartfelt wishes for her welfare and happiness throughout the future.

On the afternoon and evening of February 19th, Moulton was in an unusual state of excitement. We were to have our annual sleigh-ride; and all looked forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. At seven o'clock, we started in two large vans, but had gone only a short distance, when the second van met with disaster, finding that asphalt pavements, and street-car tracks, with trolley cars near at hand, are not conducive to either smooth sleighing or quiet nerves. When we returned, Miss Harper had prepared an oyster supper, which we duly appreciated after our long drive. The following toasts were given—The Principal, proposed by Miss Austin. Miss Harper, by Miss Campbell. Sleigh-ride, Miss Fitch, responded to by Miss Dryden. The Gentlemen, Miss Johnson, unanswerable.

One of McMaster's students, Mr. Baghdasarian, recently gave the Mission Circle a delightful treat in his lecture on Turkish customs. He wore the picturesque native costume, and opened the lecture by singing the hymn, "Shall we gather at the river," in native Armenian. The audience joined in the chorus, and through the singing of the ladies could be heard the strong, deep voice singing the same words in the unknown tongue. Later on in the evening Mr. Baghdasarian sang some of the beautiful Turkish love songs, calling forth a burst of applause from his hearers. The lecturer spoke very earnestly and feelingly on the evils of intemperance, causing the audience to realize as never before the enormity of the harm done by rum in un-Christianized countries. Mr. Baghdasarian speaks in a bright and entertaining way which cannot fail to interest all who are fortunate enough to hear him. He closed with an earnest appeal for missionary workers, that many more may go out carrying the blessed Gospel-tidings and fulfilling the Great Commission. Moulton very heartily appreciates the kindness of Mr. Baghdasarian, and remembers his visit with pleasure and profit.

MOULTON MUSE.

I.

Would you hear the slang at Moulton, bye-words of Moulton girls
That fall from dainty rose-bud lips like the fabled princess' pearls?
Well, A. M. Anstice leads the van whatever end's in sight,
She'll upset the water-jug on your gown and assure you, "That's all right."
And if Miss Botterill is the one on whom the blessing lighted,
You'll hear a nasal Yankee twang exclaiming, "Great United!"
We ask our stately Lilla how study hour has sped,
And with extreme vivacity she vows she's "nearly dead!"
Or make a brief inquiry on the merits of corridor two,
And M. A. Bailey makes reply, "Do I like it? *Just a few!*"
If you call at L. C. Holmes' room, down on the lowest flat,
The very first thing that greets your ears is "Well, now, I like that!"
From Miss Johnson who abuses what she calls "low Irish tricks,"
We pass on to Miss Chamberlin who "feels like half-past six."
But now we call our muse to halt and make an end of it,
For fear the reader, like Miss Bell, "collapse and take a fit."

Woodstock College.

Overheard by the Orchestra:—Young lady, to companion, inspecting a very high collar worn by a member of the Orchestra: "That young man has a severe case of *collar—eh?*"

The Hockey Club has been doing good work this month. They have scored a number of victories, and have experienced but one defeat. The ice is now gone, and we hope to see tennis soon take the place of hockey.

THE societies of the School still produce wonted interest. Good work is being done. In two weeks the Philomathic expects to entertain its friends from the town. All anticipate a good time.

THE dull monotony of College life now finds relief in the exhilarations of a monthly two day examination. We cordially recommend the new departure as a vigorous stimulant. Results are usually awaited with much anxiety.

THE Home Missionary Superintendent recently spent a day with us; and as usual on the occasion of such visits, his time and energies were in pretty general demand. A large number of the students took counsel with him, especially respecting their vacation labours.

LOVERS of football are congratulating themselves on the present prospects for the season. Our grounds are free from snow and ice, and with a few more days of clear weather, the ball will be set a-rolling.

THE Orchestra Club paid its annual visit to the Sixteenth Line Baptist Church in Zorra a few weeks ago. It may be a matter of passing interest to former members of the Club to learn that the ten-mile drive has lost none of the thrilling interest of past years.

A GOOD representation from our College attended the recent Missionary Conference at Detroit. As the delegates have been under the becalming influence of Somnus a greater part of the time since returning, a definite report of the Conference has not yet been given. We realize, however, that much inspiration has been received, which we hope may be communicated to the remainder of the boys.

MISS HATCH, returned missionary from India, addressed the students some time ago on student life and school work in India. Miss Hatch was formerly connected with the College here and still loves it dearly. She desired to find this School more closely acquainted with the work in Samulcotta, and all felt in listening to her vivid description that they would henceforth possess a far deeper interest than ever in the seminary work of far-off India.

PASTOR DADSON deserves the sincerest gratitude for the disinterested service he has rendered us during the past year. He has been giving the ministerial students a series of addresses on subjects pertinent to their prospective work. These have been fraught with wholesome advice, burning truths, and words of encouragement. At this period of preparation for life's work, the student's heart and mind are more susceptible to truths than they will be at any later period. The fruits of these addresses will certainly be manifested when the students are at work on the mission fields, for years to come.

THE Manual Training Department has recently received a very acceptable gift from Messrs. Stevens, Hamilton & Co., of Galt, in the shape of a sensitive drill attachment. It allows small work to be done

very rapidly and without the least danger of breaking the most delicate drills. The one presented to the Manual Training is the same that was exhibited at the World's Fair, where it was awarded a medal and diploma. The boys have already tested it very thoroughly, and find that it does its work perfectly. The College is glad to have its friends remember its work in this way, and accepts such appreciation thankfully.

Our Visitors.—We were delighted to receive a visit from Prof. Foster on Feb. 16th. He very kindly came to deliver a lecture on "The Gospels, their authorship and purpose." His deep sympathy and thorough acquaintance with the subject, his fine and forceful language, well-chosen figures and apt illustrations, all served to intensify the impression that such a theme was well fitted to produce. On Saturday morning he addressed the ministerial students, and reviewed some phases of his own student experiences. His life's story was an inspiration to us, and we all felt encouraged to strive more than ever to conquer difficulties and attain a higher purpose than we had yet conceived.

On the 6th inst., the Rev. T. S. Johnson, of Brantford, paid a visit to the College. Mr Johnson is an old Woodstock student of Dr. Fyfe's time, and naturally he is still drawn to the place where so many happy days of his life were spent. We were much interested to hear him recount many of his experiences in college life. He urged the students to make their life and influence tell for good, and to have before them a definite plan and purpose for the future. It is an inspiration full of hope to hear those who have already been many years in the conflict of life tell of their early student days. Such visits to their Alma Mater will always be welcomed by us.

Dr. Gordon made us a short visit on his way from Brantford to London. Though his stay with us was very brief, yet arrangements were made to secure the greatest possible advantage from it. A large number from the town met with the students in the College Chapel to listen to his address. His words, addressed specially to the students, were full of practical ideas and good sound advice. In speaking of missions he impressed all by his complete acquaintance with the data on which to base a sound overmastering conviction, and none could follow him without being stimulated by the bright prospect the work afforded. The great advances that have been already made, the opening up of the world to the gospel, the position of the Papacy, scientific knowledge and advancing civilization as helps to the advance of the Redeemer's kingdom, the rapid conversion and restoration of the Jews; all these are factors that we shall be able henceforth more clearly and more hopefully to regard in connection with mission work.

Grande Ligne.

Quite a number of the students, who left during the time of the fever, have returned again.

We are glad to see our pastor, Rev. M. B. Parent, in his old place again, after his long isolation on account of sickness in his family.

A few new books for the library have been received during the past month. Among them is "The New American Commentary," complete, procured with money sent by the ladies of Brockville, Ont. Others were from Mr. C. S. J. Phillips, of Montreal. For all we are heartily thankful.

A new and great light has dawned upon us at this Institute. Candles, lamps, and the ordinary gas-light are things of the past with us. Electricity? No, but concentrated sunlight, more commonly known as the "Auer light." We are all radiant in our admiration of it.

Again we have a post-office of our own called Grande Ligne. When the new parish of St. Blaise was formed here about a year ago, without reference to the Protestants' wishes, the name of the post-office was changed to correspond with that of the parish. After petitioning the Dominion Government, we have at last had our wishes granted by the opening, on March 1st, of a new post-office close by the school.

Again the kindness of the Brooklyn Ladies' Association, of New York, has been manifested to us in a very pleasing way. Their last gift to us is a beautiful 500 lb. bell for the church here. This has been duly put in place, and now rings out over the surrounding country every Sunday, to summon the congregation to worship. This is only one of the many tokens of interest and sympathy shown by the ladies of Brooklyn to the work here.

Our Hockey Club has lately been reorganized, and is doing better than ever. On February 17th, the Feller boys met the Lacolle boys on their own rink and beat them eight goals to none. The Lacolle boys are gentlemen and treated us royally. On the 24th the Feller boys met a team of the old Grande Ligne boys, from Montreal, here. Again they were victorious. The sides were very evenly matched, but at the finish the score stood three to one. It is a noteworthy fact that during the 54 years of her history Feller Institute has never yet been defeated in her out-door sports.

A pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Blaise took place here on Tuesday, Feb. 28th. St. Blaise died of sore throat, and now the shrine founded here in his honour has become famous for the cure (?) of this disease. Seven special cars arrived here in the morning, packed with afflicted pilgrims from Montreal and other places. We hope they will find their visit and the relics which they may have purchased, effectual

in curing this dread malady. Of course if they are not so, it will be on account of the pilgrims' lack of faith, and therefore through no fault of the shrine.

That annual event, joyously looked forward to by all, the students' soirée, occurred at last. It was a beautiful day, and surely one to invite visitors and students to the old school; but, as many were scared through the recent sickness, there was not a great number present. Nevertheless, a happy day was spent by all. The business meeting was held in the afternoon, and speeches were heard from the delegates, amongst whom was Rev. Mr. Amaron, editor of "L'Aurore," and late principal of Springfield College, Mass. The first part of the evening was devoted to a literary programme which was much appreciated by all, followed by a social time not less enjoyable. Many were the wishes expressed that this occasion would come oftener than once a year.

The birthday of our worthy principal was celebrated in a very pleasant manner on the evening of Feb. 9th. At Mrs. Massé's invitation we were all called into the chapel on the ladies' side to enjoy the evening. It is needless to say that the boys did their best to be nice and that the girls were charming. The evening was spent in games, an impromptu programme, and a very pleasant hour of social intercourse with the young ladies, till the hands of the clock showed the hour for retiring. We all enjoyed the treat, and hope the birthdays of all the teachers will be celebrated in like manner.

THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

(EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR)

M. S. CLARK, MANAGING EDITOR

VOL. III. | APRIL, 1894 | No. 7.

Rev. John Crawford, D.D.....W. H. CLINE..... 289
Understanding as Grounded on Faith...J. DENOVAN..... 299

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

A Rideau Twilight *(Poem)*.....S. R. TARR..... 310
The Historical Triumphs of Christianity..J. R. CRESSWELL . 311
Letter from India.....J. G. BROWN..... 316
EDITORIAL NOTES..... 321
HERE AND THERE..... 324
COLLEGE NEWS..... 328

Publishing Committee

M. S. CLARK, J. H. FARMER | D. K. CLARK, O. E. KENDALL, A. R. PARK | MISS M. S. DANIELS, MISS E. M. BOTTERILL

H. E. STILLWELL, B. W. N. GRIGG, MISS M. E. DRYDEN — *Committee on Students' Quarter*

O. G. LANGFORD, G. H. CLARKE, S. R. TARR — *Here and There, Subscription and College News*

J. B. PATERSON, *Advertising Dept.*
C. J. CAMERON, *Business Manager*

TORONTO

Annual subscription ONE DOLLAR

DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS
1894

Single Numbers TWENTY CENTS

To Students.

I shall be much pleased to take your order for

An OVERCOAT

A FINE BLACK SUIT

A TWEED SUIT

A PAIR OF PANTS

Or any other thing in our line, and will guarantee to please you

In FIT, FINISH and FIGURE.

I also keep a nice assorted stock of Hats, New, Nobby and Cheap.

W. C. SENIOR,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts.

J. W. Crawford

289

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1894.

REV. JOHN CRAWFORD, D.D.

The Crawfords were Jacobites. After the ultimate overthrow of their party on Culloden Moor in 1746, they withdrew from their native Scotland and made a new home for themselves in the north of Ireland. John Crawford was the only son of Lieutenant Hugh Crawford, and was born in the County of Londonderry on the 25th of December, in the year 1819, one month previous to the death of George the Third, and seven months subsequent to the birth of our gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria. That was an heroic and historic age. Those were the halcyon days of such literati as Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell and Moore. Macaulay was then a youth of nineteen. Dr. Adam Clarke was writing his commentary. In the Baptist brotherhood, Robert Hall and John Foster in England, Robert and James Haldane in Scotland, Christmas Evans in Wales, and Alexander Carson in Ireland made up such an illustrious circle as few single generations have ever seen. To be born in such a time was no ordinary advantage.

When about twelve years of age Master Crawford was sent away to school to the City of Belfast. Among the parting injunctions which his father gave him was this: "Now, John, don't let me hear of your being thrashed by the boys at school."

Thus encouraged the young student learned to stand on the defensive and to fight his own battles, as well as to take up the cudgels in behalf of others more timid than himself. In Belfast he attended first Dr. Price's Academy, and afterward the Belfast Royal Academical Institution. These school-days proved to be the turning-point in his life, for when he had been about a year in Belfast, he was brought to feel the power of the Holy Spirit and was led to give his heart to the Lord. Very shortly after his conversion he began to cherish the idea of preparing himself for the ministry of the Gospel. In this his friends gave him little or no encouragement, but he had heard a voice which he dared not disregard: and when he was only about seventeen years of age he preached his first sermon.

All his early religious influences and associations had been in connection with the Presbyterian church. But while still quite a young man he began for himself a careful examination of the teaching of the Scriptures regarding the ordinances. And this independent study led him, as such study has led many an unprejudiced mind, to the conclusion that baptism meant immersion and immersion only. To break with early training, and to cut loose from the associations of years was no easy matter, but his convictions were strong and persistent, and led him to decisive action. Accordingly he went to Dr. Alexander Carson, of Tubbermore, and made known to him his views, and was by him baptized and received into church fellowship. Dr. Carson was not only one of the ablest thinkers of his age, but was also one of the most devoted and successful ministers of Christ. Dr. Crawford remarked some years ago that more men were raised up for the Gospel ministry in that church at Tubbermore than in any other church he had ever known. And he assigned as one of the chief reasons for this, the fact that Dr. Carson believed in lay effort, and always encouraged the members of his church to exercise their gifts. Mr. Crawford's association with this great and good man was very intimate, and had a marked influence upon his own intellectual and spiritual development. For two years, under the immediate advice and direction of this able pastor, and with the further assistance of a classical tutor, he applied himself to diligent and uninterrupted study. And here he acquired the habit which marked all his

subsequent course, of carefully sifting everything he read. He made extended criticisms upon the text-books he used, and asserted a manly independence of thought, not only in questions of theology, but of science and philosophy as well. He felt bound to take nothing for granted on the mere authority of men.

In the year 1844, Dr. Carson died, and in the same year Mr. Crawford crossed over to the land of his forefathers, and entered the University of Edinburgh. He was then in his twenty-fifth year. Among the seniors in Edinburgh at this time was Britain's future statesman and renowned prime minister, W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Crawford remained at the University for two years, and must have carefully employed his time; for in addition to keeping up his University studies he preached in the vicinity of Edinburgh every Sabbath evening. Several persons were converted through these occasional efforts.

Leaving Edinburgh he went to London in 1847, and began a course of study in theology in Stepney College, now well-known as Regent's Park College. His course at Stepney extended over another period of two years. Here also, as in Edinburgh, he preached as occasion offered, and persisted in his work even in the face of much opposition. On one occasion, when he was out in the County of Huntingdon, he was "threatened with fine or imprisonment for preaching to over twenty people in a private house without being licensed."

Upon the completion of his college studies in 1849, he began pastoral work in the vicinity of London in the parish of Lee. Here he came into active association with Sir Samuel Morton Peto, an influential layman distinguished both for his piety and his benevolence. The attitude of the Established Church towards all Nonconformists was then even more pretentious and arrogant than now, and no little opposition was stirred up against Mr. Crawford and his work. But he was not easily thwarted, and with characteristic determination he plodded along and succeeded in organizing a church, and in bringing about the erection of a house of worship which cost about twenty-four thousand dollars.

Mr. Crawford was married in Claremont Chapel, Islington, London, to Sarah Louise Hackett, whose father occupied an office as inspector under the Government.

Becoming more and more dissatisfied with the position and practice of many of the English Baptists regarding the Communion question, Mr. Crawford, who was himself a thorough-going strict Baptist, determined to emigrate. He accepted an appointment as missionary in the City of Cork, Ireland, where he labored for a time, but ultimately removed to Canada in the year 1858. Upon arriving in this country he spent a few weeks in Montreal, where he preached once for the pastor of the Baptist church; then he came on to Toronto, where he met at once with Dr. Fyfe, at that time pastor of the Bond St. church. Then was laid the foundation of a lasting friendship. When Dr. Fyfe died, and Dr. Crawford, representing the Faculty of the Institute, was called upon to speak at the funeral, he said among other things: "I have known Dr. Fyfe for twenty years. He was my first friend in Canada. I preached my second sermon in Canada in his church in this city (Toronto), and from that day until the day of his death he has been my best friend."

Mr. Crawford began his work in Canada, at Georgetown and Cheltenham, but he was not long in this charge before he was called to Hamilton, to succeed Rev. John Bates in the pastorate of Park St., now James St., church. "The call was accepted and the new pastor was welcomed at a social gathering on July 5th, on which occasion Dr. Fyfe of Toronto, Rev. W. A. Caldwell of Dundas, and nearly all the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist ministers of the city were present." Very little has been recorded regarding this pastorate. For some reason it was cut short. "Notwithstanding all the efforts of the church to retain him, he resigned in October, 1860," when he returned to his former charge at Cheltenham. Here he spent the next eight years. These were years of studious application, faithful pulpit ministration, and earnest pastoral labors. He had an exalted idea of the ministry, and he magnified his office. He was from first to last a laborious student. Recognizing the importance of pastoral visitation and pastoral oversight, he nevertheless held firmly by the principle that every pastor should conscientiously reserve a sufficient portion of his time for self-improvement and pulpit preparation, and that he should not offer to the Lord that which cost him nothing. He believed that

the minister should not confine his reading to works on theology, but that he should cultivate an acquaintance, through books, with the various master minds. He further maintained that reading should be work, and not amusement merely; that every book that is read should be fully studied; that the thorough mastery of one book is better than the cursory reading of a dozen, and that the mere skimming through a number of books will weaken rather than strengthen the mind.

He was out-and-out a Baptist. Yet he believed our churches had their faults, and he frankly pointed them out, as the following extracts from one of his sermons will show:

"In the constitution given us by the Apostles there are two distinct classes of church officers, whose duties are distinctly defined. The first are called elders or bishops, and their duties are distinctly of a spiritual character. The second are deacons, whose duty it is to serve tables, or attend to the temporalities of the church. But many of our churches have, by the appointment of financial committees, set aside the deacons' office and made the deacons do anything they can contrive for them."

"Again, the Apostles ordained elders, not an elder merely, in each church. Our large city churches with hundreds of members, have but one elder. How can any one man attend to all the pastoral duties of such a church? The flock is not attended to, and cannot be. The church feels this. Hence the pastorate is supplemented by Young Men's Christian Associations, Christian Endeavor Societies, and Salvation Armies, in order to do a work which the church ought to do, and could do, had she a scriptural presbytery or eldership." And yet he did not believe that every elder should of necessity be a preacher, nor yet that a plurality of elders should obtain in those small churches where there would be neither work for them to do, nor funds for their support.

Mr. Crawford was an ardent lover of God's word and believed in the plenary or verbal inspiration of both the Old and the New Testament. He accepted as final every word of the Scriptures, and indignantly denounced that "thumbscrew exegesis" sometimes employed to bring the Bible into harmony with so-called science. While believing that the main object of the Bible is to teach, not science but religion, he nevertheless affirmed

that every scientific statement the Bible contains is true and important. If the Bible is at variance with professed science, it is because that science is false. There is not a scientific blunder in Holy Scripture, from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation.

About four months before Mr. Crawford returned to Cheltenham, Dr. Fyfe removed from Toronto to Woodstock, where, on the 4th of July in that year, 1860, he opened the Canadian Literary Institute, During the first eight years of its history, all the instruction in theology which the Institute afforded was given by Dr. Fyfe alone. But in 1868, the increasing number and growing requirements of the students had made it necessary to extend the theological course, and this extension necessitated the appointment of an additional instructor. Accordingly, Mr. Crawford was selected as associate professor with Dr. Fyfe, and was called to the chair of Church History and Biblical Interpretation. These two men labored together assiduously, harmoniously, without a jar for ten years. They respected each other, they trusted each other, they loved each other They had their differences in opinion; estrangement they never had. The demands of the institution were growing, the staff of instructors was inadequate, but Prof. Crawford was in fullest sympathy with the work and lent himself freely to the exigencies of the time. He frequently took part in the literary work, and taught at different times the various branches of Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy. He believed in the Institute; he believed in educating young men for the ministry. He heard a great deal of false theology, as well as what he called "shoddy science"; science falsely so-called, founded upon the wildest hypotheses, and the most gratuitous assumptions, and yet eagerly accepted by the multitude as advanced thought. He saw men falling into the habit of "swallowing other men's teachings without due examination." He believed that ministers should do their own thinking, and call no man father in either science or theology; that "theologians should assert their ability and their right fearlessly to investigate every scientific question, instead of tamely and timidly submitting to become the tools of a certain class of semi-sceptical scientists, who would pre-empt for themselves the sole right to

authoritative scientific teaching, and yet who are constantly disagreeing among themselves concerning the very scientific essentials which they teach."

While in Woodstock, Prof. Crawford was not infrequently engaged in newspaper controversy and public debate. He was ever ready to come to the defence of what he believed to be the truth, and many a fallacious argument did he "knock into a cocked hat," and many an error he left "without a single leg to stand on." And yet he was no lover of controversy for its own sake, and while he was recognized as an able opponent of error, he never descended to personalities or abuse in his dissertations. His constant aim was to discover and defend the truth, no matter whence it came, or by whom it was opposed.

He was characterized by a ready flow of native wit, and an exhaustless fund of humor, which sharpened many an argument and added zest to his general intercourse. Many a keen yet kindly repartee will linger in the minds of his students. One of his "boys," who had been an indifferent student of Hebrew, remarked upon returning after a long vacation, "Well, I have salted down my Hebrew." Prof. Crawford at once responded, "Have you looked into the barrel lately? Are you sure there is anything there but salt?"

He acquired the power of concentrating and fixing his attention upon the subject in hand, to the utter exclusion of all else, and many instances might be related of his abstraction or apparent absent mindedness.

In 1875, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S.

After serving the denomination at Woodstock for about twelve years, he resigned his position in the Institute and undertook the execution of a new scheme. Being convinced that the North-West was destined to become one of the most important portions of the Dominion, and that it was of the utmost importance that, at an early period in its development, it should have a full supply of the Gospel and of Gospel ordinances, he undertook to plant a college there for the training of young men for the Gospel ministry. He entered upon this arduous undertaking with characteristic energy, self-denial and hopefulness, not from any selfish ends, but from a sense of duty and out of fidelity to

the Redeemer, whose kingdom he desired to see established in that new land. In order to raise funds he undertook a personal canvass of the churches, not only in Ontario but in the Eastern Provinces as well, and travelled as far as Halifax, N.S. Nor did he fail to convince his brethren of the merits of the cause. He received considerably more than two hundred subscriptions of twenty-five dollars each, a few of a hundred dollars each, in addition to a large number of smaller ones. The College was to have from the first both a literary and a theological department, and it was to be established, in part at least, upon an industrial basis. There was to be a farm and a workshop in connection with it, which should furnish employment for a limited number of the students during the summer months. By thus providing remunerative employment for them, it was hoped the College would enable its students to meet the expense of their education out of the proceeds of their own labor. The site chosen for the College was in the immediate vicinity of Rapid City, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Winnipeg. It was at that time confidently expected that the Canadian Pacific Railway would pass immediately through Rapid City, and that this place would become an important town. The school was actually opened in the year 1880, with Rev. Dr. Crawford as Principal, and Rev. G. B. Davis, B.D., as Vice-Principal. The Directory for the year 1880-'81 contains the following "Catalogue of students who have the Gospel ministry in view": A. Chandler, Chas. Cody, J. E. Davis, Albert Haines, Chas. Lee, Wm. Travis, John Millard, J. E. Morgan, C. H. Phillimore, R. Rouleau, M. Vansickle, Fred Westwood. The greater part of these completed their course in other institutions and are now doing good service in the ministry.

But the Doctor's expectations regarding Prairie College were doomed to a severe disappointment. The railway abandoned its intended course, and left Rapid City twenty miles to the north. The country was filling up with an exceptional class of colonists, and was being developed with unexpected rapidity. It seemed necessary to modify or eliminate the industrial feature of the College so as to leave the students free to serve the churches that were being organized. Then certain brethren who "seemed to be pillars" in the denomination began to advocate the closing of the school at Rapid City with the avowed intention

of opening another in the City of Winnipeg. Up to this point, Dr. Crawford had labored incessantly, and to the detriment of his physical strength. He had carried a burden of anxious care known only to himself and to the Lord: he had donated considerably more than one thousand dollars, together with his homestead, and was now feeling greatly embarrassed in consequence of the lack of support from the denomination. He accordingly yielded to the wishes of others, and gave an unwilling consent to the closing of Prairie College. But while he thus reluctantly agreed to the proposed change of location, the closing of the school at Rapid City before the denomination was fully prepared to establish a substitute was always, in his judgment, a serious mistake, calculated to retard indefinitely the progress of Baptist principles in the North-West. During the few years in which it was in operation, Prairie College did very creditable work. It gave a good account of itself. Some fifty persons were converted, and eight churches were organized as a result in part of the missionary labors of its teachers and students. And it is the assured belief of the writer, at least, that if his brethren had rallied to the support of Dr. Crawford, and persistently upheld his cause, as he hoped they would, Prairie College, under a somewhat modified constitution and management, would have developed into a splendid denominational institution. In fact, the greater number of those who united to bring about the closing of the school were afterwards brought to see the folly of such a step, and they had the Christian manliness, publicly, and in Dr. Crawford's presence, to acknowledge the mistake thus made. He was building more wisely than they thought. And to this day the work waits to be resumed by some master workman.

After the closing of Prairie College, Dr. Crawford accepted an appointment at St. Thomas, North Dakota, under the American Baptist Home Mission Society. His field was a large one, and necessitated much driving, and much exposure in all weathers. But he was naturally of a robust constitution and buoyant spirit, and performed such an amount of work and endured such fatigue as would have prostrated many a younger man. In addition to performing all the ordinary labors of his charge, he devoted considerable time to his pen, and to the

private study and public exposition of many of the questions of the day. By a lifetime of close application, he had become a vigorous and original thinker. I find among the papers he has left the substance of articles and addresses on such themes as "The Political, Social and Religious Progress of the 19th Century," "Commercial Treaty with Canada," "The Origin of Stratified Rocks," "Col. Ingersoll to Mr. Gladstone," "Evolution," "The Substantial Philosophy," "Inspiration," "Principles of Interpretation," "Miracles," "Christian Union," etc.

About this time he prepared a paper which was read before the Society of Science, Letters and Art, London, Eng., whereupon he was presented with a gold medal, and elected a Fellow of the Society.

He remained at St. Thomas about seven years, and enjoyed a very successful pastorate. He had the pleasure of seeing the cause very greatly strengthened under his ministry. Then with a desire to be near the members of his family, he resigned and returned to Ontario. After a brief rest in Toronto, he accepted the oversight of the church in Wingham, but his public labors were nearly ended. Failing health soon compelled him to withdraw from all pastoral responsibilities, and with Mrs. Crawford he returned to Toronto, to the home of his son-in-law, Mr. John Firstbrook. Here he continued to use his pen till within a few days of his death. One of his very latest labors was a treatise on The Millennium, which was nearly ready for the press when he was called away. On the 2nd of June, 1892, he passed quietly to his reward. So he "rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

The name of Dr. Crawford is familiarly and favorably known east and west. His memory is cherished for his works' sake. He was unselfish and generous to a fault. He could not stoop to a mean action. He lived for others, and the talents God had given him he freely consecrated to His service. And as it was said of Sir Henry Lawrence, it remains to be said of John Crawford: "He tried to do his duty."

W. H. Cline.

UNDERSTANDING AS GROUNDED ON FAITH

"THROUGH FAITH WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE WORLDS WERE FRAMED BY THE WORD OF GOD."

This bold and singular statement occurs in the Epistle to the Hebrews — singular, I say, because advanced modern scientists emphatically contradict it, and sometimes even ridicule it as the legendary invention of an effete barbarous superstition.

Revelation—I mean that unique oriental ancient document, the first volume of the Jewish Bible, gives us the only simple and sober account of the formation of this world and its races of inhabitants. But, now comes the question: When I believe that wonderfully dogmatic statement, can it be said that I *understand* the construction of the worlds?

Numerous and various have been the theories of our world's origin and the mode of its formation, arrangement and population, imagined by ancient heathen philosophers, some of which theories have been revived and elaborated by modern scientists, as they like to be called. But all these theories are equally unsatisfactory, it seems to me, mainly on this account, however far back effects may be traced to immediate preceding causes, however diligently and successfully comparative anatomists may trace along the line of biological concatenation the descent or rather the *ascent* of man; however ingeniously our industrious specialists in chemistry may reduce compounds to their primitive constituents, and however patiently and persistently geologists may elaborate the classification of aqueous deposits and volcanic rock formations, establishing beyond dispute the chronological relations of minerals to vegetable petrefactions and animal fossils—however well all this work has been done, even until these patient students have succeeded by almost endless analyses in tracing *all* the ramifications, disentangling *all* the intricacies, and demonstrating *all* the perplexing problems of nature,—succeeded in pulverizing all things that are in heaven and that are in earth, into the simplest uncompounded elementary atoms and etherial gases, yet *here* (when we have arrived *here*) we must at last come to a dead standstill before these

questions: Whence these nebular atoms? Whence these etherial gases? Whence these natural forces? Before these three questions loquacious science is dumb, and must be dumb forever.

Thus, human science and philosophy left to themselves and unaided by supernatural Revelation, in their confident attempts to explore and explain the mysterious phenomena of nature, labor and speculate, wonder and guess, soar and dream, till, sinking down exhausted perplexed and bafiled, they seek final repose in the meaningless atheistic dogma of the eternal existence of things *just very much as they are.*

This is nothing more, if I mistake not, than ancient heathen fancy revived and garmented in new words. For is it not just the doctrine of Pythagoras, that Nature's substances and laws are eternal, combined with that other old doctrine of the heathen Epicureans, that things as they now exist are a fortuitous conglomeration of atoms and circumstances in mysterious process of evolution? History repeats itself in the rationalistic department as well as in any other.

The Agnostic of to-day seems to be little else than the Gnostic of the second century in an aggravated form. Modern evolution bears a strong family resemblance to the speculations of old Zoroaster.

Such theories carry with them their own refutation, I am persuaded. On what experimental evidence, on what rational principle can we believe that earth and air, water and fire, have made and control themselves? All the mysterious but unintelligent combinations of chemistry and electricity so exquisitely blended and balanced, and all the mighty forces of gravitation, attraction, repulsion and motion, so nicely adjusted and harmonized—can these indeed possibly be the effects of these three substanceless and powerless words Accident, Chance, or Necessity? What warrant have we to believe, and with all the gravity of sober philosophy to assert, that a thousand æons ago Chance or Fate did what it never was known to do even once in all human experience? Can we believe it possible that even the human intellect, which now absolutely masters all matter within its reach, is only a self-evolved effect of insensate matter, only a higher development of brutal instinct, which instinct is

nothing more than the etherialized fungoid growth of mineral substances? In solution of the mystery of my own constitution can I believe that all the faculties of the human body and mind and conscience are nothing but the interesting offspring of a peculiarly happy combination of particles of dust? Such a theory may be amusing, especially under the influence of some narcotic or gentle stimulant, but to *believe* it, when the brain is in a condition of normal lucidity, would, I think, demand faith considerably stronger than to accept every statement the Bible makes on the subject. Yet, marvellous to tell, scientific unbelievers—I beg their pardon, agnostics—profess to believe such extraordinary vagaries as these! In other words, gentlemen of the Hæckel type believe that the passive creates the active, that the intellectual superior is the offspring of the material inferior, that the mental faculties and moral consciousness are the skilful inventions and intricate workmanship of brainless, sightless, fingerless dust, that the clay is the lineal ancestor of the present potter, the wood of the carpenter, and the stone of the mason—(may not this account, scientifically, for the preference different boys manifest for different trades?) and that by a slow process of progressive development, traceable to the peculiar constitutional proclivity inherent in the original atoms, humanity is only the highest spontaneous evolution of dark, cold, empty chaos.

The prince of German atheistic evolutionists assures us that the vulgar superstition of a Supreme Deity has been for some years totally abolished, and that away back numberless ages ago, a very fine clay called albumen, of a light grey color, deposited itself on the bottom of the ocean: that by-and-bye some of this clay became a moneron, that is a very small living pellet; that, after a good while it began to have a waist, which waist ultimately got so tightly contracted that the moneron fell in two, and so there were two living pellets, monera, which, of course, ultimately contrived further improvements, such as tendrils for grasping and for locomotion, then a backbone, then a mouth and so on. This is actually the style of assertion and reasoning adopted by eminent modern science which declares the Bible as beneath its notice and sneers at Christian faith as contemptible, imbecile superstition. I may be somewhat prejudiced, but it seems to me very plain that those scientific phycicists who

receive such doctrines as this concerning the creation of the organized world must certainly be gifted with faith greater far than the Bible demands. I, for one, "have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Hearken to the two first verses of the Book of Genesis by the prophet of evolution: "In the beginning Nothing began to create itself into atoms. And, lo, the atoms gathered into clay: and after many days it came to pass that the clay became albumen. And albumen began to live and move. And, lo, it was dark, and the temperature was 249 below zero."

Thus the scientific book of Genesis goes on recording miracle after miracle wrought by the Supreme Nobody.

Never did tempest-tossed mariner, when setting his foot on solid land, feel more restful satisfaction than he feels who, having abandoned the reckless and erratic crew of scientific agnostics to prosecute their darkling voyage into the still denser fogs of speculation, and having opened the Bible as the true Creator's word, reads the simple, calm, dignified statement of the first verse: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Like Noah's dove, when it returned to the ark from wandering over the shoreless waste of waters, here the soul finds rest. "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thine hands." "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." "Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone; Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth and all things that are therein: the seas and all that is therein: and Thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worshippeth Thee." All this is a divine mystery, it is true, but it is a mystery that human reason can accept, while Atoms, Law and Evolution are the Trinity of fools. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

No heresy is more utterly anti-biblical than the opinion that Creation—the cosmic phenomena around us, are in any sense a fortuitous accident, or the effect of the operation of blind forces mysteriously inherent in original matter. There was no *original* matter. Matter originated in divine creation. There was no self-existent cosmic stuff out of which worlds were *made* until that stuff itself was made by God. In one sentence we have the

modus operandi of world-construction expressed: "The worlds *were framed* by the word of God"; and from this one idea, in all the variety of expression the different Biblical writers employ to describe world-construction, the Scriptures never once diverge Our world is of divine origin and manufacture. Atomic convolution, convergence, aggregation and adhesion, conducted under the chimerical auspices of Chance or Fate had no part, whatever, in the performance. "The worlds were framed", *out of the material stuff previously created*, they "were framed." As an intelligent and judicious mechanic, after having in the exercise of his foresight and forethought, carefully matured his invention, finally determining its shape, dimensions and use, and after having collected around him all the needful wood and metal, etc., and having wisely constructed all the separate parts, at last sets about the fitting of the one part to the others and the "framing" of the invented structure—of the completed machine, just as such a mechanic does with his invention, even so Jehovah did with His. He "*framed the worlds*"; with the material He had provided and according to the plan He had deliberately prepared, He "framed the worlds."

This, altogether apart from the Bible, this is the conclusion of unprejudiced common sense—the finding of sound Natural Philosophy. Law demonstrates a *Law-maker;* machinery demonstrates a competent *Mechanic;* work done demonstrates a *Workman;* effects demonstrate a sufficient *Cause.*

If this remarkable phrase "The worlds were framed by the word of God," conveys to our minds any idea at all, it is certainly this, that our world as it stood completed—in all its departments geological and mineral, botanical, animal and intellectual, completed—was the effect and result of divine forethought and arrangement, calculation and predestined plan; in short, that it was deliberately and wisely constructed "according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." Deny this, and there is no truth in the statement, "We understand the worlds were framed by the word of God"; and the Psalmist's assertion, "This day they stand as Thou ordainedst," can only be accepted after we have accorded him the most *reckless* allowance of oriental poetic license. "*Through faith we understand the worlds were framed by the word of God.*"

Here a gentle voice seems to fall on my ear, "How can our *understanding* of a thing of this kind possibly depend on our faith?" To this question allow me to answer, Just what our *faith* has to do with other historical statements—with our understanding any facts dependent upon well authenticated testimony. What "understanding" have any of us of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire or of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo or of the loss of the British throne by the Stuart family, except by historical faith? The infidel of history dooms himself to be an ignorant, badly-trained and miserable man. The creation of our universe and the framing of our own world are simply historical facts in the same sense as the siege of Troy, or the battle of Thermopylæ, the construction of those huge dykes which keep back the North Sea from inundating the pastures of Holland, the plague of old London, or the laying of the Canadian Pacific Railway across our continent, are all historical facts. And all these things we can "understand" in no other way than only in so far as we believe authentic history regarding them. These things and a thousand more "through faith we understand." The explorations of Herschell amongst the stars, and the explorations of Livingstone in Central Africa, the exploits of Mahomet and the splendor of the Mogul emperors we can not *understand* except "through faith."

Brushing away, as it does, all captious metaphysical hair-splitting, how sensible and sound then the principle, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God!" Yet there are not wanting many people, even dwelling around us and acting every day in their own domestic and business relations who sneer at faith's having anything to do with a subject of this description. "If we are simply to believe the assertions of Moses," they say, "surely we cannot, therefore, declare we *understand* them." If by the word "understand" we mean scientifically demonstrate the operation, we certainly cannot understand how the construction of our world was accomplished by the divine fiat: but, taking the word "*understand*" in its popular signification of *intelligent perception* (and this is certainly the value of the Greek) grounded upon sufficient and competent testimony, how can our scepticism be justified? But, for the sake of argument,

suppose we attach to the word "*understand*" its severest scientific signification, and deny that we can *understand* the framing of worlds by the word of God, what do we gain by this denial? By resorting to the best scientific theories and methods, do you and I understand the original cosmic operation any better? Can you *understand* from any experiment you ever made or ever heard of any one else making, that ether spontaneously coagulated itself into atoms (who ever experimented on ether or atoms, or ever saw either?), and that those atoms spontaneously coagulated themselves into dust and clay, and that such clay made itself into a living moneron? Can we bring within the grasp of our understanding the mystery of world-construction by such lucid reasoning out of the magnificent theory of gradual progressive and upward evolution? Is it not much more consistent with the requirements of average common sense, and far more in accordance with all rational experience and all natural analogy to believe the statement of the Bible, that a Being of infinite wisdom and power "framed the worlds" than that they were accidently and fortuitously developed by Chance, or forced into their existing forms by the iron hand of unconscious ignorant Fate? This is what the wonderful phrases, "natural selection" and evolutionary "survival of the fittest" arrive at when pushed back to their true and inevitable antecedents. Is it thus our world can be best understood in the details of its construction, and in the variety of its organized sentient and intelligent population? In the name of human experience and rationality, I protest against this scientific craze of our generation which asserts that total ignorance is the parent of all knowledge, that helpless passivity is the generator of all active agencies, and that chaos is the only ancestor of all design and form, beauty and harmony. The supremest marvel of our day is, that grave and learned men can deliberately write volumes to tell us a tale which substantially runs thus: Out of the total darkness, total motionlessness, and total silence of the eternally dead past, very, very fine star-dust gathered here and there in empty space: then quantities of this star-dust or etherial nebulosity, by virtue of some inscrutable tendency to certain chemical affinities, gradually became atoms; then those atoms massed themselves into a great globe floating in space:

upon then the atmosphere around this globe operated in such a way the surface dust of it as to dispose it to grow into single organic cells, which cells gradually combined into fungi, grasses, ferns; and some of the more ambitious of those cells accidentally differentiated into blind worms and tadpoles: then after a very long experience of their peculiar environment, those tadpoles and worms gradually struggled into the form of fish and frogs and fowls, moles and mice: then many of these—the more enterprising of them, of course—in order the better to adapt themselves to the necessities of their circumstances grew into sheep, swine, and dogs; then a number of these that had wandered away into extensive nut-bearing forests, haunted by many dangerous animals, developed themselves by persistent tree-climbing into monkeys and big gorillas: and, lastly, these gorillas, after having gradually discovered the numerous advantages of walking entirely on their hind feet and using articulate words, became men like Cæsar, Charlemagne and Cromwell, like Homer, Socrates and Shakespeare, like Bacon and Darwin, and one of those men (pardon the revolting profanity of the thought) became Jesus of Nazareth! The authority on which we believe Jesus was divine is the self same on which we believe Adam was miraculously created in the image of God.

If this monstrous and diabolical blasphemy be not the theory of evolution in plain unscientific English, we know not what the theory is. I know there are numerous semi-scriptural modifications of this bare blasphemy in which professors and preachers deal, and which they call the modes of the divine creative operation, etc. But all this circumlocutionary diluting of the poison retains the poison still. The Bible declares God directly made herbs, beasts, and man. Suppose now that we accept modern scientific theory, does it enable us to "*understand*" the matter? I say, *It does not*, but contrariwise, it plunges the mystery of being into bottomless and irrational darkness.

If the conclusion I have drawn from all I have heard and read from our "advanced" thinkers be worth anything, it is now my firm conviction that the person who most clearly *understands* the framing of our world best is no other than that simple youth, man or woman who just believes the first and second chapters of the book of Genesis, thus intelligently

attributing all the variety of creative effects to an adequate cause, namely, Almighty wisdom and power. While natural philosophers are wearing out their lives over the elaboration of their different theories, and while sceptics, in terms of ill-disguised dislike, are spurning divine revelation as an antiquated fable, after all it is only "through faith we understand" (Greek *intelligently perceive*), "that the worlds were framed." Those who attribute effects to *a cause totally inadequate to produce them*, do not understand what they are talking about. They are only talking, it may be very scientifically, but that is all.

The Bible statement is fully corroborated by all sound and wholesome reason. *All* authentic history as well as *all* personal experience and observation tell us every day of our lives that it is the human mind and hand—that it is the highest intelligence and best skill we know about, which constructs machines and keeps them in operation. Creation around us is unquestionably a great machine, first wisely constructed and then maintained in active operation. No history, no observation, no experience ever brought to our knowledge one solitary instance of what is scientifically called "Natural Selection" in the lower creation—one authenticated instance either in the mineral or vegetable or animal departments of any creatures spontaneously rising by natural and inherent force into a higher sphere of being, into a higher and nobler species.

This scientific fancy may be interesting, but it is factless fancy, and nothing more. It is, as Professor Drummond's excellent chapter on Biology demonstrates, always the higher life that invariably utilizes and raises the lower up to itself. Vegetable life grasps and appropriates the soil and the atmosphere. Animal life controls, grasps and utilizes vegetable life. Human life, *i.e.*, human intellect and skill lay hold of, control, appropriate and use minerals, vegetables and animals, thus changing and raising those lower three to a plane they could never reach if left to themselves. This is unquestionably the finding of all experience and the testimony of all history, therefore, the charming theories of Spenser, Darwin and Hæckel are merely an assumption based upon the vaguest dream of singularly ingenious imagination.

Let my meaning not be misunderstood. I do not under-

value true honest science, nor would I be one to drag it down to be trampled upon by popular ignorance or blind religious superstition. Nor should I advise that the ancient record written by Moses be screened from the keenest scrutiny in the strongest light of science. Far be it from us! Rather let Genesis be confronted by the stern facts of true science, and thus subjected to the severest investigation possible. While theories are no test, facts are. Let astronomy and geology, biology, anatomy and chemistry bring forward all their actual discoveries, wonderful, novel, astounding as they may be. Let sound philosophy, armed with these scientific facts, marshal all her arguments, direct inferences, and direct inductions; and most fearlessly will we fling open the boards of the Bible and expose all its statements to the scientific ordeal, however severe it may prove to be. In the dogma of Rome, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," we do not believe. We do not believe that Truth can grow strongest in the dark. Truth and Light, like the Siamese twins, live and perish together.

These sciences have, we frankly admit, seriously shaken, and even overturned some old-world opinions which our simple forefathers believed to be sanctioned by the Word of God, but which, as can now be easily seen, that Word was not responsible for, and which took their rise from the careless and superficial reading of some passages.

The special subject of the present paper furnishes an illustration of this description of popular erroneous opinion. Under the authority of the venerable and learned Assembly of the Westminster divines, the religious populace of Scotland have for generations been taught in answer to the question, "What is the work of creation?" to reply: "The work of creation is God's making all things out of nothing in the space of six days." Upon this interpretation of the word Creation (which the first and second chapters of Genesis plainly show to be a term totally different from *making* or *working*), our devout ancestors firmly believed that in the space of six ordinary days the entire universe had been created out of nothing by the word of God. And when, within the present century, laborious geologists brought forth from the deep places of our earth "the testimony of the rocks," of the gravels and the coal measures, proof incontrovert-

ible that the creation and formation of the globe had been a slow process, covering long ages, millions of years in duration, those who revered and loved the Bible became greatly alarmed, while not a few of them in the fierce heat of their "zeal without knowledge," did not hesitate to brand the new discoveries as heresy most profane and pestiferous, as the very quintessence of daring infidelity. *This* is a very old habit of religious human nature, as the treatment of Galileo by the Church of Rome may illustrate.

Critical examination of the Bible proves that nowhere does it say that *creation "out of nothing"* was accomplished by God in six days. Just as likely as not, original creation of matter was the instantaneous effect of the Omnipotent fiat "in the beginning": but, long ages after that "beginning," the earth had had a varied geological history, and after that history (of which we are now finding the fragmentary records in the geological strata), the earth had become shapeless, void and dark—a dead world. And it was this dead, dark world upon which "*the Spirit of God moved*," and which by the word of God was "*framed*" into an habitation for mankind. It is this framing, arranging and furnishing which are described in the first and second chapters of Genesis, beginning with the last clause of the second verse. Under the brooding of the Holy Spirit the surface of the dead dark cold earth was prepared by a rapid succession of divine miracles as the abode of man. Thus, "through faith we understand that the ages were framed by the word of God." People of sound mind will rest here, "avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so-called." In speaking thus we do not disparage or despise *true* science. No, verily. All honor to those patient honest students of nature and nature's laws who carefully examine and inquire into those wonderful phenomena which are within the reach and touch of investigation, and who deduce from their discoveries a direct and faithful inductive system: but shame upon those scientists (so-called) who dare to presume and invent and imagine *probable* antecedents and consequents, and then palm such "science" upon their more ignorant fellowmen.

J. Denovan.

Students' Quarter.

A RIDEAU TWILIGHT.

The Western sky burns fierce with carmined flame,
That in the waveless lake glows liquid fire,
And undertips each overhanging cloud
With varying gleam of red- and amber-gold,—
The funeral glory of their sunken lord.

From o'er the pine-clad Eastern hills,
On breezes soft the Twilight-maiden steals,
Spreading across the rosy flushëd sky
Her veil of grey with balsam incense sweet,
The votive offering of the low-voiced pines.
These, as she passes, whisper Nature's love,
Caress her garments with their fragrant arms,
Then follow with their gentle murmurings.

O'er all,—
A mass of spreading clouds, soft plumage-grey;
In form, like to some mighty spirit-bird
Poised high aloft with pinions vast outspread.
As though the soul of Earth's departed Day,
Watched its own end, surcease of toil and strife,
And welcomed Evening, to a wearied world
The peaceful heralder of restful night.

S. R. Tarr.

THE HISTORICAL TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIANITY.

A PROOF OF ITS SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN.

It is a trite saying that Christianity is adapted to the deepest needs of the universal man. Other religions have been and are local and national in character, and only in a very limited sense adapted to their own times and localities. The religion of Christ is designed for no one nation, no one privil eged class and is adapted to no one particular time, but it is suited to all men, wherever and whenever found, thus revealing in its very nature a prophecy of its universality. It makes claim to universal acceptance because it is divine in its origin, and it is the purpose of this paper to substantiate that lofty claim to a supernatural origin by considering its past and present achievements.

Let it be noticed at the outset that the mere spread of a religion and its numerical strength are not proofs of its divine origin. These may have been caused by the use of authority and force: or by an elaborate organization, as in the case of Mohammedanism on the one hand and Roman Catholicism on the other. But when a religion gains dominancy by its own inherent spiritual force, without the aid of any of the factors mentioned, when it strikes a blow at the passions, prejudices and creeds of the people to whom it comes, instead of conciliating them and adapting itself to them, it then unquestionably proves its Divine origin.

When Christianity appeared on the scene of human history, it found the world already possessed by various religions, and was at once plunged into a life and death struggle for existence. Its first contest was a terrible one with the hard and narrow Judaism of the age. The Jew heaped anathemas upon it as being an apostacy from his father's faith. Its aim at universality was directly antagonistic to his prejudiced, contracted vission. As it passed victoriously beyond its first stage it had to enter upon a more formidable struggle with the old paganism of Greece and Rome. The task now before Christianity was so stupendous, the obstacles so numerous and so deeply rooted in the old

pagan society, that had it been less than supernatural in its origin and character, it would have come to a speedy and ignominious end. To conquer heathenism meant not only change of religion, but also the revolution and reconstruction of the entire national and social fabric. Heathenism was wrought into the very life of the people. Heathen worship was associated with politics, literature, art, and social life. The entire community was united in its opposition to Christianity. The emperor regarded it as the dangerous offspring of Jewish superstition; the philosopher scorned it as a species of fanaticism; the citizen felt it to be a social pest, the cause of all public calamities. As it had no temple and no altar, it was spurned as a religion without a god. Every class of society was arrayed in deadly hostility to it. Yet, without any external aid, by reason of its own exhaustless spiritual energy, and in spite of the violence of the government, the horrors of the stake and the arena, the misrepresentations and slanders of pagan writers, Christianity made a complete and absolute conquest, and moved forward towards universal dominion.

The fact that the external conditions were favorable to its introduction into the world shows that the time of its appearance was providential, and gives another mark of its Divine origin. When the world was beginning to grow weary of its old ways, and was turning wistfully in search of new ways, while it was sunk in the deepest mire of immorality, and had the greatest need of some divine saving power, Christ came and His religion supplied that for lack of which the corrupt nations were almost dying in despair. This, however, was but the preparation of the soil, and the new seeds of truth which produced the rich crop of the new civilization were sown by an external competent hand. In about three centuries, the victory was practically won, not by the favor of the state, not by organization, authority, or force, but by the efficiency of a living, present Christ, working through the preaching of the cross, the unselfish lives of Christian disciples, and the saintly heroism of martyrs and confessors.

No sooner had the task of uprooting paganism been accomplished than the Christian Church was confronted by a new and difficult one. The wild hordes of barbarians came sweeping

down from the North, destroying the Western Empire and threatening to destroy every trace of the classic age. Had not Christianity been divine, it would have been obliterated with much else in the mighty movements of the times. But instead of that it only obtained in these northern tribes, new material to work upon, and the foundations of modern Christendom in Europe were laid. Thus in the contest with Greek, Roman and Teutonic paganisms, Christianity has triumphantly approved itself by the principle of the survival of the fitttest.

Christianity has further shown itself to be Divine in origin and nature by the fact that it has passed through the ordeal of its own inner corruptions. It alone, of all religions, has shown its power of revival and restoration after every declension and decay. All other religions had expired while undergoing the process of thorough reforms: but Christianity, by its inherent vitality, was enabled to throw off all corruptions, and, emerging from the almost total darkness of the Mediæval Age, which might have been supposed to extinguish it, burst forth into the noonday splendour of the 16th century Reformation. Amid the general intellectual awakening of the Renaissance, when so much was new, it might have been expected that Christianity, if its mission had been fulfilled, would have been discarded and left behind, but instead of that it moved forward in the van of all progress in Europe. It was the powerful helper and leader of the new literary impulse, which, without Christianity, would have degenerated into materialism. It was the glory of Christianity that in this critical and testing time it played the central part in human affairs, and brought back to the world blessings which had for so long been almost lost. As a fever-stricken man by his abundant vitality shakes off the disease, so Christianity, at what seemed to be the crisis in the disorder which threatened its very existence, was enabled, by the Divine energy in itself, to cast out the evil spirits of the hierarchy, the subtle errors of the schoolmen, and to rid itself of relic worship and Mariolatry. The Reformation then is a historical proof of the Divinity of the Christian religion.

Among the assaults which Christianity has had to endure and overcome are those from doubt and unbelief. How has it fared in the field of controversy and criticism? Is the triumph

as complete as in the sphere of life? The history of Christian apologetics shows us that even to the present day it has not been worsted on this field of battle. The old pagan apologists, the Neoplatonists, the defenders of Mohammedanism, the Deists, have all long since been overthrown in the struggle. The Christian defenders have at any rate in every case given as good as they received, and Christianity has lived on and done its work, as if unbelief had never lifted its head. Pantheism, the latest opponent in the field, has, under the aspect of a materialistic rationalism, concentrated its attacks on the credibility of the sacred writings. The New Testament was at first the battle-ground, but here they were utterly defeated by men of equal learning, and the result is that the New Testament now stands on a firmer scientific basis than before. Baffled in their attempts to overthrow the citadel of our faith, the "higher critics" are now seeking to undermine the trustworthiness of the Pentateuch and other outworks of Christianity. We may confidently expect that in this case also, the spirit of true Christianity will assert itself, and prove more than a match for all these rulers of darkness.

The marvels which Christianity has wrought in human society afford other evidences of its divinity. It took woman from her degraded position of plaything and drudge, raised her up and placed her by the side of man as a companion. It stepped into the arena and put a stop to the brutal gladiatorial shows which ministered to the Roman thirst for blood. Infanticide was common, but Christianity took the little children up in her arms and blessed them. War was an honorable trade and carried on with merciless barbarity, but Christianity came with peace on earth and good will to men, and arbitration now lessens its frequency. It has abolished slavery from nearly all the civilized States of the world. It has been the fountain of charity for all men, causing hospitals and asylums and orphanages to be built for the unfortunate. No other religion has proved itself so humanitarian in character. It has become the great moral force of every civilized nation. It insists on the duty of all to labour. It is at the foundation of all true socialism. It stimulates learning and founds schools. It condemns all forms of wrong doing, but provides for all forms of human misery. It is the salt of

the earth, silently influencing the national life and preventing it from falling to pieces of its own corruption. It creates public conscience, and upholds the authority of civil law. It is at the heart of every social and political reform. It is the energizing power of all lofty morality, for without it morality would decline, even if supported by mere culture, or education, or aesthetic taste. Even sceptics and unbelievers are indebted to the religion they reject for their share in the ameliorated condition of things created by it. Men who never bring themselves under the direct influence of its ministrations are yet breathing the pure atmosphere it has generated. They ungratefully reject the religion of Jesus, while deriving all the best there is in life from it. Our boasted civilization, without Christianity, would soon decline under the influence of our universal selfishness into the ferocities of barbarism.

How then can we account for Christianity? How can we account for what it has done in pagan nations; for the comparison between Europe and Asia, between America and Africa? The latest triumphs of the Christian religion in foreign fields have been most signal, and afford an equally, if not even more, striking proof of its wonderful power than we find in the early church. Within the last sixty years or so, we have seen whole groups of islands in the South Seas christianized; we have seen Madagascar furnishing converts by tens of thousands every year until the island is practically won for Christ; India counts her converts to Christianity by hundreds of thousands, and the work is going on now with greater rapidity than in any previous portion of the century. Surely these things show us that the energizing power of Christianity, far from being spent, is still as fresh and vigorous as in its early dawn, and is still the very power of God unto salvation. Nay, the proof is in every community in our land, and in almost every family. The phenomena of religious conversion are indisputable and unaccountable except on the supernatural theory of Christianity. The truths of Christianity received into the heart and mind work the most marvellous transformations, arresting sinful habit and feeling, and often in a single day changing the entire life of a man. Conversions as sudden and radical as that of Saul of Tarsus are continually occurring. A godless hardened profligate man, whose life has

been surrendered to evil, and whose mind has scarcely ever been troubled about religion, is suddenly arrested by some Christian truth, subdued into thoughtfulness, and penitence for sin. Those who yesterday heard him blaspheme, to-day hear him pray. The impure has become chaste, the unprincipled has become upright, the liar speaks the truth, the avaricious, selfish man becomes pitiful and benevolent, the sinner has become a saint, and between the old life and the new there has come to be in a short time a great gulf fixed. The reality and thoroughness of the change are attested by a subsequent life of holiness, consecrated service, patient endurance and grateful love.

How are these transformations to be accounted for? No other truths can thus produce in a man radical changes of a spiritual character. Read to him Plato, or Milton, or Bacon, the effect is very little: read to him the New Testament, he becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Surely the achievements of Christianity, past and present, afford ample attestation of its Divine origin and character. If it be not supernatural, then its career is a series of marvels unique in the world's history, and its miracles are greater than the supernatural element assumed in it, and much more difficult of credence.

"If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

J. R. CRESSWELL.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

VUYYURU, KISTNA DIST., INDIA, JAN., 1894.

Dear Brethren in Christ,—It has been suggested to me that an occasional note from an ex-student of McMaster, now on the foreign field, would be acceptable, especially on your monthly missionary days. I scarcely know what to write about. Particulars as to my individual field you see from time to time in the *Baptist*, so that I need scarcely dwell upon my work. Perhaps a few thoughts upon the work we are attempting in India, and the kind of men we need to accomplish it, may be of interest, especially to those who anticipate coming out to share in our labours here among the Telugus.

First, then, the work we are attempting in India. You, who have never set foot in India or seen her real condition, can have no adequate idea of the nature, depth and extent of the work we are attempting. Our ideal is the satisfaction of India's need, and the vastness of that need is simply inconceivable. We are trying to set 286 millions of people right with God, right with themselves, and right with their neighbors. We aim at the complete social, mental, moral and spiritual redemption of India. We are attempting not only to save souls, but men and women. Believing, as we do, "that the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul," we necessarily make our supreme object the reconciliation of men to God; yet, we believe, too, that the ideal of Christianity involves the setting of man right in all his manifold relations, whether intellectual, social or spiritual. This is our aim, our ideal. How great, how all comprehensive it is, can only be measured by the vastness of India's need. That you may get a conception of that need, let me tell you that India is all wrong intellectually, socially, and spiritually.

First, intellectually. The great mass of the people are steeped in the deepest ignorance, and, as you all know, ignorance is the mother of superstition. The percentage of those who can read is very small, and even those who can read, spend the most of their time reading the Hindoo Shastras or Puranas, which, though regarded, of course, as the profoundest philosophy and the deepest science, are for the most part only the vilest rubbish and the veriest nonsense. Think then what must be the condition of a people thus steeped in the deepest ignorance and superstition, whose thoughts are seldom occupied with anything but the most commonplace affairs of life.

Second, socially. The state of Hindoo society with its rigid, enslaving, degrading customs is the astonishment of all civilized nations. I cannot think of a single good custom among the people. The caste system, that great distinguishing characteristic of Hindoo society, brings about such a state of affairs as no foreigner can for a moment imagine. So long, however, have the people been enslaved by it, that, like Byron's Prisoner of Chillon, they love the very chains that bind them. Caste divides society into countless separate divisions, mutually exclu-

sive, thus destroying all sense of unity among the people and rendering self-government well nigh impossible. It weakens the body and destroys the vitality of the race. It destroys all fellow feeling, and all sense of the value of the individual. It renders all the slaves of custom and circumstances. It puts a premium on laziness, exalts the few to the degadation of the many, and hence engenders pride, conceit, strife and hatred. Connected with and growing out of the caste system are innumerable customs and habits, which not only destroy all independence of character, but render all progress of the race impossible.

Third, spiritually. Hindooism as a religious system is inconceivably degrading. The first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans presents such a faithful picture of India's spiritual condition that an educated Hindoo once accused a missionary of having written it. Houses of illfame are sanctioned by religious enactment, and great is the astonishment of the people when the missionary boldly attacks such a system. No public ceremony or marriage is complete without an array of bold-faced women to dance and sing their vile songs before the assembled multitudes. This state of affairs is not to be wondered at when you look into the theology of Hindooism. The Hindoo Trinity, Brumha, Vishnu and Siva, present a most loathsome picture. Brumha, the creator has no temple, no worship—why ? Because guilty of lying, and of repeated incest. Vishnu, though worshipped, is a still viler character—so on with the whole list of Hindoo gods and godesses—so demoralizing to the conscience is Hindoo theology that scarcely any real sense of sin remains, and this it is which renders it so difficult to move the people. Religious worship has for the most part dwindled into a low form of fetishism, viz., the propitiation of evil and malignant spirits. Into the midst of these teeming millions the missionary comes. Everything is new, everything strange—climate, customs, language. His first work, of course, is to remove the one great barrier between himself and the people, namely, ignorance of their language. By many a month of close study and application he succeeds and then turns his face toward the perishing multitudes. Some of them hate him and would fain kill him if they dared : some look at him in wonder and some in fear. How shall he capture the great Gibraltar of Paganism which seems to

stand wellnigh impregnable, rampart within rampart, bastion upon bastion? Undaunted he begins the conflict, reckoning upon the the power of God. Turning to the Word of God he reads "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty: and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and the things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." Seeing in these words the plan of Him "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose ways are not as our ways," he turns like His Master to the poor, the down-trodden, the outcasts of society, confident that the Gospel which can regenerate and save the lowest will meet the wants of the highest. How low, how fallen, how degraded they are!—the result of centuries of inherited superstition and depravity. How long and patiently often must the servant of God labor to make an impression upon their hard natures! The window of the soul, the conscience, through which must enter the word of God, which bringeth light, is so darkened by the dust and dirt of centuries as to be almost incapable of receiving the light of life. But he labors on, and at last the sense of spiritual things awakens and the soul so long benumbed and dead begins to crave the light and to reach forth for the life which is in Christ Jesus. Soon a few feeble ones are found of Him whom they sought not. Then enlisting these, ignorant and feeble, despised as the scum of the earth and the offscouring of all things though they be, he presses the conflict with renewed vigor; relying upon the arm of Omnipotence alone. It is the manipulation, the training, the guiding of the new recruits that constitutes, sooner or later, the chief work of the missionary. It is this work which above all other brings out the motive strength or weakness of the missionary. It is a great work to go down into the bowels of the earth and from thence bring forth the rock containing the glittering diamond, but how much greater and trying a work it is to grind out the diamond into a shape fit to shine upon a royal crown!

Such is the work some of us are called to: who of you does not realize its greatness?

Let me then briefly tell you the kind of men we need to accomplish it. Let every one of you realize that the writer of these lines is speaking not *of* himself but *to* himself. Since the work is incomparably great, we want *great* men to accomplish it. *Little men* are of little use.

First and foremost, we want men who are *great, spiritually.* The great characteristic of the early apostles was their spiritual power. They were filled with the Holy Ghost. The missionary needs to be strong spiritually for his own sake; otherwise he will go under and be carried away by the tide of wickedness and worldliness which surrounds him. Do you believe, brethren, that there are scores of missionaries in India who have lost all spiritual power, men who came out to India full of earnestness and zeal? I have neither time nor space to tell you all the reasons why: they are too numerous,—the climate, the isolation, the worries and trials incident to the work, the seething tide of wickedness on every si le of them, etc. India is a *very hard place* to live a Christian life in.

A man needs to be strong spiritually, for the sake especially of Christians and the mission helpers. They are his reflectors—they are his epistles known and read of all men. What he is, they are. As in a natural sense, so in a spiritual sense, we beget children after our own likeness. All great and successful missionaries have been above all else, strong spiritually. You who purpose coming to the foreign field, get a new grip of God.

Secondly, we want men of *great common sense, wisdom* and *tact.* It is for lack of these that so many missionaries often fail, for lack of these that so many meet an early death and end in sadness a career of disappointment. We want men who know how to take care of themselves, especially of their own bodies. We want men who are wise in counsel, far-seeing, wise master builders—men who can read the signs of the times, statesmen of the kingdom of God. The glory of the Canadian mission is that wise men, such as McLaurin and Timpany, laid solid and lasting foundations.

Thirdly, we want men who are *great in humility.* Before honour is humility. We do not want any of you men who imagine (if there be any such) that you are too great and too gifted for the foreign field. If any such men should happen,

by some mistake, to get out here, woe to the rest of us! Those men who come out to India trailing clouds of glory behind them seldom amount to anything. We want men of lowly mind, men who can stoop down to the lowest strata of society, men who for Jesus' sake are willing to become all things to all men, that by all means they may win some, men without ecclesiastical starch, men who can identify themselves with the people whom they serve, men who are willing to take the lowest place and become the servant, and not the lord of all.

So, brothers of McMaster, come over and help us—I mean those of you only who know that God wants you here. Should you come with any other conviction, you will be a disappointment to yourself, to the Board, to your fellow-missionaries in India, but especially to the native Christians, who need your help and sympathy so much. But if you do feel called, and are willing to count the cost, come; yes, come soon, backed up with the earnest prayers of loving friends; come in the power of the Holy Ghost, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. Come and share with us in the greatest work ever given to man, the regeneration, the transformation, the salvation of the millions of India. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Fraternally yours,

J. G. Brown.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we go to press the annual examinations of McMaster University are in progress. The three large rooms filled with earnest students, each bent upon giving the very best account of his acquirements during the year, is a sight at once encouraging and inspiring. Some of us teachers take no little pleasure in recalling the fact that in our early student days at Toronto University, old Convocation Hall did not show a much larger number of candidates writing at one time. We wish all the students most gratifying success. Our expectations of the graduating classes are high. We doubt whether many universities on this side of the great fish-pond could produce twenty-five essays of higher average excellence than those recently read before the Faculty by our graduating classes in Theology and Arts.

We are pleased to be able to present to our readers this month an excellent portrait and biographical sketch of the late Dr. Crawford, by one who knew him intimately for years. Many will read these pages with more than ordinary interest, for no other name in the long roll of Canadian Baptist pastors and teachers has been known so widely and for so many years as his, and wherever he has labored as pastor or teacher, the memory of his instructive and soul-comforting discourses, and of his loving and genial disposition can never wholly die. By a happy coincidence, our second contribution, a powerful defence of the Bible against the mere speculations of men, is from the pen of one who in his untiring advocacy of the old-fashioned doctrines of Scripture, and in his hostility to science falsely so-called, is entirely after our late brother's own heart. Our readers will not fail to note the perfect harmony of the two articles in this respect.

The Life of Jesus.—Studies for Young People, by the Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., pastor of the Bloor St. Baptist Church, Toronto, appeared originally in weekly chapters in the columns of the *Young Peoples' Union.* Its publication in book form, we hail with sincere satisfaction. A distinct loss would have heen sustained had this work received no more enduring form than that which the colums of a weekly could give. Voluminous Lives of Jesus are numerous, brief ones are few. For some years Dr. Stalker has held the field as the writer of a "Life," very brief, but full of unction and literary charm. Mr. Wallace had no easy task before him, to write a book which could win a place in comparison with this. To say that he has succeeded, is to say that his book is quite distinct in conception, and admirable in execution. Dr. Stalker's book is a perfect specimen of "literary etching," in which "he takes his pencil and, with a few lines, puts a life-like and realistic picture upon his canvas." Details are studiously avoided. Large generalizations appear on every page. Mr. Wallace has had a more didactic purpose, and while, too, avoiding much, has introduced enough of detail, to make his book a distinct advance upon Dr. Stalker's, as helping the reader to mastery of the evangelists' materials. The conception to which Mr. Wallace has worked was well chosen, his ability to grasp and manage details, and his command of a terse and perspicuous style, especially qualifying him for his task. The work is marked also by the reverence and devotedness which befit the theme, and which those knowing Mr. Wallace would expect. We are not surprised to learn that his new "Life of Jesus" is having a very gratifying sale, both in Canada and the United States.

Bishop Ellicott has recently contributed to the *Expository Times* a series of articles on "The Teaching of our Lord as to the Authority of the Old Testament." All who know anything of the illustrious author, will expect to find in this latest production the marks of safe scholarship and sound judgment.

In the closing article of the series, he gives "the general results aimed at, and the teachings and the warnings they involve." These are: (1) "The active principle in the Genesis and development of the analytical view is disbelief in, or inability honestly to accept, the supernatural." He adds, "Nought will stay the course of modern biblical criticism when once inability to accept the supernatural has become a settled characteristic of the soul." (2) "If we accept the analytical view, we must reconstruct our views and estimate of revealed doctrine, and, generally, of the inspiration of Holy Scripture." This he proceeds to illustrate as a doctrine. The view is common, that "redemption through Christ that is to come is the ultimate tenor of the revelation of the Old Testament." But if, as many critics affirm, the Fall is but a myth, or a figure of speech, "there never can be any heart-whole belief in the realities of the redemption and the atonement." In that case "our whole view of revelation must be reconstructed." As to inspiration, he concludes that "the position taken up by clear and reverent thinkers, like the late lamented Dr. Liddon, would be felt to be more impregnable than ever, viz.: 'That unless there be such a thing as the inspiration of inveracity,' we are shut up to the choice between acceptance of 'the authority of some of our modern critics, and any belief whatever, in the inspiration of the books which they handle after this fashion.'" (3) "Our Lord's view of the Old Testament is not only consonant with the traditional view, but may even be regarded as supporting and confirming it; and . . . . in no particular of any real importance, has it appeared to favor the analytical view." He notes the fact that the tendency in modern criticism is to escape from this fact by questioning the knowledge and infallibility of Christ; and adds, quoting from Liddon, "If it be obvious that certain theories about the Old Testament must ultimately conflict with our Lord's unerring authority, a Christian will pause before he commits himself to these theories."

Dr. Ellicott recognizes fully that there is a large and important field for earnest biblical criticism in the Old Testament. But as far as the destructive criticism is concerned, his conclusion is thus expressed: "This destructive criticism need not give us any great anxiety. . . . . Expert is ranged against expert; theory is displaced by theory; hypothesis by hypothesis; until at length the whole movement, that once

seemed so threatening, silently comes to rest and finds its *nirvana* among the dull records of by-gone controversies. It has been so with the Higher Criticism of the New Testament; . . . and so most assuredly will it be with the destructive criticism of the Old Testament, which is now causing so much anxiety, and has been helped by so many lamentable concessions."

These are wise and weighty words. Let us all be earnest students of the Divine Word; and await with all confidence the issue of all the present discussions.

CARDUCCI TO DANTE.

"*Dante onde avviene che i voti e la favella.*"

Dante, whence comes it that my voice and vows
I raise adoring to thine image keen,
And me on that dire slope which made thee lean
The sun leaves wakeful and morn need not rouse?

For me Lucia prays not; nor allows
Matilda th' urn of safety to be seen,
And Beatrice, of thy chaste love the queen,
In vain ascends through stars before God's brows.

I hate thy holy empire and the crown
Divided by the sword I fain would see
From thy good Frederick's head, hard by the town
Olona. Church and empire are for me
A ruin sad—thy song has lived both down:
Jove dies: true poems must eternal be.

D. R. Keys.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"*Tempus fugit*," said the Romans.
Yes, alas! 'tis fleeting on;
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge!"

—*Yale Record.*

The library and manuscripts of the historian Bancroft have been purchased by the University of Chicago for $80,000. The university library of 225,000 volumes is now the largest in any of America's universities.

The above statement is erroneous. The University of Chicago has now 378,000 volumes, but the library of Harvard University has over 400,000.—*Kenyon Collegian.*

Another erroneous statement has been going the rounds of American college journals and was copied by the McMaster University Monthly. It is not true that there is not a college paper published in all England, for we have received from Mr. W. S. McLay, B.A., a graduate of Toronto University, now studying in the London University, a copy of the college journal published by that institute. In the proper column reference is made to other college papers on the exchange list, proof enough that our Yankee cousins are badly informed upon this point also. Mr. McLay contributes an able article on "The Difference Between Canadian and English College Life," which is quite interesting from our point of view.

A writer in a late number of the *Athanæum* (University of West Virginia) waxes rhetorical as he demands fiercely of his sixty million countrymen, "Shall we unite Canada's ice-bound regions to our cotton fields and sugar plantations?" He evidently had no difficulty in settling the matter from his own point of view, for he adds: "It would be rash and dangerous to annex that hostile Dominion, which might irritate old wounds and produce national death." And besides, "Canada is mostly a sterile region dotted by cabins." Not only is this true but . . . . . "it is a complete delusion to look to frozen Canada for grains (?)." The Dominion's products we should gather from this truly instructive article, consist chiefly of "frozen seas," boundless forests, and inexhaustible coast fisheries, toward the two latter categories of which he *is* appreciative enough to manifest quite an intense patriotic yearning. There is a story told of a Canadian school boy (this was, *of course*, before the introduction of geography text-books into our "cabin" schools) who when asked the principal productions of the Southern States replied, confidently, "Niggers and mules;" but of course he was a *very* small boy and had not the benefits of a university training.

The *University Monthly* of Fredericton comes to us in new color, too loud and showy to be tasteful, we think. The matter, however, is above the average and has been read with interest by the exchange editor. The article "Is a College Education Worth Having," is suggestive and marks a good point or two for a college course. We have pleasure in quoting the two following excellent little poems:—

GLIDING AWAY.

They are gliding away—these sweet, swift years,
  Like the leaf on the current, cast;
With never a break on the rapid flow,
We watch them, as, one by one, they go
  Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as the weaver's thread,
  Or an arrow's flying gleam,
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid
  And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down,
  As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as a flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
  So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
  Down the dim-lighted stair,
We hear the sound of their heavy tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
  As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love:
  Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample them under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet
  By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
  No envious taunt be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measures, with love's sweet wine,
  But never an angry word.

SARA H. MCKEE.

AFTER THE STORM.

"Harbour Master! Harbour Master! Now the storm is done
  Was that barque the 'Bonny Belle' we saw at set of sun."

"That was the 'Belle,' my lass, drifting to the flat:
  No anchor holds but hope in such a hurricane as that?"

"Harbour Master! Harbour Master! How fared it with the crew?"
"They all came safe to harbour, lass; your lover waits for you!"

"Harbour Master! Harbour Master! When came he in?"
"Early in the morning, lass, when the sea had hushed its din!"

"Harbour Master! Harbour Master! How came he home?"
"Clad in a sailor's garments of dulce and white sea-form:
  In his face no sign of tempest,
    In his lips a prayer,
  In his hands a golden trinket
    Filled with golden hair!"

BARRY STRATON.

The Easter Number of the *Varsity* has a fine appearance, the whole paper is printed with soft-toned ink and is very tasteful. A really excellent Photogravure of the late honored president, accompanies it as a supplement. What has made our college poets strike such similar strains this month? Compare "Requiescat" from *The Varsity* with "My Valentine" from *The Brunonian:*

REQUIESCAT.

Gently, oh gently, ye winter winds blow,
For my lov'd one sleeps beneath the snow.
Softly, oh softly pass over her breast,
That ye disturb not my darling's rest.

Shine dimly, dimly, O silver moon,
Lest in thy light she awake too soon.
Cover her deeply, fair, falling snow,
That she hear no sound in her bed below!

Sleep, my own, with the violets sweet,
That yesternight bloom'd fair at out feet!
Sleep calm and still while the drifting snow
Buries our Past with the flowers below!

Aye sleep, dear, sleep through the winter long—
Thou'rt safe forever from pain and wrong!
I bid thee "Farewell!" my sweet, my own,
And leave thee thus to thy rest alone!

But oh, ye winter winds, gently blow,
And oh, fall softly, pure, white snow,
Lest ye arouse my lov'd from sleep,
Lest ye disturb her slumber deep!

Mabel MacLean Helliwell.

MY VALENTINE.

Snowflake, ye my valentine,
Bear my off'ring to her shrine
On the pearly pinions bright,—
Snowflake white.

Find from winter's chilly blast
Shelter on her heart at last,
Falling gently on her breast,
Snowflake,—rest.

Melting in thy blest retreat
Render incense subtly sweet.
Thrill with lover's fondest cheer,
Snowflake dear. *Jax.*

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. Clarke, S. R Tarr, } *Editors.*

The University.

'Tis April
And 'tis raining,
And exams. are really here,—
Yet we rhyme,
And essay still,
Courage waning,
To let our notes appear
On time.

Programme for the graduating class in Theology: Thursday, Graduation exercises; Friday, Ordination; Saturday, Orange blossoms and "I will."

The Mathematical Society has elected the following efficient band of officers to guide it through the terms of 1894-95: President, J. W. Russell, '95; Vice-President, G. T. Menge, '96; Secretary-Treasurer, B. W. Wallace, '96.

Mr. J. F. Hunter, formerly of the class of '94, McMaster, but now of Chicago University, paid us a visit a few weeks since. Deep sympathy is felt for him by his old friends in the loss which he has sustained by the recent death of his brother.

Convenient Conscientiousness:—Quispiam (writing on Philosophical paper): "I *could* answer every question easily and correctly according to the text, were it not that the answers do not seem successful in undergoing the test of Descartes' Criterion of Certainty, which I accept. I must therefore decline to write more. Yours, dear sir, respectfully."

The "McMaster Muse" has taken upon itself a tangible embodiment in the form of a cloth-bound booklet of some seventy-five pages. According to Spenser:

"Of soul the body form doth take,"

and the gold and maroon covering to these sixty gems of verse and imagery (suffice it to say in *this* connection that they are reprinted from the "Monthly") evidently bears out the statement of "the poets' poet." As one prosaic, but always appreciative, junior remarked of the volume, "At any rate it will look well on the drawing-room table." Query here—*whose* drawing-room?

Rev. J. D. Freeman, of Guelph, writes to a prospective graduate: "Can you not join me in a trip to the sweet sunny South? We leave here Monday, March 26th, for New York *en route* for Florida; take

steamer at New York, Tuesday, at 3 p. m ; arrive at Jacksonville, Fla., Saturday, at noon. We spend a week in 'the land of flowers,' taking, among other trips, a sail up the famed St. John's to Palatka and Sandford. After 'doing' Florida, we go to New Orleans for a week, thence to Mobile, Montgomery, Nashville to Evansville, Indiana, where we remain a week. After a day or two at Louisville, we go to Cincinnati, thence to Toledo, and home. This is a big trip, and we expect a fine time. Rev. R. J. Beattie, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, in this city, accompanies me. We shall be gone five or six weeks. Shall be home in time to attend the graduating exercises." Good for "Free!" May his tour be pleasant and his adventures abundant!

The Classical Society met recently to elect officers for the year 1894-95. The results were gratifying indeed:—President, Frederick Eby, '95, who, like Keats, has "surrounded himself with all Olympus's hierarchy, and has breathed the freshness of the Thessalian forest-winds"; Vice-President, Geo. T. Menge, '96, who knows all about grand Viziers; Secretary-Treasurer, J. W. Hoyle, '97, an efficient "Scriptor litterarum." Under the wise governance of these men, the Classical Society will flourish and prosper. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officials.

Something of our University's growth may be inferred from the annual examination papers. A careful perusal is not necessary for this (such is, however, given them for purposes of more immediate interest) but a mere statement of their number makes us realize, and no doubt will remind our friends, that "we are growing." Between Wednesday, April 11th, and Saturday, April 28th, the under-graduates of McMaster will have had set before them about one hundred and twenty five papers, averaging ten questions each; making in all over twelve hundred questions, the answers to which must be deciphered by our much-to-be-pitied examiners, from bundles of hieroglyphical foolscap. Lest a false impression be given to the sympathetic reader, it should be stated that no one student is compelled to write upon *all* of these papers.

Ye Dainty Ditties.

IV.

WHY HE WAS PLUCKED.

"Opining
That the signing
Of my name upon this clear and spotless sheet,
In reality
Formality
Must, notwithstanding, make my work complete,
With thankfulness
This blankfulness
I hand you, and respectfully entreat
Your attention
As I mention
One favourable point: I didn't cheat!"

The Fyfe Missionary Society has, on several occasions, endeavoured to obtain Rev. W. B. Hinson as the preacher of the annual sermon, but not until this year was he able to accept our invitation. It was a great pleasure to see and to hear the pastor of Olivet Baptist Church, Montreal, of whose work we had, from time to time, heard so much, and to meet once more Bro. Bentley, the pastor's trusty and tried henchman. On the evening of Sunday, April 8th, the members of the society marched in a body to Bloor street church, which was filled with a large and interested congregation. Pastor Wallace and Prof. Farmer, the president of the society, occupied seats on the platform and took part in the service. What shall we say of the sermon? It was just such an one as cannot be judged by any standard save that of effectiveness, and in that particular it came home to heart and conscience. "Serving our own generation" became a very solemn thing as we listened to Bro. Hinson. God is always very great and His claims irresistible as the Olivet pastor preaches. If we were asked the secret of his power we would say that it lies in this:—that God is always placed *first* in his sermons. The students of McMaster University will remember with pleasure Bro. Hinson's visit to Toronto, the more so since they were enabled to meet him in the dining-room as a "fellow-student."

One was a junior; the other a sophomore. They had toiled arduously over those examinations. Their brains were queer and stubborn; they were melancholy; they were "run down." As one was petulantly, irritably endeavouring to recollect, by the process of "association of ideas," that Neo-Platonism was a pantheistic electicism and a philosophico-religious syncretism, suddenly the mental switchman awoke, yawned, and turned the handle. Just at that fated instant there came dashing recklessly down the branch line the Bicycle Idea. Hot and seething it bounded past the switch upon the main track. Fervently and enthusiastically thereupon remarked the aforesaid one: "Come on, old fellow, there's no use killing ourselves,—let's go for a good long bicycle ride." The other readily acquiesced, so merrily off they sped. Beyond an *occasional* tumble and a *constant* disregard of the ethics of sidewalk-proprietorship, they arrived without incident at the junction of the York and Vaughan road with the second concession. Desiring to cross to Yonge street, by that route to return southward, they were informed by a loquacious old farmer that he 'guessed the roads war'nt so bad as they was farther on, altho' they wuz purty rough, in course, bein' as how thur wur a sight 'o snow fell t'other daay. But, howsumever, he cuddent say as how—' By this time the weary travellers had ridden several hundred yards beyond and had suddenly arrived at the brow of a hill. What a scene! Snow-drifts and mud and puddles! No help for it; retreat was unthinkable. Dismounting, they strode forward. At the end of ten minutes' interval, the wheels had collected so much mud from the road that they looked like perpendicular race-tracks after rain, which

> "had not bene removed many a day,
> Some land-marke seemed to be, or signe of sundry way."

But the junior and the sophomore bethought themselves of the pools, dragged the machines thither, and by dint of alternate scraping and washing, coaxed the 'wheels to go round' again. In this fashion they proceeded for two-and-a half miles, in a meditative mood, with frequent stoppages. After a few hours had passed, they reached Yonge street, and despondently took inventory. Their pedal extremities were now four huge clots of mud, while plentiful splashes adorned their clothing and countenances. To crown all, one bicycle now refused to work. True, the pedals evinced a willingness to revolve, but that was all,—they disowned all connection with the remainder of the machine. The sophomore worked upon this impromptu tread-mill awhile, but eventually became discouraged. The country blacksmiths were ignorant and insolent. The youths wept as they reflected on the wasted hours. Then they set out for home.

THE following is the programme of events to occur in the Main Audience Room of the Walmer Road Baptist Church, in connection with the Annual Commencement :—

1. *Tuesday, May 1st, 8 p.m.* Delivery of Essays before the University, by Students of the Graduating Class. Music led by Mr. A. S. Vogt.

2. *Wednesday, May 2nd, 8 p.m.* Baccalaureate Sermon before the University, by Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D., LL. D., of Philadelphia. Singing led by Mr. A. S. Vogt.

3. *Thursday, May 3rd, 8 p.m.* The public conferring of Degrees in Arts and in Theology, and the presentation of Diplomas. Address to Graduating Class. The Announcement of Degrees *ad eundem.* Presentation to the University of a portrait by Forbes, of the late Senator McMaster. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Sir Oliver Mowat are expected to be present and to speak.

On Thursday, May 3rd, at 4 p.m., in the School Hall of Walmer Road Church, the Annual Collation. Hon. John Dryden will preside. Speaking to begin at 5.30 p.m. Plates will be laid for four or five hundred. Tickets 50 cents each. Collation open to both ladies and gentlemen.

The more detailed programme for Tuesday is as follows :

PROGRAMME.

1. Music—Praise the Lord, - - - - - *Randegger.*
2. Prayer.
3. Music—God sent His Singers, - - - - - *Gaul*
4. *The Ministry of Poetry, - BENJAMIN W. N. GRIGG *(Arts)*
5. *Relation between Philosophy and Religion, HARRY STILLWELL *(Arts)*
6. *Higher Education of Women in its Relation to Home Life, ELIZA P. WELLS *(Arts)*
7. Music,—Hark, Hark, my Soul, - - - - - *Shelley*
8. *The Imagination in the Discovery and Presentation of Truth, HOWARD P. WHIDDEN, B.A. *(Theology)*
9. *Jesus' Thought of Himself, GEORGE CROSS, B.A. *(Theology)*

Announcements for Wednesday Evening.

National Anthem.

THESES READ BEFORE THE FACULTY BY THE GRADUATING CLASS, 1894.

IN ARTS.

1. Greek Contribution to Modern Culture . CARSON J. CAMERON, *Tiverton*
2. The Historical Triumphs of Christianity a Proof of its Supernatural Origin . . JOHN R. CRESSWELL, *Toronto.*
3. *The Ministry of Poetry . . . . . BENJAMIN W. N. GRIGG, *Exeter*
4. The Conic Sections . . . . . ANNIE M. MCKAY, *Toronto*
5. The Causes of the Present Financial Crisis in the United States . . WILLIAM W. MCMASTER, *Toronto*
6. Hume: The Position, Import and Result of his Philosophy . . HARRY L. MCNEILL, *Port Elgin*
7. Profit Sharing . . . . . CHARLES N. MITCHELL, *Pembroke*
8. Socialism . . . . . WILLIAM POCOCK, *Wingham*
9. Latin Contribution to Modern Culture. HARRY PORTER, *Fredericton, N.B.*
10. Evolution and Ethics . . . . . HENRY C. PRIEST, *Toronto*
11. Mechanism and Consciousness . . . . . JACOB J. REEVE, *Guelph*
12. A Criticism of VonHartmann's Philosophy EDGAR RUSSELL, *Millbrook*
13. The Teacher, his Work and his Needs . . MINNIE SMITH, *Orangeville*
14. *Relation between Philosophy and Religion, HARRY STILLWELL, *Cheapside*
15. Les Poëtes Bas-Canadiens . . . . LEONARD A. THERRIEN, *Montreal*
16. *Higher Education of Women in its Relation to Home Life . . . . . ELIZA P. WELLS, *Toronto*

IN THEOLOGY.

1. *Jesus' Thought of Himself . . . . . GEORGE CROSS, B.A., *Fennella*
2. Robertson of Brighton . . . . THOMAS DOOLITTLE, B.A., *Columbus*
3. The Rise of Methodism . . . . . WILLIAM A. GUNTON, *Simcoe*
4. Manliness in the Ministry . . . . . ALEX. P. KENNEDY, *Bobcaygeon*
5. Balthasar Hubmaier . . . . . JOHN A. KENNEDY, *Dunsford*
6. The Place and Purpose of the Lord's Supper . . . . . CHARLES W. KING, *Truro, N.S*
7. The True Conception of the Gospel Ministry . . . . . JAMES P. MCINTYRE, M.D, *Winnipeg*
8. The Epistle to Philemon . . . SOLOMON S. WEAVER, *Toronto.* [*Man.*
9. The Imagination in the Discovery and Presentation of Truth HOWARD P. WHIDDEN, B.A., *Antigonish, N.S.*

MOULTON COLLEGE.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Suggested by McMaster poetry and Moulton millinery.

> In the spring a young girl's fancy turns to gown and hat and glove;
> "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

WE all knew when examinations began at McMaster, and have been lavish of our sympathy with our University girls. At the same time we think they are to be congratulated on finishing their year's work so early in the season, and before the hot weather arrives.

We have been fortunate enough to have quite a number of guests with us lately. Among them were the Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Rev. W. G. Wallace, Prof. Farmer, and Mr. Bone. We were glad to see them all, and carry pleasant memories of their helpful words.

On the evening of Easter Monday our Faculty gave a reception to the students and outside friends. Many guests were present. The chapel contained a large number of art studies by the various pupils, who gather daily in the studio under the tuition of Mrs. Dignam and Miss Clarke.

Mrs. McMaster is a friend who never forgets us. Every now and then we receive cheery letters from her, filled with pleasant news of her journeyings, and helpful suggestions as to our practical Christian work at school. We are all delighted with her recent promise of a speedy return to us.

Mathematical students are rejoicing at present in the possession of one of McMaster's professors. In the absence of our regular teacher, Miss McKay, the Moulton classes are progressing favourably, and heartily enjoying their work, under Prof. McKay. The only drawback is a dread suspicion that the teacher is not as well satisfied with his students as they are with their teacher.

Shopping is said to be the delight of the average woman's life, and Moulton girls seem to share that characteristic of their sex. Every Saturday morning, rain or shine, a party sets out, accompanied by a much-enduring teacher, who spend the golden hours of the morning in a complete investigation of the Yonge and King St. stores. Sometimes they are bent on sober business, but oftener they are seeking for "something," concerning which all they know is that they never see it, but that meantime the money goes. The time rolls by until twelve o'clock, and then a tired but happy crowd board the Yonge St. car bound for home and luncheon. These shoppers may be identified anywhere by their unfailing good humour.

At our last Mission Circle, Mr. Telford, of McMaster University, kindly gave us a short report of the Detroit Convention. Beginning with the journey to Detroit, he took us with him through the most interesting of the meetings, giving us snatches here and there of speeches and reports of those who attended the convention. His talk was encouraging and profitable, affording us an idea of the work and spirit of the convention, which we should not otherwise have had. We were also very pleasantly entertained a week ago, by a lecture on "The Life, Manners, and Customs of the Chinese," by Mr. Hobson. Having spent his life in China, he is able to give many interesting incidents which show the characteristics of the people in a singularly clear, and often amusing, manner. Those who were present on that evening thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Hobson's lecture, for we were able to understand more fully how very little we do know about the condition of people in other lands, where they have not the light of the Gospel to lift them upward.

It is not often that a marriage notice is to be found among the Moulton College news items, but this month we have the pleasure of announcing to those of our readers not already aware of the event, the wedding of one of our recent students. On the evening of March 28th, Miss Elizabeth A. Tyers was married to Mr. George B. Mercer, the ceremony being performed at the bride's home, by Rev. O. C. S. Wallace. We all join in wishing her much joy; if we can judge from her earnest, faithful work among us, and her unfailing good-nature, Mr. Mercer will long bless the day when a Moulton girl united her fortunes to his.

Most of the Moulton girls had the pleasure of a visit home or to friends in the city during the very short Easter holidays. A few remained behind, and these all agree that the College was by no means an unpleasant place in which to spend the recess. The conspicuous absence of the early-rising bell, study-hour, and night-bells formed a considerable element in our happy content. We were prompt in returning to our places this time, and the cheerful faces that were seen at the reception on Monday evening, told of clear consciences as well as of pleasant holidays.

The last Heliconian meeting presented some new features. A short paper on Jean Ingelow was read by Miss Bush, and the programme consisted largely of selections from the works of that writer. The "Songs of Seven" were beautifully rendered and heartily enjoyed. In this part of the entertainment we had the very efficient help of some of the youngest members of the school as well as of older and more advanced students. Miss Scarfe recited "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," with her usual pleasing effect. The musical selections were appropriate and well-rendered, and Miss Stanley's essay on "Sounds" gave pleasure to us all.

Woodstock College.

Every afternoon from four o'clock to six, the Campus presents a lively appearance. Football is now in full swing. The players are evidently in practice to win.

Student life has many changes. Last week we said goodbye to three of the "Boys," F. Lowe, C. Collishaw, and R. Harper. We shall miss the sage Colli, the genial Frank, and there is no possible successor to Pat.

The societies here have thought it wise to adjourn for the remainder of the season. Their work generally has been of a high order throughout the year, and those who attended the weekly meetings with regularity, know that they have gained much from this means of improvement; but the studies of the year are now so crowding upon us, as to make it very difficult to prepare exercises easily.

The Philomathic Society drew the work of the year to a close by holding an open meeting on the 16th ult. An appreciative audience assembled, and evidently enjoyed the literary programme rendered. An interesting feature of the programme was a debate on the following subject: Resolved, that ancient Greece, relative to her opportunities, attained a higher civilization than has modern England. The subject was entered into spiritedly by Messrs. McFarlane and Bovington; the former upholding the affirmative, the latter, the negative. The decision given was favourable to the negative.

Grande Ligne.

We had the pleasure of listening to a grand sermon on Sunday, the 1st inst., by Rev. E. Bosworth.

The Temperance Society will hold its last meeting on the 27th inst. This Society has been interesting, and has done good during the year. In many cases it is the first step towards the light.

Visitors here in past years have, no doubt, been struck with the absence of a Catholic church. About the first thing that attracts the attention of present visitors is the handsome new church building and Curé's residence. No doubt many of the parishioners are pleased with the appearance of these buildings, but we believe they are not so well pleased with the cost which they have unwillingly to bear.

On the Monday after Easter the boys gave an invitation to the girls to accompany them to the sugar bush. The day was fine, although some rain had fallen the week before, but all spent a pleasant time. It was a first experience for some, and they did not enjoy the eggs boiled in syrup. There were many funny things happened that day, and the boys thought it strange that having given the invitation, the invited should make their own terms. Hear the riddle we made:—What is bitter at both ends and sweet in the middle? *Ans.*—A sugar party, because the boys were not allowed to walk with the girls.

It is a common adage that sports are indispensable towards the physical and mental development of a student. When will the ability of Grande Ligne be recognized along that line? Our rink has gone to mud, not "to grass," and the hockey season ended; with, however, a clearer record than most clubs can boast of, and indisputable championship. It was the desire of the club to meet some team or teams worthy of their steel, but it seems they were not to be found. Since the exchange of ice for the long sunny days, athletic sports have not come to a standstill. The base-ball is to be seen flying along with the foot-ball, which has at last been routed out, in an adjacent field lately staked off. A club is found which, though not perhaps equal to McMaster or Woodstock, will no doubt soon rise in fame. It is open to all challenges.

Our institute was the scene of great excitement on the 22nd of March, being the closing day of the winter term. It was one long blissful holiday, the realization of which brought songs to everyone's lips, and caused our little domestic duties to be done with surprising alacrity. As the early trains arrived, there was an earnest scanning of each stranger's face by the students to find some familiar traces, and we tried to do our utmost towards the entertainment of these visitors who came from Montreal, St. Johns, Lacotte, and neighboring villages. At 2 p.m., all assembled in the chapel to enjoy a very interesting and delightful programme, and also to hear the report, read by our Principal, as regards the work of the winter and results of the exams.; after which Rev. M. Lafleur delivered an instructive speech, and the programme came to a close, followed by social intercourse between both sides. After the departure of the visitors, and of several fellow-students, which saddened us a little, we settled down to an evening's amusement, and at a ripe hour retired, feeling that after a short holiday we would be glad to resume our school duties until the end of the session.

Our school has never done better literary work than has been accomplished this year. We have what few schools can boast of, and that is, two literary societies, one speaking English, and the other French. Many have been the subjects which they debated during the year:—Women's rights, Capital punishment, Nature and art. Indeed, for a while, the Treaty of Paris was handled pretty roughly, and at last it was decided that Canada would have been better under French rule. Napoleon was abused in a shameful manner, and Cæsar, Cicero and Demosthenes were resurrected again, although the members of the Latin classes were praying that it might not be so, and wishing that Cæsar and Cicero had never lived. We believe that every boy in the school has been benefited by the societies. Seeing that we have been so successful in other undertakings, it has been decided to try a member of the school for breach of promise. As the public would like to know the names of the parties, we will give them. Plaintiff, Miss Allah Bismillahdonnerwetter, and Defendant, Lord Don Khariff Ido. As this is the last business transaction of the year, we hope it will be a great success.

THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

(EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR)

M. S. CLARK, MANAGING EDITOR

VOL. III. | MAY, 1894 | No. 8.

Albert Azro Ayer.....J. S. BUCHAN ... 337
Ben Shalom (Poem).....THEODORE H. RAND 339
John (a Character Sketch from Life)....M. D. C..... 340
Spring (Poem).....D. M. WELTON.... 343
His Last Visitor (Poem).....M. A. MAITLAND... 344
At a German University. III.....W. S. W. McLAY.. 345
The Silent Ministry (Poem).....EVA ROSE YORK... 350
Jesus Christ (Poem).....P. S. V. YULE.... 351

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

The Two Loves (Triolet).....G. H. C..... 353
The Pleasures of Ignorance.....“O.”..... 353
Causes of the Present Business Depression in the United States.....W. W. McMASTER. 356
The Water Lily and the Stars (Poem)....O. G. LANGFORD.. 366
A Plea for Cowper.....O. N. E..... 367
EDITORIAL NOTES..... 371
HERE AND THERE..... 372
COLLEGE NEWS..... 374

Publishing Committee

M. S. CLARK, J. H. FARMER | D. K. CLARK, O. E. KENDALL, A. R. PARK | MISS M. S. DANIELS, MISS E. M. BOTTERILL

H. E. STILLWELL, B. W. N. GRIGG, MISS M. E. DRYDEN — *Committee on Students' Quarter*

O. G. LANGFORD, *Here and There*; G. H. CLARKE, S. R. TARR — *Subscription and College News*

J. B. PATERSON, *Advertising Dept.*
C. J. CAMERON, *Business Manager*

TORONTO

Annual subscription ONE DOLLAR | DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS 1894 | Single Numbers TWENTY CENTS

To Students.

I shall be much pleased to take your order for

An OVERCOAT

A FINE BLACK SUIT

A TWEED SUIT

A PAIR OF PANTS

Or any other thing in our line, and will guarantee to please you

In FIT, FINISH and FIGURE.

I also keep a nice assorted stock of Hats, New, Nobby and Cheap.

W. C. SENIOR,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts.

Elliott Co
Toronto.

337

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1894.

ALBERT AZRO AYER.

Albert Azro Ayer, like so many others who have attained to positions of responsibility and eminence in the great cities, was a country boy. He was born in the parish of St. Armand, near Frelighsburg, P.Q., on the 6th of February, 1845; his father, the late Geo. W. Ayer, was a farmer and his boyhood was spent on the farm. His mother was of good old Puritan stock, a descendant of the Rogers, and to her early lessons and example is due not a little of the sturdy vigor and fearless advocacy of the right which so eminently characterizes the subject of this sketch.

After receiving a moderate amount of education at the village Academy, he for a time attended the New Hampton Institute at Fairfax, Vt., a school similar to our own school at Woodstock, which he left in the spring of 1863, being then about eighteen years of age.

The following two winters he taught school and then spent a summer in a Commercial college at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., after which he came to Montreal in 1865; there he obtained a situation and later, in March 1867, began business on his own account, thus becoming identified with the cheese industry in Canada at its commencement, and the present position of immense importance which the trade in butter and cheese occupies in Canada,

especially in the Eastern portion, is largely owing to the energy and skill which he has devoted to it and which has brought its reward in that the firm of A. A. Ayer & Co. has come to be known as the largest exporters of these products in the world.

Besides the business above referred to he is connected with other large interests, is President of the Merchants' Manufacturing Company (St. Henri Cotton Mill), one of the successful industries of the country, and also President of the Laprairie Pressed Brick and Terra Cotta Company, and besides these he is actively connected with the Montreal Board of Trade and carries on extensive farming operations in the North-West.

It might well be supposed that these varied and extensive interests would be considered quite a sufficient reason for taking no part in what are in the best sense larger and higher things, but in these he has shown throughout the same energy, ability and capacity for hard work for which he has been so noted in business affairs. Converted at the age of seventeen, while at the New Hampton Institute, he was baptized in the spring of 1863, and became a member of the old church at Abbotts' Corner, probably the oldest Baptist church in Ontario or Quebec.

From that time, and especially after coming to Montreal, he has been closely identified with not only the various interests of the Baptist denomination, but with others such as the great Christian Endeavour Convention of 1893 at Montreal, of which he was Chairman of the General Committee.

He has been a member of the old Board of the Convention East, of which he was at different times appointed Treasurer and President respectively, and he has been on the Board of Governors of McMaster University from the opening of the University, besides being also on the Foreign Mission Board.

But perhaps the most important work with which he has been connected is the Grande Ligne Mission, of which he has been a Director for upwards of twenty years and of which, on the retirement of the Rev. Mr. Upham in 1891, he was elected President, which office he still holds, and to the work of which he devotes an immense amount of energy, thought and beneficence.

In 1867 he married Rebecca Carrie Hibbard, of whom it

can be truly said, she has proved herself a helpmeet indeed beloved and respected by their large family of seven children and a wide circle of friends.

A constituent member of Olivet church, of which he is now the senior Deacon, he has throughout devoted to its interests the same energy and ability which he has shown in other things, while also contributing liberally to all its interests.

Such a life has its lessons, showing as it does what may be accomplished by energy and industry, supported by strict integrity and uprightness even if other advantages be few, and when these qualities, with first-class business ability are so employed and consecrated to the service of the Master, it may well be said there is no higher service in which they can be employed. There is need for more such men in the work of the Kingdom, and may it be that this brief sketch shall encourage young men to strive to follow in the same way, to rise superior to difficulties or circumstances and to consecrate their powers to the best and highest service in which it is possible to be engaged.

J. S. Buchan.

BEN SHALOM.

Ben Shalom read one night from out a roll:
"Vessel of honor! consecrate! ('O soul!')
Prepared for every worthy work! and meet
For the Master's use!"
And, finger on scroll,
He prayed aloud: "Make me His silvern bowl!"
Lo! Emeth at his side, God's angel fleet:
"Yea, in His mansion here; and when unfold
The everlasting doors, chalice of gold
Brimming with His great love—heaven's vintage sweet!"

Theodore H. Rand.

Canadian Magazine.

JOHN.

(A CHARACTER SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

His parents came to Canada many years ago, and settled in an almost unbroken section of the country, not far from the village of London, to conquer for themselves a home from the wilderness. There the subject of this sketch was born to the heritage of a simple and toilsome life. The boy developed, as he grew, a character that was naturally steadfast, self-reliant and loving, yet he lacked the power of expressing his affection, except by quiet and cheerful, often unnoticed self-sacrifice. His words were always simple and few, and even in times of deep feeling they came reluctantly, or remained unspoken—then his whole being wrought out in action what his tongue could not say.

In person he was short—a fact that caused him much secret mortification, quite unmixed with bitterness however—but he had a sturdiness of build that denoted great muscular strength. His face was what the folk thereabout called "homely"—not one fine or handsome feature in the whole countenance, yet to those who looked twice, there appeared something pleasantly attractive in the clear and cheerful glance of the blue eye, and a reason for trust in the kindly lines of the firm mouth. He was already a man when we children of from eight to twelve years of age became acquainted with him, during our long summer visits to the farm. His taller, better favored and more cultured brothers were our merry companions on many a long drive or walk. John cheerfully gave them precedence, and set them free to enjoy themselves, by doing their work with his own, almost as a matter of course; but in our small difficulties we soon learned to turn to him for help or comfort, in preference to any of the others. And his ready sympathy was not reserved merely for spoken troubles. Many a time, on a wet day, when attacks of homesickness seemed hardest to overcome, noticing a little dejected face, he would button an old coat round the small form, and carry the mourner off to the barn, or wherever he chanced to be at work; and there, without the ability to say much, his tender listening to childish heartache, was a world of comfort in

itself. None of us were too young or too naughty to be thus helped by him; his heart was large enough for *all* in sorrow or suffering, and his simple charity was boundless for sinners, both small and great.

The time came, after he had seen twenty-five years, that John loved, intensely and quietly, as was his nature. Never confident of his own attractions, he did homage at a distance and in silence, only showing his feeling by look or tone, and an eagerness to serve in any way, however trifling. This for some years, until the gathering force of his love overcame the barrier his humility had set up, and rushed forth in a few broken words. But alas! while he had waited, his younger, better educated, brother George, whose advantages were in a great measure the result of John's self-sacrifice, had won, and henceforth there was no great hope in life for John, since he was not of those who can love twice. He went out and fought his battle alone before God, and came back the same quiet, cheerful, sympathizing and humble man we had always known; ready to serve willingly his preferred brother, and by every means in his power, to add to the happiness of her he loved.

Years passed, years of work and simple living on the farm, which John could never be persuaded to leave, even for a visit elsewhere; saying with his pleasant smile, "I'm only fit for the country, anyway." The neighbors became accustomed to seeing him pass, often singing some sweet gospel hymn, along the green quiet roads, or conversing happily and laughing as readily as a child, when driving with a brother or friend.

At last came a bright and cold March morning, when all the country side was gathering to an auction sale of the goods of one of the community. John and his brother Charlie drove early to the home of their sister, adjoining the place of sale, but divided from it by the river, which at this time of year was greatly swollen by the spring floods. Here they spent an hour or two in pleasant family chat, and after dinner left to attend the sale. The only means of crossing the river at this point, was by a neighboring farmer's canoe. He himself paddled it, and on this occasion had been kept busy ferrying over his friends. He signalled John and Charlie, and the three men got into the little craft together, weighting it rather heavily. But

they proceeded safely till in mid-stream, when a sudden and strong wind sweeping down the river, urging the floating ice before it, caught and capsized the canoe, and in a moment its occupants were struggling in the deadly cold water. All three made for the canoe, and clung desperately to it. But the piercing chill did not admit of long delay, and almost immediately the owner of the canoe let go his hold and swam for shore, reaching it safely, though nearly exhausted ; while the brothers, encumbered with much heavier clothing, still held on, and shouted for help. There was, however, no other boat within three miles, and as often happens in time of sudden danger and excitement, the many on both banks rushed about shouting and confusing one another, but doing nothing effectual towards the rescue of the two, now rapidly succumbing to cold and exhaustion. John, seeing their useless efforts, tried with his stiffened fingers to tear off Charlie's overcoat, but without success ; and finally Charlie, who had always been reckoned a good swimmer, left the canoe, and struck out for shore also, while John, putting forth the last remnant of his great strength, slowly drew himself up and astride of the canoe. Turning then, he shouted to the people watching him, "I'm all right, don't mind me, save Charlie ;" and away he went, carried by wind and current, swiftly down the stream. Many did stay to encourage Charlie by shouts and cheers, but, alas ! he had delayed too long ; his powers failed while he was yet several yards from the friendly hands reached out to grasp him, and he went under, coming up again only to be struck by a rail, thrown by someone in the excitement of the moment to help him. Then, indeed, he sank to rise no more.

Meanwhile, friends running along after John, and trying in many ways to reach him, saw him bow forward, then sway sideways, and slip quite powerless from his seat on the canoe, into the water. He was never seen again alive.

The bodies were found next day, after much searching. The broken hearted sister, examining the clothing they wore, discovered in the breast pocket of John's coat a little packet wrapped in white paper, which when opened, revealed an old letter, ragged with much fingering, in the handwriting of her he had so bravely and quietly relinquished, a tress of soft hair stolen by himself when in a merry mood, years before, and a

little poem, cut from some paper, so closely describing the face of his love, that he had evidently appropriated it as a beautiful expression of the devotion which he could never speak with his own lips. His last words were the keynote of his life, "Don't mind me;" and after his death it might as truly be written of him as of some others better known, "Here lies one who conquered self, and accepted God's will in his life cheerfully—a true Hero.

M. D. C.

Woodstock, Ont.

SPRING.

Now snow and ice no more enthrall
The earth rejoicing to be free;
God pours on them the rays of Sol,
And sends them laughing to the sea.

Earth's bosom now, mightily stirred,
Begins to feel life's throb and bound;
God speaks the resurrecting word,
And bloom and beauty deck the ground.

And now the ploughman breaks the soil,
And fertilizing showers descend;
God speaks a promise for his toil,—
"Seed time and harvest to the end."

And lo! the birds with plumage fair,
And songs as sweet as e'er were sung;
God moves them by an instinct rare,
To woo and wed and rear their young.

D. M. Welton.

HIS LAST VISITOR.

Rap-a-tap-tap resounded through the hut
Where lived alone, his usefulness long past,
A faithful toiler, full of aches and years.
"Who's there a knockin' at this time o'day?
Come in!" the old man shouted from his bed,
And straightway to his side a stranger came.
"Good mornin' sir! sit yonder by the fire—
Though little heat there's in't, for you look cold;
I'd stir it lightly, but this arm is numb;
A shiver took me at the dead o' night
And left me a'most helpless as you see.
You're early at the road, and like myself
I daresay, will not yet ha' broken fast;
And little is there for a stranger's fare
On my poor shelf. Ah me! it's well she's gone,
My old, good-wife, that took such honest pride
In her home-cheer and in her kitchen skill;
She would ha' grieved so if she had been here
And seen the board so bare as 'tis to-day,—
The grate so empty, *and a stranger by,*
The boys must ha' forgot the coal was out—
Young folks are thoughtless: and I reckon now
I'm but a trouble and a burden too,
And often cross like sin' I lived alone.
So old and lame and poor and cross besides,
It's little wonder that they hate to come,
And leave their own firesides for likes o' me!
If *she'd* been here—but no, I'll not say that,
She's better there wi' Him and Dorothy—
Wee Dorothy, she hankered for so long.
Last night I fell asleep, and saw her smile
Just as she smiled nigh fifty years ago
When Dan'l, her first boy, lay on her arm,
And I had kissed her on her proud white face;
It seemed so real and nat'ral like to me,
I hardly think it could ha' been a dream;
I've heard they do come back and make a sign
When some one o' their kin has got to go.

"Don't think me bold, but gi' the fire a stir,
For your sake, sir, as well as for my own.
'Out! clean gone out!' say you? and I must go
Elsewhere with you? I'm but a homely man—
Rough mannered as you see, and ignorant,
I'd feel so awkward like 'mong better folks.
Cold though it be, I think I'd rather stay;
The boys 'll come, I daresay, by-and-by.
'*She's there*,' d'ye say—the one I saw last night?
Gi' me your hand; bless me, how cold you are!
Ah, there she is! who'd thought she was so near
The poor old hut I ha' but stepped outside.
Sarah, my own, my wife, your Joe has come!"

M. A. Maitland.

AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

III.

In this third article on the above subject, I shall deal more particularly with the students and their customs, than I have in either of my former articles. In doing this, I shall make only a passing reference to the two characteristics that distinguish German students from all others. Thanks to Mark Twain and his "Tramp Abroad," everybody knows that they have an enormous capacity for drinking beer, and a consuming passion for duelling. It is, therefore, as unnecessary as it would be impossible for me to add anything to the vivid picture given by the great humorist. The students are as thirsty as ever, and therefore, drink as copiously as when he was abroad; but I do not think they are so enthusiastic for the *Mensur*. Those who fight are, perhaps, not without a goodly portion of the old-timed ardency, but their number is gradually growing less. Duelling is as illegal in Germany as it is in Canada, but the authorities and police are not overstrict in carrying out the law. This is especially the case in the smaller cities, such as Halle, Heidelberg and Bonn, and in these duelling flourishes to a considerable extent. In Leipzig, however, the law is strictly enforced, and,

although a fairly large number of Leipzigers fight, they are obliged to go to Halle for their sport. The practice is dying out and now the large majority of the students see its absurdity and do not fight at all.

The omission of all but the barest reference to these two important features of German student life makes it necessary for me to treat of some of the minor details. These are, perhaps, not so well-known, and there may be, therefore, a gain in novelty. The first thing one notices in a foreign university is the dress and general appearance of the students. Generally speaking, German students do not dress so well as we do at home, nor with such taste. They wear a good deal of jewellery and seem to have a special liking for large rings on the forefinger of the right hand. Some of them are particularly uncouth in appearance and awkward in manner. Not handsome to begin with, their looks are not improved by the scars they have received in duels, nor by the two pair of glasses some of them are obliged to wear. The combination of scarred faces, long, badly-cut hair, ill-fitting clothes and massive rings, gives many of them a very common appearance. The table manners of some of them, especially the liberal use of the knife in place of the fork, are not exactly what Canadians are accustomed to. But I must not be understood as suggesting that all are like this in dress and manners. I mention it only because the number of such is so large that one cannot help remarking the fact.

But the most noticeable feature in their dress is the cap. This has a broad, flat top, a low crown and a very short peak. Each cap is of one distinctive colour, red, blue, white, purple or green as the case may be, but at the same time it generally has a combination of colors in a band around the crown. With every such cap goes a band of corresponding colour or colours; this is worn under the coat, across the breast and over one shoulder. These caps and bands relieve the general sombreness of their dress and give to a crowd of them gathered together a very striking and picturesque appearance.

The arrangement of the colours on any cap or band indicates the *Verein* or *Verbindung* to which the wearer belongs. The *Vereine* are what we call clubs, societies or associations and their number seems to be as the sands of the sea. The larger

and more important ones are somewhat like the Greek-letter fraternities of the American universities, while many of the others are not unlike the modern language, classical and scientific associations of our Canadian universities Some are close corporations, admitting within their select circle only those with a *von* to their name. Some once comprised only those from particular localities, from which they take their respective names; these have gradually widened the basis of membership so as to admit many others. Others, again, consist of those pursuing the same studies, and still others, there are, whose members devote their energies to some special movement, such, for instance, as the propagation of German sentiment abroad or the resistence of the incursions of the Jesuits at home. But the really interesting societies are those composed of congenial spirits who join together for pleasure and social purposes. Some of these are very large and have branches in several universities. Each one has its own *Lokal*, generally a restaurant, where its members meet to drink, to dine, to practise fencing and meet one another generally. There is a sort of mild Freemasonry among all the members of any one *Verbindung*, which binds them together in one common bond of sympathetic friendship. They hold an annual reunion of all the scattered members and in this way extend the range of their sympathies over a large area.

Altogether, it must be rather pleasant to belong to one of these social *Verbindungen*, because after all, one can be on intimate terms with only a comparatively small number of men at college, and by joining one of these a student obtains a select circle of intimates, with whom he may have close and pleasant intercourse. On the other hand they are not without their bad effects. They tend to prevent a hearty intercourse of the various sections of the student body, and in this respect they are one of the influences that work against a large *esprit de corps*. The comparative absence of this, or at least, of any notable manifestations of it, struck me very forcibly, especially when I remembered how characteristic it is of Canadian universities.

There are other influences, however, that contribute to this state of affairs. The large number of students, their comparative poverty, their age and the absence of means and opportunities of arousing the enthusiasm of the whole mass make against the

development of the sentiment. A good rousing football match would do a good deal towards awakening it, but such an occasion never has been and probably never will be. Athletic sports are almost entirely unknown. Duelling and fencing give exercise to quite a number; the remainder take their exercise in long walks, or at the public dances given in connection with many of the restaurants. They sing a great deal too at their *Kneipen*, and are good singers. Their songs are of a high class, many of them having been written by the great German poets. Patriotic songs, love songs and drinking songs are the most popular. The theatre is a favorite place of recreation. They are admitted at reduced rates to all parts of the house, and a certain number of reserved seats are on sale every morning at the University. Every student is supplied with a ticket* and this he must always carry with him. With this in his pocket he cannot be arrested by the city authorities, no matter in what disturbance he may be taken. All the policeman can do is to take the offender's name and address and then report him to the University authorities, who punish him with a fine or imprisonment in the University guard-room. There he may order what meals he desires and have his books, and many a festive student has done considerable work in prison.

One has but to learn to know German students to discover their many good qualities of mind and heart. Like the rest of their race they are very social and hospitable. They are easy of approach and very affable and when once you have been introduced, you are treated with much consideration. They have a fine and rare sense of courtesy, a trait of character which must appeal to every foreigner. When they meet a friend, whether lady or gentleman, they always lift their hats. Their manner of doing this is peculiar and worth seeing, but it can hardly be described. They are rather punctilious in regard to recognition on the street and any failure to bow is taken as a direct offence. Their mode of introduction is quite different from ours. When a friend presents you to a company of students, each one of them steps up in turn, lifts his hat and tells you his name, while you do likewise in return. Sometimes too, if there should be a real occasion for doing so, they introduce themselves. During my short stay in Leipzic I met a

*The *Erkennungskarte*, or certificate of immatriculation:—Ed.

large number of students and I can honestly say that I have never met with any students more sociable and friendly than they were.

They are splendid workers too. Of course there is a fast set in every university in Germany as in most of the large universities of England and America, but on the whole, German students are good steady workers. They are on the average older than Canadian students. The first semester is a pretty easy one with even the hardest workers. They have just been released from the very strict discipline of the *Gymnasium*, and consequently they go in for pleasure during the first semester. Every student must attend lectures during six semesters, but these need not be in succession nor at the same university. Few students take their degree without having attended lectures at two or more universities. To take a doctor's degree one must take one major and two minor subjects. An original thesis on some subject connected with the major is required, and oral examinations on both the major and minor are required.

When a German student makes up his mind to work he really works well. He has had a thorough training in the classics at the *Gymnasium*, or in science, or modern languages at the *Realschule*, and when he comes to the university he is prepared to deal with general principles rather than with the mere rudiments. His aim is to do independent and original work, something that nobody else has done before. He chooses the line of work he shall pursue, and then with a systematic and serious earnestness he makes every portion of his work contribute to the one end he has in view. He plods and gropes, and struggles with painstaking assiduity, until finally he is rewarded by the attainment of something really substantial. Such a plan of working has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. It makes him independent of others, and careful; it makes him able to strike out into new and untrodden paths, and to follow them up; in a word, it gives him a severe and useful mental training, such as few other students enjoy. But it is special, rather than general, analytic, rather that synthetic, and fails, in some respects at least, to give that broad and generous culture, that "acquaintance with the best that has been taught and said in the world," that marks the educated and cultured gentleman.

And now a word in closing this series of articles. I trust

that those who have read them will bear in mind the limitations under which I have written. My acquaintance with German universities was made in only one semester at the University of Leipzic, and it would, therefore, be presumption on my part, to suppose that I have in that time been able to form final and correct opinions. But, my facts will be found not far from the truth, for most of them have been gleaned from conversation with student friends. Of these friends I have many pleasant memories and I shall look forward to the time when I shall see old Germany again. I would strongly advise Canadian students to go to Germany after graduating, and I feel sure that if they do, they will return with equally pleasant recollections of that romantic old land.

W. S. W. McLay.

London, Eng., Feb. 17th, 1894.

THE SILENT MINISTRY.

What are the lessons you teach me, Oh ! blossoms of beauty,
Exquisite color and faultless proportion combined ?
Living and fragrant, you teach of a hallowing duty,
Mission of mercy and office of love to mankind.

Water'd by rains that are sent in the night-time from heaven,
Growing in thankfulness, lifting your faces above,
Telling of dark and insoluble mysteries, God-given,—
Storm-clouds, encircled by rainbows of infinite love !

Water'd by rains thus to teach that before all the ages
God knew the lesson His children forever must learn,
Wrote it in letters of gold on the world's open pages,—
Growth in a grief-cloud, and sunshine and shadow in turn.

Coming from hands that are busy throughout the long daytime,
Stopping to gather, withal, leaf and flower so sweet;
Bidding me know for each year there's a flowering maytime,
Balm for each pain, for each highway a shady retreat.

Coming to cover an hour that is stripp'd of its beauty,
Wak'ning a song when all music has died at its birth,
Whisp'ring of halos surrounding a common-place duty,—
Pansies, in fragrant perfection, spring forth from the earth.

Eva Rose York.

JESUS CHRIST—THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS.

"All things were made by Him ; and without Him
There was not anything that was made. Made!"
"All things created were by Him, that are
In heaven or in the earth, invisible
Or visible, whether or thrones they be,
Dominions, principalities or powers,
All were by Him created, and for Him,
And in Him all consist!"

JOHN i: COL. i: 1-3.

O highest joy,
To know that the same hand that formed the sky,
And sowed the fields of space with countless suns
Innumerous as the forest leaves in June,—
That poured the torrents forth, and forged the chains
That bind the unquiet billows to their place,—
That sunk the deep foundations of the hills,
And scooped the sunless caverns far below,—
That bade the mountains rise 'till their white crests
Bask in the sun-rays far above the clouds,
And sleep in the pure azure of His heavens,—
That clothed the forest-depths in vernal green,
And made them vocal with unfailing song,—
That peopled all the floods,—that bade the air
Swarm and o'erflow with countless winged things,
And filled each transient life with wond'rous bliss,—
That made the very dust of earth alive,
And gave each meek created thing a joy
Peculiarly its own,—the gentle hand
That formed and fashioned every flower that blooms,
With skill so perfect that our baffled sense
Fails to discern the millionth part of all
The subtle grace of structure and design,
E'en of the commonest we daily tread
Beneath our careless feet,—the patient hand
That painted every petal till the shades,

The lines, the tracery, the mingled hues,
Blended and intermixed, confuse our sense,
And make us long to see as spirits see,—
The hand of subtlest skill, that gifted each
With power from crude and common earth to draw—
Or from its vital substance to evolve—
Its own peculiar odor, till each cup
Fills and o'erflows with fragrance, and the air
Gathers and wafts the perfume of its breath
O'r all the vales,—joy, full of quick tears, indeed,
Yet *highest joy* to know that sacred hand
Is HIS that men, in after ages, nailed
To Calvary's cross—*hand of the blessed Christ!*

Student of Nature, thou, whose patient quest
Is to explore th' illimitable fields
Of Knowledge that are richly spread
Before thee and around thee,—thou, whose eye
Has been refined to see the wond'rous wealth
Of beauty and of grandeur with which HE
Has clothed His fair creation,—hast thou thought
Whose hand hath made it all ?—All the rich tints
That flood the glowing sky when Morning rides
In peerless beauty up the kindling East ?—
All richer dyes that lavish Evening pours
Along the pathway of the regal sun
What time, in cloud-pavilioned majesty, he seeks
The chambers of the West ?—that decks the Earth
In summer robes of bloom ?—that strews the sands
Of Ocean's sunless floor with countless forms
Of unimagined beauty ?—lighted up
Earth's gloomy caverns with unnumbered gems ?—
With countless starry crystals clothed the sides
Of rocky amphitheatres deep sunk
'Neath verdure-mantled hills or mountains old ?—
Hast thought it was THE CHRIST who made them all ?—
That "ALL was made by HIM, and without HIM,
There was not *any thing* that was made, made" ?

P. S. V. YULE.

Students' Quarter.

THE TWO LOVES.

TRIOLET.

How pretty she looks,
But then,—how provoking!
A checkmate, odds zooks!
How pretty she looks,—
Oh, where were my rooks?
'Tis too painful for joking,—
How pretty she looks,
But then,—how provoking!

G. H. C.

THE PLEASURES OF IGNORANCE.

"Yes," said my friend, "I endorse those words—'Wisdom is the first thing, therefore, get wisdom.' This life is a disappointing affair, I think. One gets knocked round considerably, even in polite society. It is small work living for society, anyway. Social duties pall. We cannot turn to the accumulation of wealth, it is not proper—for women! The public platform's clarion call does not appeal to me as it would seem to appeal to some of the gentler sex. But"—throwing herself back in the hammock—"there is one thing left. As Uncle Glegg was wont to say,

> When land is gone and money spent,
> Then learning is most excellent.

I can learn—the pleasures of knowledge must be limitless. Books I have and Nature, and my fellowmen. What more do I need or want? I long to know everything, and I mean to know something. Give me to eat of the Tree of Knowledge."

There was silence—for a moment. My respect for my friend and for her judgment was great, my belief in her determined pursuit of desired ends, greater, but I too had opinions on that subject, and womanlike, I must air them.

"It seems to me," I murmured, gazing away from those challenging eyes, "It seems to me I wouldn't be rash. Discretion *is* the better part of valor, and sometimes 'Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.' There are pleasures of ignorance as well as pleasures of knowledge.

"Now, when I was a child I loved flowers passionately, they were alive to me, each distinct in its individuality. The violet, so shy that I must search for it, possessed a personality quite as strong as that of Mrs. Smith next door, and its perfume was as intelligible a message to my understanding as her 'Howdy.'

"Sweet peas were literally dainty sweet souls on tiptoe for a flight, and I thought they leaned in delicate disgust from the flaunting peonies pressing so close beside them, while the relative merits of a rose and a poppy as fairy palaces was a question not to be decided without mature deliberation. But I must learn botany. After that to pick a flower was to pluck to pieces the beauty before me, automatically examining not a daisy or a buttercup, but petals, stamens, anthers, and all the hideous machinery of my disenchantment. But that stage soon passed. Botany, I found, was more easily forgotten than learned, and now once more, I love the flowers, even if I do not know to which of the one hundred and one families they belong. I know they are like glimpses of Heaven in their beauty, I know that it is a liberal education to live among them. Should this not content me?

"And what botany is to flowers, phrenology is to man. An amateur phrenologist at large is an unmitigated bore. You pass an hour in his company, and you must be as brazen as himself to pass through the ordeal with dignity. Tropic suns are nothing to the intensity of his gaze as he levels it on your devoted head. Let me study my fellowmen as I do my flowers. Charts of their heads will not help me. A bump of reverence may be overwhelming in its proportions, but it cannot excite my admiration and esteem unless I *see* its owner reverence the good and pure, and if I do not see him do this, can I form any more just estimate of him by feeling that protuberance? Let me move among men as I move among flowers, let me see them in the light and in the shadow, in the heat of noontide, in the frosts of autumn. There may be decay at the heart, there may be poisonous growth at the root, or the fragrance of good deeds

may accompany them, and uprightness may lift them above their fellows. No botanist's manual or phrenologist's chart can tell me this: take you your books, give me eyes, brains, and I pray you, a wealth of sympathy, and I will find my pleasures in ignorance.

"But do not think I care to know everything about my neighbors. It will not help me to appreciate the beauty of a flower, to analyse chemically the soil it springs from. Enough for me that I see the flower, and feel that it is good. Nor dare I pry too curiously into the evil of the world. I can learn enough about the night-shade to avoid it without stirring the earth at its roots. I can learn to shun the villain without delving into the dirt and degradation which nurtured him. The inner life of my neighbors I have no business to meddle with, my own little frivolities and makeshifts are enough to hide, my own bitternesses need carrying, let me give my fellow-being a chance to cover, as best he may, the skeleton in his home.

"As for my friend, my 'next of friendship,' his heart life is sacred to me. Faults we have, the best of us, and our friend's faults we love, his very frailties make him lovable. As far as he wills to open the book of his life, I am honored in reading, but I will not force the clasp, and if I expose, even to his loving gaze, the inmost thoughts and mysteries of my own life, of what use am I to him hereafter? I am an empty husk. To fathom our friend is to cease to love him, there must be depths just hinted at, there must be mystery to be fascination.

"And even as I dare not lift the veil of the Shekinah of my friend's heart, so too that other veil which shrouds my future. Here, also, I would be ignorant. How could I be happy else? If joy lit up my future path, how feverishly would I press on; if glooms and mists hung heavy there, all present usefulness were lost in morbid contemplation of a coming pain. I would rather live in to-day. 'Tis easier so. Ah! my friend, there are pleasures of ignorance. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and much learning is a weariness to the flesh."

I stopped, I had not before noticed the long silence of my friend. It startled me now that I thought of it. I looked at her. She was asleep.

Moulton College. "O."

CAUSES OF THE PRESENT BUSINESS DEPRESSION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The panic of 1893 will long be remembered, not alone for its severity, but also for the many peculiar features connected with it. Perhaps the most marked of these was the condition of the industrial market prior to, and during the financial crisis. The course of events preceding all former panics, has been so unvarying, especially as regards the industrial market, as almost to warrant for it the assumption of procedure according to law. In almost every known case, the condition of trade, immediately preceding, has been one of extreme expansion. The recent crisis, on the contrary, was characterized by a reduction of the stocks on hand, and this in nearly every branch of industry, the like of which is unprecedented in the commercial history of the United States. Again, recovery from former panics has been retarded by the necessarily prolonged and difficult liquidation of over-expanded stocks, for which the demand had suddenly disappeared ; while the contraction during the recent crisis was so great as to compel renewed activity, on the very first signs of returning confidence, in order to satisfy even the ordinary needs of life. To arrive, therefore, at any thorough understanding of the present depression, differing so essentially, as it does, from all former records, it will not suffice merely to point out its immediate cause. Such a treatment by isolating the single phenomenon would not only lead to an exaggerated idea of its importance, but would leave altogether out of sight those circumstances which were accountable for its peculiar features. So while none would hesitate to name the Sherman Silver Act as the immediate cause, it will first be necessary to consider the surrounding conditions, including some of the most prominent features of national life, under which the Sherman Bill became law.

The first characteristic of the nation to which attention is called is that of extravagance. This indeed may be held by some to be merely incidental to the present depression, and altogether unworthy of consideration in this connection. But having been assigned a chief place among the causes, by one of

America's greatest business men, it at least deserves some notice. The reason for this extravagance is not far to seek. Easy come, easy go, is the sentiment expressed by an old proverb, which finds apt illustration among the people of the United States, where fortunes have been made in a day. Especially is this true in the Western States; there settlement has been of recent years, and towns, and even cities have sprung up with marvelous rapidity. In older countries where fortunes have been slowly accumulating for generations past, money is held on to with a tenacity that finds little sympathy on this continent. It is but reasonable to conclude therefore that, had there been less extravagance during the past few years, the crisis, while not being altogether averted, would, at least, have been less severely felt. Apart, moreover, from the expenditure of money in personal gratification, extravagance deserves mention as being the first step towards rousing the universal passion of man for speculation.

It will not do, however, to denounce speculation without distinction. All business transactions are more or less speculative—nay, speculation is the very life of industry and is necessary to all progress. It is the lack of this feature, namely, want of courage to discount the future, that retards recovery after panic. In what way then, it may be asked, has speculation operated to bring about the present state of things?

In answering this question it will be needful to recognize four classes of speculators. First, there is the experienced and well-informed man, who, acting in either a private capacity or as the representative of some moneyed organization, is ready to invest wherever there is promise of a fair return: demanding only a reasonable security; being able to hold or dispose of his shares, as may seem best, at any particular time. It is this class that is so essential to all commercial and industrial enterprise. Next there is the well-to-do individual who is content with a comparatively small return provided the security be first-class and of a permanent character. Then there is the professional speculator, a man not necessarily of any capital, who buys and sells on margin only, and who takes advantage of the sudden and constant fluctuations of the market, to the serious discomfort, if not ruin, of a very large class of inexperienced, and so far as securities are concerned, densely ignorant investors. These last

named form the fourth class, and it is they who are responsible for a large part of the present trouble. But for them, many of the over capitalized and loosely organized industrial combinations could never have existed. In spite of the warning on the part of the best informed, that high dividends on watered industrial stock could only be paid by over-production, these speculations have been largely entered into by the American public. One would have thought that the result of similar investments in brewery companies and incorporated trading concerns, for whose shares, doubled, and in some cases quadrupled over normal capitalization, the English scrambled so wildly in 1888 and 1889, and which culminated so disastrously in the Baring panic, would have taught those on this continent to be more chary of such. What does the average investor know, to take one out of many instances, regarding the actual business of the "Sugar" combination? He does not even stop to think that it is capitalized on the basis of extravagant prices paid for rival refineries, and that they did a profitable business on a capitalization amounting, in the aggregate, to a sum vastly below that represented in combination. For the uninformed to dabble in such concerns, is nothing but the sheerest folly.

But money was plentiful, loans were easily secured; on a few hundred dollars a man found no difficulty in borrowing as many thousands, and as a consequence, all manner of wild speculation was entered into, which only awaited an adverse tide of business to result in greatest calamity. Thus the tendency of the people to extravagance and speculation were alone sufficient to produce a very unhealthy state of things. But, bad as it was, it was made still worse by the tariff policy of the Government; a policy which, however necessary in the earlier stages of the country's development, has long since ceased to be so.

Many plausible arguments have been advanced in the endeavor to show that the excessive duties of the last twenty or thirty years, were in no way responsible for the financial crisis of last summer, which, it is maintained, was solely due to anticipation of tariff reform. Very little thought, however, is required to show that, while the prevailing policy of the last few years *was* so responsible, anticipation of such reform, far from being a cause of the crisis, rather tended to lessen its severity.

In regard to the first proposition, that the fiscal policy of the last thirty years or so was a cause of the depression, perhaps a better statement would be, the fiscal policy of the last ten or fifteen years; for, while not differing essentially from that of the previous fifteen, there was not, as has already been stated, the same need for it. He who uses a crutch when lame is a wise man, but the continued use of such after all lameness has vanished, is greatest foolishness. Had the tariff been modified during recent years, even to the limited extent proposed by the bill now before the House, which largely provides for the free importation of raw material, manufacturers would not have been so entirely dependent on their own country as a market for their produce. Even with the present high duties, which necessarily increase the cost of all productions to an enormous extent, American manufacturers are able to compete, and that successfully, in the European markets; for example:—Mr. Johann Faber, of Nuremberg, speaking of the difficulties which he is encountering in his European trade through the underselling of American lead-pencil manufacturers, says:—"England is flooded with cheap American pencils, to such an extent, that my product has no chance for a sale." Now American cedar pencils are sold in England for about 66c. a gross; a price which the Germans cannot touch. This does not look as if protection were needed in this line at least. What are the facts? The duty imposed by the American Government on lead pencils is 50c. a gross, or 30 per cent. *ad valorem*, which amounts to about 130 per cent. of so called indispensible protection. With these facts in mind, is it too much to say that, had the duties, especially on raw material, been gradually removed during the last ten or fifteen years, no matter how severe the depression in the United States, there would have been no need for the wholesale closing down of mills and factories as was the case last summer? In other words, had manufacturers received their raw material free of duty, they would long ere this have been able to compete with England in most of her chief industries; markets would have been established all over the world; the balance of trade would have been enormously in favor of the States, and a gold famine rendered impossible.

The truth of the second proposition, that anticipation of

tariff reform lessened the severity of the crisis, is at once obvious when it is remembered that never in the commercial history of the United States were markets in such a healthy condition, so far at least as clean and light stocks were concerned, as immediately previous to the panic. The testimony of men at the head of large wholesale and jobbing houses was universal in this regard. One man at the head of a large dry-goods house writes: "I have never known stocks as small as at present; they are so low, that if there were to be anything like a sharp demand, there would at once be a marked advance in prices; this is true, not alone of stocks in the hands of the wholesalers, but also of those in the hands of manufacturers. From the information I have, I am inclined to think that never before have the manufacturers carried so small a stock." Thus, even before the silver question had begun to assume any very serious proportions, in the minds of the people at any rate, preparations were being made for a change of tariff, which by reducing all classes of stocks that were at all likely to be affected, unintentional though it was, tended to lessen the damaging influence of the crisis.

But, while all this is true, a financial crisis having taken place, anticipation of tariff reform certainly aggravated the situation. Since, had it not been for expected changes in the customs duties, business would before now have shown more definite signs of revival. As it is, however, no wholesaler is going to place any large orders, with the certainty of falling prices consequent on the removal of high duties from raw material. There is, therefore, no great demand being made on the manufacturer. The result is that he proceeds cautiously, on the hand to mouth principle, making no larger investments in raw material than are requisite for present purposes. The whole country is in a state of waiting and doubt concerning the future. The wheels of commerce are clogged, and must so remain till this question of tariff is settled. If the evil effects of this waiting could be confined to the owners of mills, factories and other large business concerns, the distress would be comparatively small; but, unfortunately, this enforced idleness on their part throws out of employment thousands of men and women, and thus takes from them their only means of earning a living.

A few figures will help to make the situation more intelligible. Owing to the commercial depression in 1884, three hundred and fifty thousand employees were thrown out of work, but the partial stoppage in industrial and commercial enterprises, during the recent crisis, threw out, according to Bradstreet's estimate, no fewer than from seven to nine hundred thousand wage-earners. The improvement during the last few months has been so slight that it is very doubtful if any large number of these have yet found employment. Indeed, judging from the state of things in Chicago and other large cities, it would not be surprising to learn that this number had been increased rather than diminished. Let it be clearly understood then, that anticipation of tariff reform was not a cause of the recent crisis, and whatever effect such anticipation is now exerting on trade it, is largely due to the financial breakdown, apart from which little or no trouble would have been occasioned by it. Everywhere it was tacitly admitted that a revision of the tariff was unavoidable, and that the short-sighted policy which had characterized the government for so many years must give place to broader and sounder views. How politicians like McKinley succeeded for so long a time in persuading both themselves and their constituencies, that it is the foreigner who really pays the increase of price made necessary by high protective duties, and not they themselves, is a mystery. How much of this was genuine ignorance and how much wilful self-delusion, in order to promote private enterprises, is a matter of comparatively small concern and does not alter the result which has been most disastrous. But even such conduct pales before the down-right trickery of those who, in the few years previous to the last general election, did not scruple to employ the most questionable means to further the interests of their protective policy.

It will be remembered that, previous to 1890, the treasury was literally rolling in wealth. The revenue exceeded the expenditure by at least one hundred millions of dollars a year, and the great problem was, how wisely to expend this surplus, in order to avoid the too large accumulation of money in the hands of the government. This state of things was, of course, very disadvantageous for those advocating a high tariff policy; so long as there was a super-abundance of revenue, there was

always the possibility that it might be used to effect large reductions in the customs duties; while all agitation for still higher tariff as a means of further revenue was of course quite out of the question. In view of this, the Protectionists deliberately set themselves to devise some means whereby the surplus revenue might be reduced.

Their first step in this direction was the altogether unnecessary payment during the year ending June 30th, 1891, of over $21,000,000, solely for the privilege of paying off National loans before they had reached maturity. But the chief instrument in their hands, for the effecting of this reduction, was the enormous increase made in the Pension roll. The following figures given in round numbers will show how completely successful were their efforts:

Year Ending. June 30th.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Surplus.
1888	$379,000,000	$269,000,000	$119,000,000
1889	$387,000,000	$282,000,000	$105,000,000
1890	$427,000,000	$297,000,000	$130,000,000

But in the following year this magnificent surplus is made to give place to one not exceeding the comparatively small sum of $37,000,000. By June, 1892, it was reduced to $10,000,000 and by June, 1893, it had fallen as low as $1,000,000. Now it must not be supposed that these diminished surpluses were due to a corresponding diminution in revenue; for while it is true that the revenue for the year ending June 30th, 1893, did not amount to more than $385,000,000 as against $387,000,000 in 1889, a reduction of two millions, the surplus during these same years showed a falling off of about $104,000,000; and had the Secretary of the Treasury complied with the provisions of the Act of 1862, which calls for nearly $50,000,000 to be set aside for the reduction of debt, this meagre balance of $1,000,000 in 1893, would have been turned into a very serious deficit. Thus it was only by suspending the sinking fund, and that without any legislative authority, that the Treasurer was able to make both ends meet. In three years, therefore, the Treasury was practically reduced from a possible balance of $130,000,000 to a deficit of over $40,000,000.

Such in brief has been the course of events, which produced

those conditions under which the Sherman Act was enabled to bring about such widespread panic and disaster. In the light of these facts the wonder is not that one act in so short a time could prove so ruinous, but that the result produced was not far worse. The gun was already loaded with the most deadly explosives, it awaited only the application of the electric spark to produce the wildest confusion in the ranks of finance and commerce. That spark was found in the passing of the Sherman Bill.

The question naturally arises as to the origin of this Bill. More money! more money! was the cry being raised by the public generally; raised it is true at the instigation of a few self-interested and unprincipled politicians, who, taking advantage of the almost universal ignorance that existed among the great mass of the people in regard to monetary affairs, succeeded in persuading them, that all that was needed to make people happy and contented was the distribution by Government of more money, no matter how obtained. This was to be the panacea for all their ills. The clamor became so great that a bill was introduced providing for the free coinage of silver. This measure, however, met with such strong opposition that a compromise was resorted to, resulting in the passing of the Sherman Bill, July 14th, 1890, by which the Treasury was required to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion monthly. It is clear that this Bill became law through a false view regarding the needs of the country; for we find that in October, 1893 when the outstanding currency had been increased by over $200,000,000, making the amount per capita larger than ever before, the distress of the people was greatest.

The immediate effect of this Act was to check the inflow of foreign capital, which up to this time had been increasingly large, the stream being diverted to the Argentine Republic, South America and Australia. In this last named country it is said that four millions of people were able to borrow about $2,000,000,000. These investments turned out utter failures and brought about the downfall of Baring Bros., one of the oldest and greatest of European Banking Houses.

While from the first European capitalists had doubted the wisdom of the financial policy of the United States, they had

not as yet withdrawn to any large extent the capital already invested. But now, taught by the Baring Bros'. failure, foreign investors became more uneasy. The policy of the United States was subjected to closer scrutiny, and as a consequence all confidence in American securities was lost. Slowly but surely foreign capital was withdrawn. The volume of gold exports gradually increased, until in one week, ending March 4th, 1892, they reached the unusual figure of $5,000,000. Had it not been for the very abundant harvest of that summer, which threw the balance of trade largely in favor of the States, the financial crisis would have burst upon the country that autumn. With favourable crops, however, the money market became easier, and what was in reality only a temporary improvement was looked upon by the nation as the beginning of a new era of prosperity. But foreign investors continued to withdraw their capital, and for the week ending December 17th, 1892, another unusually large shipment of gold, amounting to $4,500,000, was made to Europe. Still with very few exceptions, the faith of the American people in their currency remained unshaken. Indeed such was their confidence that in the face of the continual drain made on the gold reserve, some of the most prominent business men declared their belief that the United States would yet be able to force a silver currency on the world. But such confidence only served to postpone and aggravate the crisis.

The immediate cause of the financial breakdown was due, therefore, to the distrust of foreigners, and not as some would argue, to distrust on the part of citizens of the United States. When however the continued withdrawal of foreign capital led to the breaking, on May 3rd, 1893, of the $100,000,000 gold reserve, then ensued a general panic. Those who up to this time had had perfect confidence in their currency began to take in the seriousness of the situation, although this occurrence had made no material difference. It is true that the reserve had been broken prior to this on April 20th, but it was only a momentary affair, and the close of the same day saw it restored and $700,000 of free gold acquired, as against only $40,500 when the day began. This only served therefore to give the people more confidence in the elasticity of the Treasury. But

the amount withdrawn on May 3rd was not so replaced; things grew daily worse, and the Reserve was still further depleted. To see the gold thus melting away before their eyes was more than men could stand, an unknown fear took possession of them and a wild rush was made on Banks and Banking institutions; so that between May 4th and July 12th the unparalleled amount of nearly $200,000,000 was drawn from National Banks alone. By October 3rd the amount withdrawn reached nearly $400,000,000. Adding to this the sums drawn from other Banking institutions, it is estimated that the amount would not be far short of $500,000,000. In order to meet this drain, the Banks were forced to call in their loans, which they did to the extent of $318,000,000. Is it any wonder that such stringency, following as it did upon great ease of the money market, resulted in a general collapse? Failure succeeded failure, crash followed crash, with scarcely any intermission. Business was brought to a sudden standstill and commercial credit was a thing of the past.

There is not the slightest doubt that much of the trouble might have been averted had it not been for the panicky element that was so very conspicuous during the height of the crisis. As an illustration of the entirely psychological nature of this element, it is interesting to note that, after confidence had been partially restored, the gold reserve fell lower than at any time during the actual crisis, without producing the slightest ripple of emotion, beyond the casual remark of the news-reader. Another instance of a similar character is afforded by the fact that, so persuaded were the people that the Sherman Act was the sole cause of business depression, and so confident were they that with its repeal business would resume its usual volume, that no sooner was repeal announced, than business in response to their belief began to show marked signs of returning life. This better feeling as might be expected did not last long, for while the immediate cause of the financial crisis was removed, the blow had been too severe to allow of any real improvement.

With the repeal of the Sherman Act, however, hope once more shines over the future of the United States. The darkness has lasted so long that it is at first difficult to recognize the light. Silver no longer a troublesome sister has become an

inconvenient ghost. Once more the financial policy will be placed on a sound footing. Some indeed doubt the reality of the change; many are holding aloof, waiting for further developments; but be this as it may, the change is real and the outlook for America's prosperity is undoubtedly brighter than at any time since the Civil War.

W. W. McMaster.

January, 1894.

THE WATER LILY AND THE STARS.

From the deep black mire of the river's bed
A lily raised its radiant head,
And gazed, with a wistful, wondering eye,
At the twinkling gems in the far-off sky.

And the stars, from their ebon throne, looked down
With never an envious eye or frown,
Each loved the other, and each admired:
For with beauty and grace were both attired.

The spotless drape of an angel's gown,
And the gleaming gold of Jehovah's throne,
Together, a glowing radiance shed
From the humble flower in the river's bed.

For the lily's glossy, silken fold,
With brow of crystal and heart of gold,
Is the work of the same strong, generous hand
As the gems in the vault of the glory-land.

In the flower of the field, in the bow in the cloud,
In the swaddling robe, in the sleeper's shroud,
There are silent deeps where no foot hath trod,
That may only be known in the Light of God.

O. G. Langford.

A PLEA FOR COWPER.

"Poetry is degraded and made ornamental. Pope and his school wrote poetry fit to put round frosted cake . . . . How many volumes of well-bred metre must we jingle through before we can be filled, taught, renewed. . . . If I should count the poets who have contributed to the Bible of existing England, sentences of guidance and consolation which are still glowing and effective —how few! Shall I find my heavenly bread in the reigning poets? Where is great design in modern English poetry? The English have lost sight of the fact that poetry exists to speak the spiritual law . . . . The Greek artists considered it their office to lead to the divine sources. . . . . The best office of the best poets has been to show how low and uninspired was their general style, and that only once or twice they have struck the high chord."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"The Englishman's mind must stand on a fact. He will not be baffled or catch at clouds, but the mind must have a symbol palpable and resisting. . . . Poetry is inspired common sense."—R. W. E.

The writer has been wont to think the poet Cowper has not been accorded either by the critics or by the literary public the place to which his genius entitles him. What the great majority have decided upon must generally be accepted as a settled problem, but the judgment of the majority is not always infallible as the frequent fluctuations of public opinion tend to show.

It must be granted at the outset that Cowper is not in any sense a great poet of the imagination. Wordsworth and Byron easily surpass him in this particular, to say nothing of Shelley or Keats. Lofty flights of imagination, those wild pictures of airy fancy which in dim and indistinct sketches are outlined upon every page of Shelley and Keats, may be wholly wanting in Cowper's work, but must we on this account alone give to them first place and mark Cowper wanting in the true poetic sense? Is there no true poetry without wild, hyperbolic fancy; boundless, formless, aimless, untangible, inconceivable? Must the imagination lead us out into the impossible depths of sky blue or ocean green, where man never trod and where even conception finds difficult passage. Lofty, sublime, transcendant, even divine are the epithets so frequently applied to the productions of those great geniuses, while the lines of truth have been overstepped at every bound, and nature has been distorted, even tortured, as she has been represented by a thousand mystic fancies to which no one can legitimately conceive any likeness. It is said that this is great art,—great because it rides wildly over every fixed or fixable bound, leaving every realm of possibility, known or unknown far in the back ground.

What is art? Is it creation, invention or imitation? Many will readily answer it is invention. Then the classic Greek artists were not artists at all, for they were content with imitation, ever striving to reach a perfect model of nature. What is it that constitutes the crowning glory of a portrait or landscape, its truth or its fiction? a complete representation of the original or a hyperbolic caricature in a thousand unnatural tints which no man ever saw in nature? Who has not been shocked, disgusted, by the cheap oleographs seen in the shop windows gotten up to tickle the fancy of the vulgar? Pictures indeed! utterly unworthy of the name, and yet there are people who admire them and who regard them as splendid specimens of art. Now, which is the true artist, the one who imitates nature faithfully, honestly and modestly keeping within the realms of imitation of the great Creator's work, or the too bold and over-fanciful inventor who, by usurping the place of the Infinite, seeks to become the architect of the Creator?

Coming more particularly to a consideration of Cowper's genius we gladly admit there is none of this wild and boundless enthusiasm, but in place of it a gentle sweetness, a quiet modesty, a deep and reverent regard for truth, a faithful and beautiful portrayal of the works of God. To Cowper God has made everything, and therefore it is "very good;" it is enough for him to say his humble word of praise and rest content. He saw—

> "Not a flower
> But shows some touch in freckle, streak or stain
> Of *His* unrivalled pencil."

> "His presence, who made all so fair, perceived
> Makes all still fairer. As with Him no scene
> Is dreary, so with Him all seasons please."

To Cowper,

> "Nature is but a name for an effect,
> Whose cause is God,"

and he could rest content to draw aside the curtain and show his friends a glimpse of the Great Artist hiding Himself gracefully meanwhile as unworthy of special attention. Surely this is worthy art indeed!

But why has not this sweet, gentle, true, holy genius been given the place it deserves? Is it because his master was not

honored among men? Then there need be no further wonder. The sober garb of the Puritan will not add much to the popularity of men to-day, and still less in Cowper's day. The fact that he was a Christian and was not afraid to own it, is sufficient reason for him to be left out of the reckoning by many of the critics, while Shelley who wrote and boasted of atheism, and Keats not less an unbeliever, are lauded to the skies. But the best has yet to be said. Judged by any lawful standard where shall be the place of the author of

"O for a closer walk with God."
"Sometimes a light surprises."
"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord."
"God moves in a mysterious way."
"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Let the multitude answer, let the redeemed hosts of heaven echo their Amen, as we say greater than Shelley or Keats, greater than Wordsworth or Tennyson, greater than even Shakespeare himself, is he who dares to say, "I am God's child, my genius, my tongue, my pen, are His."

"One spirit, His
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows
Rules universal nature."

Much more might be said, but we have said enough. His broad democratic spirit in the midst of red-hot conservatism, the deep wellspring of love to suffering and oppressed men, a heart that beat true and loyal to the Christ of Nazareth, and withal a genius that no one seriously questions, place Cowper where no modern poet stands—beside the Great King. And is this the reason that Cowper is unnoticed? We think so. Frances Ridley Havergal furnishes another example of the same thing. Some of her poems we make bold to say are equal to the best strains of Milton, but because they are the echo of the Christ life and are the simple and beautiful statements of one who said,—

"Take my voice and let me sing
Always only for my King,"

she has been accounted unworthy of criticism and passed by in silence. Let but an atheist, skeptic or infidel produce rhyme, good, bad or indifferent, and it is at once brought out and given

fair field and sometimes unfair favor, while the poet who is the devoted servant of the Christ may look for and wait for his reward in the Bright Realm.

We utter no complaint. It is well. But we quietly call attention to the fact that the follower of the Crucified is no less subjected to invidious comparison now than in the dim days of the past. First decide that a man is a Christian and that he writes as a Christian and it is enough to bring out the severest castigation of the critics, if indeed the critics can be induced to notice his work, but say that the writer is an infidel and it is so much recommendation. The poets themselves are not unworthy of blame in this matter; Wordsworth was a Christian but he scarcely dared to say so, Tennyson has hinted and whispered in an almost imperceptible manner his devotion to the Pilot he hoped to see face to face. Even Shakespeare leaves us in doubt as to his conversion. An abnormal craving for indulgence in fanciful nonsense; indescribably dim, shadowy, vapoury, misty, taking the place of the Divinely inspired Record of the supernatural, leads men to applaud and magnify the invention of men and detracts from the glory that belongs to the Great Eternal. When poets begin to lose themselves in the glory of Him who is worthy of all the praise they will be worthy men, good and true, and then will Cowper come to be regarded as a prince among the poets.

Cowper is sweet, true, tender and faithful. He leads one lovingly through nature up to nature's God and leaves no one in doubt as to his heart's conviction. He

> "Lived to bless his fellowmen
> And glorify his God."

O that all poets might find satisfaction in thus dedicating this sublime talent, this highest of all powers to the service of Him who inspired the first poetry and to whose praise the last songs of the ages shall be sung.

O. N. E.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our halls are well-nigh deserted, the long rows of bicycles that so long were wont to grace the grand entrance have disappeared, some indeed, mysteriously, but only *ad majorem gloriam* of the Toronto detective service. The students have gone to enjoy their well-earned rest. Many of them have left deep and lasting marks behind, foot-prints to guide to higher things aspiring freshmen of future years. Many, we trust, will return to make their "*bismarcks*" in our college life. May they have a happy and useful vacation, and may we all be spared to meet again for renewed work and honor in the autumn.

The final examinations in Arts and Theology of McMaster University for 1894 are over, and the results have been given to the public. On the whole they are eminently satisfactory; the students have given evidence of faithful and successful work performed during the year. The graduating classes have more than realized the high expectations of their professors, and many and handsome have been the words of encomium sent in by the associate examiners. Especially gratifying were the kind and eloquent words of Dr. McLellan at the graduating exercises on Thursday evening, in regard to the subject of education. The papers read by him were among the few delightful experiences of examinations. Many of them could appear without the change of a word as contributions to any journal of education. Similar praise has been given to some of the papers in Philosophy and English, while the essays read publicly on Tuesday evening, 1st inst., were all excellent and well received by the audience. That of Mr. Geo. Cross, B.A., on "Jesus' Thought of Himself," was listened to with most profound attention, and greeted with marks of special approbation. More than one pastor of long experience declared it was the finest production of the kind he had ever heard.

In the future history of McMaster University, the year 1894 will be memorable as the year of the graduation of its first-class in Arts. It promises much for the future of the University that this class should be so large, and that it should be composed of the kind of men (and women) they are. If future classes shall even equal this—they may be very reasonably expected to exceed it—in point of numbers, it will not be many years before the graduates of McMaster will not only constitute the larger portion of the Baptist ministry of Ontario and Quebec, but also form a respectable element in the various secular callings and

professions of the country. And if in both the religious and secular spheres they shall prove themselves to be the right kind of men—the men whom the University has sought rightly to condition itself for producing, its right to exist and work will be fully justified.

Taking this class as a whole, it is well suited by natural ability, by literary taste, by intellectual discipline, and by high moral and Christian aims to be the first of the series of classes—the typical representative of the series, to which every successive year is to add another. And we are not unwilling that the public should form its estimate from this class of the kind of work which McMaster is capable of doing. Indeed, on this ground alone McMaster bids for popular recognition and support. Some institutions, in putting their label upon the men they send out, thus chiefly advertise the men ; McMaster proposes that her men shall advertise her.

We feel quite sure that this class will ever be loyal to their Alma Mater, and do all in their power to advance her best interests. Other things being equal, the institution that lives in the hearts of its graduates has herein a better guarantee for solid permanence and growth than the largest state aid can give without this. Acadia, our beloved elder sister, whose children are now so numerous that even in other lands they are forming themselves into Branch Alumni Associations, can never die nor ever be permitted to languish. We will emulate her spirit and example. A new interest will be imparted to the proceedings of our Alumni Association this year by the accession to its numbers which it shall receive from the present graduating class, and from the upwards of forty graduates from other colleges in Canada and the United States who shall come in on the *ad eundem gradum* basis. W.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

No fountain is so small but that heaven may be imagined in its bosom.—*Hawthorne.*

When death, the Great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—*Geo. Eliot.*

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages.—*Emerson.*

With this number of our magazine we bid farewell to our exchanges for another year. It has been a pleasant task to scan their newsy, literary columns, quite a little education in its way. As we

shake hands with our fellows and scatter far and wide over our great Dominion, we cast a farewell glance at our exchange friends and wish all the editors a pleasant and profitable vacation.

Evidently McMaster is not the only University in which the cap and gown question is agitated. We clip the following from the *Brunonian*:—The appearance of several Seniors in cap and gown on last Saturday elicited much favorable comment from all sides. In pursuance of the general opinion made manifest by the decision of the class, it becomes the honourable privilege of every Senior to wear these emblems of distinction. The dignity which attaches to such a custom is measured principally by the degree of unanimity of its adoption, and such unanimity is best manifested on public occasions. At the ball game on the day mentioned, the sight of a few of the class of '94 in cap and gown was as pleasing as it was novel, but only a few were thus attired. Why should not every Senior exercise his prerogative, and thus assist in establishing a precedent by the observance of which during the spring term, the members of the lower classes will be continually reminded of the honourable position of the Senior, while the latter will thus have cause to remember the approaching end of his college course and to value the swiftly passing days accordingly?

The examinations are once more a matter of history. Some hard plugging, some bad writing, some grim anxiety, have ended a struggle more or less successful. Just at this time one is tempted to ask *cui bono?* Why all this extra pulling and fretting? Is it a necessary and indispensable part of education? Seeing that so few really good universities have yet abolished the examination system, we conclude that it *is* necessary. But do not the annual examinations serve a good purpose? They prune out the weaklings who attempt what they cannot overtake. Then they cut off the indolent who will not do what they can and would fain have the honour without the work, and the desultory, careless student, who will not take the trouble to systematize and correlate his knowledge, is likely to fall out of the ranks, and the examination is fatal to the forgetful man who lets ideas slide through his mind without an effort to retain them. But the old arguments against examinations remain unanswered. They encourage the man who can cram up at the last, to spend his time in comparative indolence throughout the year, while sometimes a hard worker gets "plucked" because of some trifling technicality or misfortune. The McMaster system of ranking a student according to his class-room work, plus the result of the written examination, is probably the best yet tried. If carefully applied and honestly administered, there is no doubt of the efficacy of the plan or the justice of the judgment. The idle dolt as well as the earnest worker is soon singled out and his fate is sealed in many cases long before the day of final judgment.

"—Each after all learns only what he can;
Who grasps the moment as it flies,
He is the real man.—*Gœthe.*"

MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

Gird me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills !
The speed of Thy streams give me !
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for Thee.
Let me be Thy voice or Thy silent power,—
As the cataract or the peak,—
An eternal thought in my earthly hour,
Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies
Upon morning summits laid ;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through Thy shuttles of light and shade ;
Let me rise and rejoice in Thy smile aright ;
As mountains and forests do ;
Let me welcome Thy twilight and Thy night,
And wait for Thy dawn anew !

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain !
Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hill-tops in mist and rain !
Lift me up from the clod : let me breathe Thy breath,
Thy beauty and strength give me !
Let me lose both the name and meaning of death
In the life I have with Thee !

LUCY LARCOM.

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. CLARKE, S. R TARR, } *Editors.*

THE UNIVERSITY.

Here is May
With the merry madcap Spring ;
But the boys have all departed,
And to-day,
The empty echoes ring,
And the Hall is heavy-hearted.

BULLDOZING, or the Hibernian effects of examination reaction :— "I'd rather die than be absent at Commencement." . . . "You'd notice a person's eyebrows if he hadn't any."

THE Class of '95 is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of Mr. Wilson R. Smith, the popular Science Master at Woodstock. '95 has suffered severe losses, and Mr. Smith's accession will, therefore, be the more eagerly welcomed.

WE take this opportunity of publicly thanking our late Lecturer in English, Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., for the invaluable service he has

rendered the University classes during the two years just past. Mr. Keys has shown deep interest in the institution and the individual welfare of his students; his heart has been in his work, his vim and energy have been unrelaxing, his teaching thorough and successful; to him is due the heartiest assurance of our gratitude and esteem.

Ye Daintie Ditties.

V.

AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE.

The moon gleamed round and red that night,
The flowers sighed as sank the light
Of their great monarch from the sight—
And then the frog croaked.

The flowers sighed and breathëd there
With fragrant breath their evening prayer,
And gave their sweetness to the air—
Again the frog croaked.

The moon gleam'd red—adown the lane
She saw a straggling village wain
Roll on and out—'twas still again
Until the frog croaked.

"And now do all the lane forsake,
The frog and I are aught awake—
The frog in yonder tiny lake."
Thus mused the moon From the lagoon
Again the frog croaked.

But redder, rounder yet she gleamed,
For far adown the lane it seemed
Were more awake than she had deemed—
And then the frog croaked.

And slowly, softly, smiling came
Two children at the old, old game—
Bowing, cooing,
Vowing, wooing,
Ever 'twas and is the same—
And then, ah! then the frog croaked.

Two gentle hearts were given there,
Two mysteries, to other's care.
O sight so old! O sight so rare!
Meanwhile the frog croaked.

And on, and out, and all too soon
They've passed—the voice from the lagoon
Was heard nor heeded; a platoon
Of scudding clouds has hid the moon—
And yet again the frog croaked.

The First Annual Commencement.

"As one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light."

So felt hundreds in the perception of the high and brilliant success attained by McMaster at her first Annual Commencement—McMaster the young, the vigorous; determined and destined, with Heavenly aid, to accomplish fully her two great ideals: *pure Christianity* and *thorough*

education. Great things have been achieved. What may not be expected for the future, so long as McMaster in true gratitude and becoming humility holds steadfastly to her purpose, to her legend, in which all her aims and ideals are summed up:

τὰ πάντα ἐν Χριστῷ συνέστηκεν

The Commencement Exercises continued for three days. On Tuesday, May 1st, in the Walmer Road church, occurred the delivery of essays before the University by five students of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology. Chancellor Rand and the Faculty occupied the platform. The large and representative audience assembled listened with the utmost interest to the proceedings throughout. Mr. A. S. Vogt and his efficient Jarvis St Choir very kindly furnished the musical part of the programme, leading off with Randegger's "Praise the Lord." After earnest invocation by Rev. Mr. Trotter, of Peterboro', there followed the admirably-rendered "God Sent His Singers," by Gaul. The first essayist in Arts, Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, had selected for his theme "The Ministry of Poetry." In chaste, poetic language, and with much eloquence, the speaker developed his subject, emphasizing and illustrating by carefully-prepared selections of verse. Long and hearty applause testified his hearers' appreciation. Mr Harry Stillwell followed with an acute and forcible paper upon "The Relation between Philosophy and Religion." Having briefly outlined the subject and function of each, and depicted the difference in form, he proceeded to investigate the historical and essential causes of rivalry between them, and the possibility of reconciliation, showing that the first step must be a genuine separation of necessarily independent problems. Let Science disengage itself from Religion and follow its goal, viz., the description and causal explanation of the Actual, unconcerned about the possibility of an ideal explanation. Let Religion follow its goal. viz., giving to Faith its interpretation of Reality, unconcerned about the possibility of a scientific construction. So shall there be peace! Mr. Stillwell's essay left a deep impress and was well received. The last of the Arts graduates to appear on the programme was Miss Eliza P. Wells, adequately representing the fairer portion of the class of '94. Miss Wells treated of "The Higher Education of Women in its Relation to Home Life,"—a timely subject, handled by the essayist in a very earnest manner, heightened by keen but apt satirical reflections upon prevalent notions regarding woman's sphere and duties. The treatment and delivery of the subject provoked general applause and commendation. Mr. Vogt and the choir now refreshed the senses with what may be pardonably termed an exquisite rendering of Shelley's "Hark, Hark my Soul!" The applause which followed was prolonged and enthusiastic.

Chancellor Rand gracefully tendered the thanks of the assemblage to Mr. Vogt and the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, after which followed the two theses by members of the Graduating Class in Theology. The first was "The Imagination in the Discovery and Presentation of Truth" by Mr. Howard P. Whidden, B.A., whose paper was of a high order, replete with instructive suggestion, and admirable from a literary standpoint. George Cross, B.A., was the last essayist of the evening, and certainly 'capped the climax.' "Jesus' Thought of Him-

self" was the subject, and his calm, earnest delivery, together with his and masterly appreciation of his theme, aroused and quickened the most intense sympathy and admiration among the audience. Mr. Cross' paper will probably be published in our June number, and will, we trust, receive the careful perusal of all our readers. The National Anthem closed the evening's proceedings.

The students of McMaster owe a great debt of gratitude to Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, not only for his powerful and inspiring baccalaureate discourse, but also, for those kind and singularly happy words of his, which contributed so much to the enjoyment of a subsequent occasion.

The audience-room of the Walmer Road Church was crowded on Wednesday evening, when Dr. Boardman came forward to deliver his address to the men and women of the first graduating class in Arts of our University. The sermon was full of sympathy and earnestness, and none are likely soon to forget the beautiful, eloquent language in which the learned preacher set before us the aims and purposes which should govern all true life, and the simple, but lofty and holy, principles by which alone these can be attained. Announcing as his subject, "Divine Forms and Human Figurations," Dr Boardman proceeded to show that all true art was a human figuration from a divine form; this form being the invisible, ideal plan, the perfect archetype revealed to man by God Himself, of which all figures were more or less imperfect copies. All true art, therefore, aims to represent by human figurations, such as temples, statuary, etc., the perfections of worship, righteousness, beauty, harmony and truth which dwell in the supreme ideal of the divine form. The true architect, for example, will seek to realize the ideal pattern which he has seen in spirit in some moments of sacred rapture; and thus will never lend his talents to design buildings whose purpose is to degrade his fellow-beings. The sculptor and the painter likewise, will strive to figure perfectly the archetypal form, to reveal to men the perfect character form of the eternal righteousness, Christ Jesus. They will not desire to imagine or pourtray the coarse and ugly, the deformed or monstrous. 'The time was coming when it would be considered artistic in painting the picture of a good man, not only to pourtray him accurately, so that his likeness should be easily recognized, but also to pourtray him, so to speak, transcendentally, that is, at the crest of his good possibilities. What a sad testimony to the fall of human nature, that we justify and enjoy caricatures of our public men, but would criticize transfigurations of them as being sentimental and visionary!' The human faculty of language was one of the world's greatest wonders, simply incalculable was the power and influence of a single word. Language was intended to serve as the shrine and organ and disburser of truth; that was the secret of a genuine, wholesome, abiding and perfect literature. That literature was most consummate which was most imbued with the spirit of Him who was the divine word made flesh.

The daily papers for May 4th contain thorough and exhaustive reports of the Collation and Convocation. Ours must be briefer. But the *Globe's* introduction is worthy of insertion here:—

"With the convocation of McMaster University, which was held yesterday, began a new era in the history of that institution. Heretofore it has been simply the highest theological seminary of the Baptist denomination in Western Canada,

a seminary indeed splendidly equipped and possessed of an able and experienced staff of professors and teachers, but still an institution devoted solely to the preparation of young men for the ministry. Since yesterday McMaster takes its stand with the other universities of Canada as one in which those looking forward to lay professions as well as to the clerical, can obtain an education in arts, and receive a degree for attainments therein. The importance of such an occasion to the college and to the denomination which acknowledges it as its chief educational institution in Ontario, was fully recognized, and the proceedings were accordingly elaborate and impressive. From many parts of Ontario friends and old students of McMaster assembled to indicate by their presence their satisfaction at the new dignity to which the University has attained, and to swell with their voices the note of general congratulation. Nor were there wanting representatives from more distant parts of the Dominion and from other and longer established seats of learning, who were happy to be able to welcome this, the youngest of the great Baptist institutions, on the attainment of its full powers."

At 4.30 p.m. on Thursday, May 3rd, the annual Collation was served in the large Sunday School Hall of Walmer Road Church. There were present over three hundred guests, Hon. John Dryden presiding, and very many prominent personages were observed. After dinner, Mr. Dryden, as chairman, extended a hearty welcome to all, and emphasized the importance of the occasion in glowing terms. Proceeding to the proposal of the first toast, "the Queen," he remarked upon the patriotism and loyalty so evident throughout Canada, and eulogized our Sovereign as woman, wife and mother, no less than as the ruler of the world's greatest empire.

Mr. Dryden then proposed the toast to McMaster University, responded to by Dr. Newman and D. E. Thomson, Q.C. Dr. Newman regretted the inability of the Chancellor to respond, on account of his precarious health, and placed stress on the intimate and sympathetic relation borne by Dr. Rand to every detail of our university work. Reviewing the work of the past, dwelling upon the characteristics and personnel of the different classes, and announcing contemplated changes, the eloquent speaker remarked upon our most hopeful prospects and evident reasons for encouragement and gratitude.

Mr. Thomson also paid an earnest tribute to the Chancellor; he praised the progress of the work and showed conclusively that the Arts Department is the centre of our whole educational system. Mr. James Short McMaster proposed the "Graduating Class," expressing the wish that our honoured founder were present to witness the consummation of his fullest hopes. He had great confidence in the present graduates and wished them an auspicious future. Mr. W. W. McMaster replied for '94, Arts, in a fitting and happy manner. Mr. Thomas Doolittle, B.A., on behalf of the Theological graduates, thanked his hearers for their uniform kindness and interest. Mr. Dryden then called upon the Chancellor for a few brief remarks. Dr. Rand felt deeply the significance of the day in the history of McMaster, and thanked especially Dr. Boardman, for his kindness in preaching the first baccalaureate sermon. Dr. Boardman replied in a characteristic after-dinner speech. Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., spoke for the Alumni of McMaster University, now so constituted; Miss A. M. Fitch, M.A., and Principal Bates, responded for Moulton and Woodstock Colleges, in well-applauded speeches, and the afternoon proceedings were over.

At 8 o'clock p.m., in the presence of a crowded house, the Chan-

cellor, Senate, Board of Governors, Faculty, Alumni, graduates and undergraduates proceeded up the main aisles to the platform; here they separated—the students occupying the front seats of the church and the Faculty, with their distinguished visitors, taking seats upon the platform. Besides the prominent Baptists, there were present his Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, Principal Kirkland, Dr. Geikie, Dr. J. A. McLellan, Prof. Reynar, of Victoria University; Dr. Parsons, and many others. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Thomas, the conferring of degrees was at once proceeded with. Professor G. B. Foster, Ph.D., presented to the Chancellor the following graduates in Arts, for the degree of B.A.: Carson J. Cameron, Tiverton; John R. Cresswell, Toronto; Benjamin W. N. Grigg, Exeter; Annie M. McKay, Toronto; William W. McMaster, Toronto; Harry L. McNeill, Port Elgin Charles N. Mitchell, Pembroke; William Pocock, Wingham; Harry A. Porter, Fredericton, N.B.; Henry C. Priest, Toronto; Jacob J. Reeve, Guelph; Edgar Russell, Millbrook; Minnie Smith, Orangeville; Harry E. Stillwell, Cheapside; Leonard A. Therrien, Montreal; Eliza P. Wells, Toronto. These students were then each in turn graduated by the Chancellor, receiving their hoods and diplomas at the hands of Professor A. C. McKay, B.A. Bouquets greeted the lady-students. The following three Theological graduates received the degree of B.Th.: George Cross, B.A., Fennella; Thomas Doolittle, B.A., Columbus; Howard P. Whidden, B.A., Antigonish, N.S. In the English Theological Course, the following received diplomas: Alex. P. Kennedy, Bobcaygeon; John A. Kennedy, Dansford; Charles W. King, Truro, N.S.; James P. McIntyre, M.D, Winnipeg, Man.; Solomon S. Weaver, Toronto. Professor Trotter, B.A., then addressed the graduates on behalf of the Chancellor, congratulating them on their achievements, and inspiring them to future high endeavour. Rev. Elmore Harris, B.A., on the authority of the Senate, presented Miss Blanche Bishop, B.A., and Miss Mary S. Daniels, B.A., both of Moulton College, for the degree of M.A. in course. Applause and bouquets followed the ceremony. The degree of B.Th. was conferred upon Rev. James McEwen, Vankleek Hill, and the degree of D.D., *honoris causa*, on Rev. John Dempsey, at the presentation of the latter by Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., who referred feelingly to the high qualities and arduous labours of the recipient. Dr. Dempsey then addressed the convocation. The following is a full list of admissions *ad eundem gradum*:

B.A.—Joseph I. Bates, Univ. Tor.; Stuart S. Bates, Univ. Tor.; Blanche Bishop, Univ. Acad.; Alfred K. Blackadar, Univ. Tor.; Adam Burwash, Univ. Tor.; Peter S. Campbell, Univ. Tor.; Donald K. Clark, Univ. Tor.; Malcolm S. Clark, Univ. Tor; Leslie J. Cornwell, Univ. Tor.; George Cross, Univ. Tor.; Ebenezer W. Dadson, Univ. Tor.; Mary S. Daniels, Wellesley College; Allan M. Denovan, Univ. Tor.; Thomas Doolittle, Univ. Man.; Jones H. Farmer, Univ. Tor.; Joseph L. Gilmour, Univ. Tor.; Harrison Gross, Univ. Mt Allison; Elmore Harris, Univ. Tor.; Hugh J. Haviland, Univ. Tor.; George W. Johnston, Univ. Tor.; T. Proctor Hall, Univ. Tor.; Arthur B. Hudson, Univ. Tor.; Gorton T. Hull, Univ. Tor.; J. H. Hunter, Univ. Tor.; James B. Kennedy, Univ. Tor.; Alexander C. McKay,

Univ Tor.; William J. McKay, Univ. Tor.; Robert R. McKay, Univ. Tor.; Neil S. McKechnie, Univ. Tor.; Hugh McQuarrie, Univ. Tor.; H. S. Robertson, Univ. Tor.; Thomas Trotter, Univ. Tor.; Godfrey N. Massé, Univ. McGill; Arthur E. Massé, Univ. McGill; Ernest Norman, Univ. Tor.; A. C. Rutherford, Univ. McGill; William C. Weir, Univ. Tor.; H. E. Wise, Univ. Man.; Howard P. Whidden, Univ. Acad.

M.A.—Harris H. Bligh, Univ. Acad.; Charles H. Day, Univ. Acad.; Philo P. Dayfoot, Univ. Tor.; Alice M. D. Fitch, Univ. Acad.; George B. Foster, Univ. W. Vir.; Calvin Goodspeed, Univ. N.B.; Charles J. Holman, Univ. Vic.; A. L. McCrimmon, Univ. Tor.; Archibald P. McDiarmid, Univ. Tor.; Andrew Murdoch, Univ. Tor.; Albert H. Newman, Mercer Univ.; William H. Porter, Univ. Acad.; Theodore H. Rand, Univ. Acad.; Frank Sanderson, Univ. Tor.; William Sanderson, Univ. Tor.; O. C. S. Wallace, Univ. Acad.; Daniel M. Welton, Univ. Acad.; Arthur B. Willmott, Univ. Harv.; Linus Woolverton, Univ. Tor.

Graduate in full theological course.—Rev. Edward T. Fox, Rochester Theological Seminary.

At this stage in the proceedings, Mr. John R. Cresswell, on behalf of the graduates in Arts, presented the University with a handsome portrait, by Forbes, of the late Senator McMaster. Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick eulogized McMaster in an effective speech. Dr. McLellan, Principal of the School of Pedagogy, spoke out from his heart his admiration of the University; his confidence in the unexcelled Faculty of our Alma Mater; and his ready appreciation and approval of the thorough course in Arts, specially emphasizing the importance of a knowledge of the Science of Education, which McMaster has accorded so prominent a place in her curriculum. Convocation closed with the National Anthem, and benediction by Rev. Dr. Thomas. In the words of the Chancellor: "The handwriting is very plain. 'He that hath eyes to see, let him see!'"

On the afternoon of May 2nd, the class of '95 extended a supper to the graduating class. At 4.30, all the students assembled in the dining-hall and soon performed full justice to the sumptuous repast provided. The arrival of an Eastern Prophet, with his train of attendants, caused no small consternation among the graduates, as they perceived that an ordeal was contemplated. With all due solemnity each was ushered into the presence of the Seer. As all gaze upon him it is felt that

"He hath indeed better bettered expectation."

By prophetic vision were pourtrayed all the perils awaiting the aspiring graduates. They were counselled to avoid the trap doors of Mirza's Bridge, and other pitfalls even more dangerous. As a charm against all such calamities each was presented with an amulet. Dr. McIntyre, the last of the graduates to be called up, was presented with the American Commentary on the New Testament and the Expositor's Bible, on behalf of the students, as a mark of their appreciation for the kindness he has shown them during the period of his McMaster residence.

Moulton College.

Mrs. Dignam has organized a class in sketching from nature, to make excursions each Tuesday and Thursday for the remainder of the term. The students are anticipating very pleasant times.

The Botany class will also soon be making excursions to the woods in search of "specimens." The early spring and perfect weather are particularly favourable to out-of-door work, and there are indications that wild flowers will be plentiful this year.

We felt it a great honour and pleasure to have Dr. Boardman with us at a recent chapel service. We have also been visited this month by Rev. Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Thompson. We are always glad to have the friends of the college show their interest in us by these visits.

At the last meeting of the Mission Circle the following programme was rendered :—

Map Talk and Outline of Work in China . .	Miss Dryden.
Vocal Solo	Miss Woolverton.
Manners and Customs of Chinese	Miss McLaurin.
Duet	Misses Johnson and Taylor.
Reading	Miss Anstice.

A large number attended the closing exercises of McMaster. We were favoured with reserved seats immediately behind those occupied by the students from the Hall. From this excellent position we viewed the proceedings with keen interest, especially on the last evening, when our Faculty were taking so prominent a part. Now that all is over we are delighted to have gained undisturbed possession of our teacher in mathematics.

At the last Heliconian a number of the students, under the direction of Miss Hart, gave a representation of the famous trial scene, "Bardell vs. Pickwick." Hard work during the afternoon had succeeded in producing a very realistic court scene, and the large audience of boarders and day pupils enjoyed the evening very much. At the business meeting Miss Porter was elected Chairman of the Executive, and Misses Rosser and Botterill editors for the Heliconian paper.

Tennis is the latest excitement of the day. The large side lawn is carefully marked out for the benefit of the boarders, and behind the house a club of day scholars keep the ball rolling with a great deal of racket. There are several very fine players whose graceful runs and curves and bends is a delight to the eye to observe, but on the other hand——. The hardest problems in mathematics fail to produce so many different results as does the eccentric scoring of the beginners, and in their hands the ball develops unruly tendencies to break limits ; but the fun is fast and furious, so who need heed such small matters as these ?

Labour not in Vain:—Last Saturday a small party with our botany teacher started out in search of wild flowers to analyse. Our enthusiasm led us through meadows, railroad gorges and over rocky steeps, where sometimes we were compelled to cling to the little saplings to keep from losing our balance. Oh, what delight it was to be one day among the woods and meadows! Our labour was not in vain, for afterwards we enjoyed our careful study of the little flowers which we so eagerly plucked from their dwellings. And while we admire the wonderful construction of the lily, may we not forget the beautiful truth taught by it: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow!"

On the evening of April 28th, an "At Home" was given by the "Posts," to which a number of the girls were invited. The guests in their fanciful costumes seemed to have come from various quarters of the known and unknown world, and all joined with the "Posts" in rejoicing that exams. (at the Hall) were now over. Promenading occupied the first part of the evening, after which an interesting and original programme was presented. Refreshments were served later, and when the bell assured us that it was 9.30 by the Yorkville clock, we wished our dignified friends a pleasant vacation and betook ourselves home, having enjoyed a most delightful evening.

Moulton is more than ever proud of the University and her connection with it. We are proud of the distinguished success of our own "Posts" in the recent examinations; proud of the first graduating class in arts, which has the honour of counting a Moulton teacher among its members: proud that the first time McMaster conferred the degree of M.A., it conferred it not only upon women, but upon women who are members of the Moulton Faculty. Not many of us had the privilege of attending the collation, but we were proud of having such a graduating class as our own to represent us there. On the whole we feel our enthusiasm for McMaster University, and our sense of being a part of it, much strengthened by the success of the first Commencement of the Arts College.

The beginning of the end has come and in our farewells to the university girls who have been with us we see a foreshadowing of that eventful day in June when we too shall bid Moulton "adieu." The "Posts" have been with us long and have, we fear, suffered from the proximity. Be that as it may, we have not failed to notice their cheerfulness and industry. Were you suffering from an attack of that mysterious disease "the blues," a visit to No. 11, Harmony Hall was sure to soothe your ruffled temper, for the spirited and witty conversation of the "freshies" and the wiles of that "soph." were irresistible. No. 11 is empty, the table in the farthest corner of the dining room is empty, but we are glad in their gladness, we rejoice in their well-earned honours, we miss them greatly, but after all it is only "Auf Wiedersehen."

This is the weather which tempts us all out of doors to the fullest

extent of our time limit, and which sends us on long, tiring marches through Rosedale in search of flowers, to return laden with two dandelions and a violet, which the less fortunate and envious at once accuse us of buying at the florist's in the limits. These are the days when the average girl is dressmaking in the privacy of her apartment, finally appearing in an astonishing waist of her own invention and composition. These are the nights when the festive June bug interrupts the studies of the evening by entering the rooms through the windows and causing a stampede of the rightful tenants. These are the days when we envy the McMaster girls, when the hot weather and the exams. loom before us, when the homesick girl smiles more broadly every night as she crosses another day off her long-suffering calendar ;—and these are the signs by which any one who knows Moulton can tell that spring is fairly here.

Woodstock College.

We had a slight lull in the usual order of exercises during the Commencement Exercises at McMaster University. The Faculty, almost to a man, were in attendance. The plodding student, moreover, had an opportunity given to plod harder than ever.

Sports are at their best with the college boys just now. A baseball club has been organized and is doing good work. A challenge has been received for a match that will take place in a few days. The football team engaged with that of the Collegiate Institute a few days ago, and scored their first victory for the season.

We are glad to welcome back to Woodstock the Rev. J. Roberts and wife, former students of this college. Mr. Roberts favoured us with a graphic description of Algoma territory and presented some of its claims for missionary effort. We were glad to hear some interesting facts from the lips of one speaking from experience.

We have had to bid goodbye to a number of our fellow students already this term. Some of them have departed to their various fields of labour, under the management of the Home Mission Board, while others return to their homes. We now begin to anticipate the reunion at the beginning of the fall term.

A lecture on Present Day Missions was delivered by Supt. McDiarmid for the benefit of the Judson Missionary Society. The denomination can justly congratulate itself on having its mission work so ably presented to the people. The ground covered and facts stated prove that the superintendent is abreast of the times. We were much benefited by the lecture, and hope that we may soon again be favoured by his presence amongst us.

On Friday evening, the 4th inst, we enjoyed a stirring missionary

address from the Rev. Dr. McKay, of Formosa. For several weeks we have been anticipating his visit, and, as many of his friends in town had been notified of his coming, he was greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience. The doctor's theme was "The Triumphs of the Gospel" among the Chinese of Formosa. He briefly sketched his labours among them for the past fifty-two years, and enumerated many of the great obstacles he had encountered, especially during the earlier part of the work. Among these, racial prejudices, national suspicion, official duplicity and ancestral idolatry were the hardest to overcome. He dwelt on the power that the gospel had exercised over the many who had been brought beneath its influence, and the earnestness that characterized the lives of many of the Chinese Christians. During these years sixty churches have been organized and a great amount of good accomplished. In conclusion he gave some earnest words of advice to the students in regard to their preparation for life's work, speaking more especially to those who have the foreign field in view. The doctor was accompanied by his Chinese student, who gave us a short address in his native tongue.

(The Grande Ligne notes arrived too late for insertion.)

SEP 1 1930

LE
3
M35M25
v.3

The McMaster University
monthly

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY